

Current Literature

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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

AUG., 1901

Vacation Days The picturesque links, tucked away in some little inland valley, are luring us; the camp in the Adirondacks has been opened and aired, and the canoes are ready. One realizes suddenly how tiresome city ways and limitations have become, the incessant round of the office, the jar of ceaseless traffic in the streets, the routine of up-town and down-town. We want to have the fresh wind of the Sound in our faces, to feel the quiver of the tiller when the lee scuppers are under, to try for that big trout that eluded us under the willows last year, to do that fourth hole in four again. In the trunks go some of the new books that we will read at the top of the cliff, where, far below, the great sweep of the farm-sprent valley is seen. Perhaps this is our summer for trying the ascent of the Breithorn from Zermatt, or for coaching through the Pyrenees from Pau to Luchon—that glorious five days' stretch of the Route Thermal!—or boating down the Thames from Oxford to Richmond! Or is it three weeks in Norwegian fiords or the villa in Dinard? A truce with business and "the terrible towns!" We sigh:

"For wider green and bluer sky;
Too oft the trembling note is drowned
In this huge city's varied sound,
Pure song is country-born—"

So into the great, sweet, refreshing country side let us fare, to look again up into the blue sky and scent the meadows, to note the robin and the swallow as they dart through the sunshine or the shadows upon the stream, to find peace and tranquil happiness in "Emerald twilights, virginal skylights wrought of the leaves." Let us seek the woods where

"The slant yellow beam down the wood isle dost seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream," and be made over and drawn again close to the breast of dear mother Nature, during the coming vacation.

We wish for the editor of *Town and Country* all the joys he so alluringly describes—the lazy delights of long midsummer vacation days.

Two Writers

The ways of the press in dealing with the memories of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan, who died on the same day, curiously reflect the influence of likes and dislikes upon criticism. Nearly every publication of standing has commented editorially upon their contrasted careers. Sir Walter Besant's work was, of course, of the most commonplace and obvious sort. The mysterious part taken by Mr. James Rice in the collaboration of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and the practical possibility which it brought interestingly before the public, made the publication of that volume a notable event for reasons far other than literary. Sir Walter lived the plebian life of a fairly successful man; he was not a deep thinker and never grasped more than the outward aspect of things, but he was a man of kindly temper, making friends easily and anxious to serve them always, correct and benevolent, and no one can remember or invent an uncomplimentary thing to say regarding him.

Mr. Buchanan was a man of far greater ability in every respect. His work is scintillant with genius, tremendous in vim, and distinguished by originality, imagination and epigrammatic character. But Mr. Buchanan was believed to have a bitter heart. Certainly he always lived in opposition and did his best work as a valiant antagonist. It was his peculiarity that his whole moral character seemed to be necessarily interested in the discussion even of merely academic themes, and when he came to such subjects as drew forth his historic attack upon Rossetti or the ethical influence of Kipling's work, he put no limit to his powers of execration. Therefore, while some journals manifestly endeavor to speak kindly of this man's memory, others openly indulge their spleen against him. Poor Buchanan! He lived a hard life and lingered in misery for months before he met his hard, and by few regretted, death. Besant was the type of the successful man of letters; Buchanan was the Grub Street type, failing, defeated, disliked, taking his work with the most absolute seriousness, with a nature not organized to meet the storms he raised,

at heart a man of deep pity and love, but destined to figure before the world as a morbid and malicious Ishmaelite. This generation has not seen in print Mr. Buchanan's early critical work. We print below as a hint of his remarkable powers of unmalicious humor a few stanzas from verses originally published in the *London Spectator* in 1856.

I.

At the Session of Poets held lately in London,
The Bard of Freshwater was voted the chair:
With his tresses unbrush'd, and his shirt-collar undone,
He loll'd at his ease, like a good-humor'd Bear;
"Come, boys!" he exclaimed, "we'll be merry together!"
And lit up his pipe with a smile on his cheek;—
While with eye, like a skipper's, cock'd up at the weather,
Sat the Vice-Chairman Browning, thinking in Greek.

II.

The company gather'd embraced great and small bards,
Both strong bards and weak bards, funny and grave,
Fat bards and lean bards, little and tall bards,
Bards who wear whiskers, and others who shave.
Of books, men, and things, was the bards' conversation—
Some praised *Ecce Homo*, some deemed it so-so—
And then there was talk of the state of the nation,
And when the Unwash'd would devour Mister Lowe.

III.

Right stately sat Arnold,—his black gown adjusted
Genteelly, his Rhine wine deliciously iced,—
With puddingish England serenely disgusted,
And looking in vain (in the mirror) for "Geist;"
He heark'd to the Chairman, with "Surely!" and "Really?"
Aghast at both collar and cutty of clay,—
Then felt in his pocket, and breath'd again freely,
On touching the leaves of his own classic play.

IV.

Close at hand, lingered Lytton, whose Icarus-wing-lets
Had often betrayed him in regions of rhyme,—
How glittered the eye underneath his gray ringlets,
A hunger within it unlessn'd by time!
Remoter sat Bailey—satirical, surly—
Who studied the language of Goethe too soon,
And sang himself hoarse to the stars very early,
And crack'd a weak voice with too lofty a tune.

V.

How name all that wonderful company over?
Prim Patmore, mild Alford,—and Kingsley also?
Among the small sparks, who was realer than Lover?
Among misses, who sweeter than Miss Ingelow?
There sat, looking moony, conceited, and narrow,
Buchanan,—who, finding when foolish and young,
Apollo asleep on a coster-girl's barrow,
Straight dragged him away to see somebody hung.

Anniversaries of July

The celebration in July of the one thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred reminds two of our contemporaries of two other anniversaries. While they connect the Alfred millennial with different celebrations, the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of *Harper's Magazine* read the same lesson from the coincidence each notices. Harper's says:

The month chosen for the celebration of the King Alfred millennial happens, very appropriately for us, to be that in which we celebrate our nation's birthday. As this writing meets the eye of the reader he can almost see his country's flag unfurled on every eminence, and can almost hear the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon—the sounds that John Adams said should forever herald the national holiday, and which were nearly the last to reach his ear, as he died on the Fourth of July seventy-five years ago. It is a gala-day, a day of pride; and this year—the most notable in our national existence—we celebrate it, mingling with our patriotic songs joyous pæans of thanksgiving for our unprecedented material prosperity. Never has there been a moment when with greater propriety and benefit we could take the long backward look and consider the pit whence we were digged.

Our separation from England in no sense deprives us of our heritage. We were never more insistent in claiming that heritage, were never truer Englishmen, than when we declared our independence of a government that exploited its subjects; and our revolt taught England her present wise and beneficent colonial policy—a lesson which we now have to learn for ourselves.

There is no sovereignty but service. This principle was being conspicuously illustrated in the Europe of King Alfred's time. In the preceding century Charlemagne had accepted the crown of empire at the hands of Pope Leo III., who then knelt to the emperor. The mediæval dream of the unity of Christendom was for a moment realized, and because it was a dream ruling the hearts of men, those who stood for it—the emperor for the temporal hope, the pope for the spiritual—received universal fealty. But before Alfred became king the dream had been broken. Charlemagne's successors served themselves rather than the people; while the papacy suffered spiritual loss from the necessary assumption of temporal power, honestly though vainly endeavoring to maintain and satisfy the popular aspiration. Feudalism soon secured its hold, with its good and its evil, serving through both, and lasting while it served, until it was finally supplanted by the nations of modern Europe, for whose emergence it had prepared the way.

But Alfred himself was the best example in all history of the truth that the king serves his people.

The reflections of the Atlantic's editor run in this wise:

By a suggestive coincidence, the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death falls in the same month as the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Julius Cæsar. The great Roman who invaded Britain in 55 B. C., and the great Saxon who resisted the Danish invasions of Britain a thousand years later, were veritable kings of men. Each of them summed up in himself the highest racial characteristics and capacities. Each became a national hero, not more through natural superiority of mind and character than through the performance of such political tasks as could scarcely have been accomplished by other hands. Though neither of them was by preference a soldier, both accomplished military feats of extraordinary skill. But they were rather administrators of the very highest type, men of rare executive power and incessant activity. The problems of peace with enemies, of order and good government, were matters with which they were constantly concerned. The difference between the cool, pagan, skeptical temper of the Roman democrat and the devout humility of the Saxon king needs no illustration to those who have read the Commentaries on the Gallic War and Alfred's prefaces to his translations. But however far apart the two men stand in respect of moral character,—and we really know little about the personal life of either—it is well to be reminded by the mere coincidence of their anniversaries how perpetual an inheritance of human society are those problems of government with which the two rulers had to deal.

To-day the descendants of the Saxon Alfred—no longer the "penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos" of the Augustan poet—are the dominant force in world politics. Yet British and Americans alike are grappling at the present moment with that very question of the government of subject races which, we are told, converted the Roman Republic into a military empire. It brings the times of Julius Cæsar strangely near to our own to read these sentences from the opening paragraph of Froude's Cæsar: "The early Romans possessed the faculty of self-government beyond any people of whom we have historical knowledge, with the one exception of ourselves. In virtue of their temporal freedom, they became the most powerful nation in the known world; and their liberties perished only when Rome became the mistress of conquered races, to whom she was unable or unwilling to extend her privileges. . . . If there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this, that free nations cannot

govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall in pieces from mere incompetence for its duties."

Whether Froude, writing in 1879, was right or wrong in his interpretation of Roman history is not here in issue. But the passage may serve to remind us that the recent decision of our Supreme Court deals with very old matters, and that a thousand years, or two thousand, are very little space in which to work out satisfactorily the fundamental problem of how human beings, in a world apparently intended for their habitation, shall live side by side.

Sunspots and the Wheat Crop There is probably no sort of terrestrial event which some speculating mind has not connected with sunspots. Mr. Jevons once proved, possibly to his own satisfaction, that the cycle of financial panics synchronized with that of solar disturbances. The fact that one of the largest groups of spots ever seen on the face of the sun is now forming promotes the periodic speculation about their effect upon our weather, and has occasioned the following very serious editorial article in the *Manitoba Free Press*—which may be assumed to speak for a country vitally interested.

It was in 1801, just a hundred years ago, that Sir William Herschel arrived at the conclusion that there was a relation between the price of wheat and the appearance of many or few spots on the sun's surface. For the purposes of his investigations he had at his disposal ample statistical information in regard to the fluctuations in the price of wheat over an extended period, but there was nowhere kept up at that time a continuous record of the changes visible on the surface of the sun, nor had there been any serious attempt made to determine the law underlying them. Still, what data there were enabled Sir William Herschel to arrive at the conclusion that the price of wheat was highest when there were fewest sunspots.

In the century that has elapsed since that conclusion was announced, great advances have been made in the study of the relation between weather conditions on the sun and weather conditions on the earth. In 1830 a continuous record of the changes in the sun's surface began to be kept. That record has revealed the fact that there is a recurring period of eleven years in the appearance of the greatest number of sunspots, and half a century ago it began to be plain from the records of terrestrial weather that cyclones in the East and West Indies and rainfall in certain regions were at a maximum when there were the greatest number of spots on the sun. Rainfall registration was

in its infancy in those days, but since 1875 there is a perfect record of the rainfall in India and since 1878 a perfect record of the sun's spotted area, so that there is now at the disposal of science a mass of data of the greatest value for the study of meteorological changes in a region of the globe where these changes, accompanied as they so often are by famines, lead to the most disastrous results.

The connection established between the sunspots and the variations in rainfall in the region surrounding the Indian Ocean is set forth by Sir Norman Lockyer, director of the solar physics observatory at South Kensington and professor of astronomical physics in the Royal College of Science, and the work in which he has embodied them is destined to stand high among his many contributions to the advancement of knowledge. He it was who a quarter of a century ago prevailed on Lord Salisbury, then secretary of state for India, to take action resulting in provision being made by the British Government for the taking of daily photographs of the sun. To state in the briefest form and without technical language the main conclusions he has arrived at, is to state that the facts show conclusively that there is an excess of rainfall in India when the sunspots are fewest in number and when they are greatest in number. The intervals between the minimum and the maximum of sunspots,—as, for instance, 1880, 1884-5 and 1890-1,—have been the years of droughts and famine. The famines which have occurred in India since 1811 have all fallen on, or nearly on, the same intervals, counting back eleven years either from 1880 or 1885, the years of minimum and of maximum respectively of the spotted area on the sun's surface.

Now, all this cannot be coincidence. These inquiries, carried on continuously, should eventually provide materials for a more or less perfect prediction of Indian famine years. And over the other portions of the earth's surface, there will unquestionably be an approach to understanding of the laws working behind the evident cycles and apparent irregularities in weather changes. Some other rainfalls have been studied outside the Indian area, and, as in the Nile and the Mississippi valleys, the same excess of rainfall in conjunction with the maximum and minimum of sunspots has been observed, while in other regions it has not been found. Science has yet to study out these conditions in the valley of the Red River, and to pronounce a verdict upon the popular belief that the prairie wheatfields of Western Canada yield a record crop on or about every seventh year, counting from the great harvest of 1887. The immense importance of whatever knowledge in regard to these matters can be wrested from records of rain-

fall and temperatures and sunspots is evident. That such knowledge will be gained as the years advance, is not to be questioned. Such work as Sir Norman Lockyer's would not be done, or be worth the doing, were it not inspired by the never satisfied desire of wider knowledge, which is the motive force making science press ever onward in its quest of "the law within the law."

A Chair of Chinese at Columbia

The New York Times makes the following comment upon a noteworthy educational event:

It is very symptomatic of the time in which we are living that a public benefactor with a hundred thousand dollars to spare for a public purpose should think the best disposition he could make of it would be to endow a Chair of the Chinese Language and Literature. The Evening Post reminds us that such a foundation was once attempted in Harvard, but failed for want of students, though it adds that the times have greatly changed since.

They have, indeed, and the timeliness of this benefaction is one of the most noteworthy facts about it. It is said that some four times as many students took Spanish at Columbia the year after the war with Spain as had ever taken it before, and doubtless the proportion was much the same in all colleges which offered instruction in that language. As a "bread and butter subject," the claims of Spanish have advanced quite in this proportion. And the claims of Chinese are rapidly advancing to much the same proportion. An engineer, for example, who knows Spanish has a distinct advantage in securing profitable employment over one who does not. And the time seems to be swiftly coming when a knowledge of Chinese will be of equal utility. For the reticulation of China by railways is one of the results most certain to come out of the present situation. The time alone is uncertain, but it cannot be long delayed.

As to Manufacturing Prestige

The best summary of a discussion, which has been international, regarding the manufacturing rivalry between our own country and England, is given in the Outlook:

Lord George Hamilton has stirred nearly all England by his defense of the action of the Indian Government in purchasing locomotives from America. The reason for these purchases, says the Secretary of State for India, was far from being a preference for American products. The prejudices of the Indian officials were all in favor of the English machinery to which they were accustomed, but at the time of the engineers' strike production

was blocked in England, and purchase from America was necessary. The first trial of the American locomotives did not seem to promise that they would meet with general favor, but with one or two adaptations to local needs, they had commended themselves to officials prejudiced against them. The subsequent purchases of American locomotives had been due to their greater cheapness and to the greater promptness with which they could be delivered. If English manufacturers would regain their supremacy, they must, by better organization, better technical education, and continual improvements, prepare to meet American competition at every point. These declarations aroused all England to the discussion of England's prestige in manufacturing. The Conservative papers fell upon the labor unions for preventing improvements by hostility to machinery and insisting that good and bad workmen be paid alike, while all papers, Liberal and Conservative, urged the need of an industrial and educational awakening among the iron masters as well as the iron men. The secretary of the Amalgamated Steel Association, Mr. John Hodge, promptly replied to the criticisms of the English unions by denying that they had been hostile to new machinery, or had ever insisted upon putting good and poor workmen on the same level. As to the latter charge, his argument is not stated in the cablegrams, but it is doubtless the same that President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, put forward last week when he said that the unions never objected to the payment of more than the minimum scale to individual workmen, and that where all workmen were paid merely the minimum demanded by the union, the employers were responsible. As regards machinery, Secretary Hodge asserted that the slowness of the English in introducing improvements was due to the inertia and false economy of the managers. To these sharp criticisms leveled against the employers, Sir Alfred Hickman, ex-president of the British Iron Trade Association, replied that English machinery is being sold in America, despite high tariffs, at the very time when the Indian Government is purchasing American machinery, and that American locomotives in Egypt have been found to require twenty-four per cent. more coal and twenty-five per cent. more oil than English locomotives. To this last charge an American ironmaster, Vice-President Pitkin of the Schenectady Locomotive Works replies that while the facts are as stated, the truth is otherwise, since, while the American engines require more oil and fuel per mile, they carry much heavier loads. That the American engines are the more economical is indicated, he says, by the fact that the American engines are making the greater headway in the

neutral markets. To laymen it would seem that the judgment of the neutral markets was the judgment of the court of last resort.

The Heat of Pavements

The comparative radiation of heat by different kinds of pavements was lately tested in Boston. The result occasioned these remarks by the Boston Evening Transcript:

The tests showed an average temperature of $124\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ for the wood pavement, 113° for asphalt, 115° for granite block, and $102\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ for macadam.

The wood pavement appears to be the hottest in the city, and the macadam the coolest. Asphalt is about ten degrees cooler than wood and about ten degrees hotter than macadam. The macadam pavement retains the water after sprinkling longer than does the asphalt. It is much easier to keep the dust laid on the macadam than it is on the asphalt. Theoretically asphalt might be thought to be less dusty than any other kind of pavement, but practically it seems to be worse than macadam in this respect on account of the difficulty of keeping the surface properly wet. Asphalt is certainly not the ideal hot weather pavement.

No one of the kinds of pavement now in use appears to be adapted to meet satisfactorily the conditions of the sizzling season. What is needed is a paving material that will not retain and radiate heat, the surface of which can be kept clean and moist. But such a material has yet to be devised. We must wait a while yet for the ideal pavement of the city of the future.

Two Prevailing Religious Crazes

The vast interest which considerable circles feel in the latest religious fanaticisms, Eddyism and Dowieism, warrants giving considerable space to the Independent's sensible estimate of these manias:

We put the two together, Dowieism and Eddyism, because they are kindred displays of credulity, while utterly different in their philosophy and theology. The secret of the influence of each is in its claim to heal diseases. Each appeals to sick men and women, to abnormal people, and promises them health. Neither is for normal people, well and sensible people, but for those whose physical ailments occupy their minds and for whom easy relief is offered.

But they differ radically. Eddyism is a philosophy. It is promulgated by Mrs. Eddy, an old woman who we fear is a conscious fraud. Her book, like the Book of Mormon, is charged to another than its reputed author. Its essence is crude idealism. It denies the reality of disease, and directs its votaries to imagine themselves well, and

they will be well. It really gets along without religion. It requires an immense amount of determined self-deception of its disciples, who must so resolutely and continuously deny what they know to be a fact about their own sufferings that they shall benumb and at last conquer their own consciousness of pain. There is no religion about this, although God is not denied, unless it be in that Mrs. Eddy becomes a kind of demigod.

Dowieism heals as much as Eddyism, but in an entirely different way. Dowieism is thoroughly Christian in its religion, and very strict in its theology and morality. It takes the Bible literally, and has no use for any higher criticism. It does not ask you to imagine yourself or will yourself well; but tells you that you are sick, very sick, sick in body and soul, and that God will heal you in answer to prayer to him. Sickness is from the Devil, but Christ came to destroy the works of the Devil. He did it in multitudes of miracles of healing when he was on earth, and he will do it still; he has done it in hundreds of cases where Dr. Dowie and his associates have prayed for it. So here there is no new philosophy, no new religion; only the old religion with a tremendous emphasis on healing. This is its infirmity and its strength. Religion is something for well people. Sickness is an incident in life. Religion has not so much to do with sickness as with health. And sickness is nothing so peculiar that it should be treated with prayer instead of by natural remedies. Why should we trust to prayer when we feel the heat of fever and not when we feel the chill of frost? If our fingers ache with cold we make a fire and warm them; we don't pray. If we feel a goneness in the stomach we have recourse to food, not to prayer. Why not trust natural agencies just the same for a headache? The Dowieite treatment of disease lacks scientific sense; it puts the Christian religion to work that does not belong to it, and when it proceeds to denounce doctors and charlatans and the use of drugs as sorcery, it is criminally silly.

But if Dowieism makes much of healing disease it does not fail of stout ethics in common life. It sins here again by surplusage. It has all the Christian ethics and more. Dr. Dowie is tremendous in his frank denunciations of all dishonesty, impurity and intemperance; and in the latter his lurid denunciations include not only intoxicating liquors, but tobacco, swine's flesh and even oysters. In his assaults on Masonry he outdoes the Pope of Rome. Here it is the extravagance of Dr. Dowie's ethical applications that is at serious fault; yet this fault is not so serious as is his denunciation of physicians and the use of natural methods for the cure of disease.

But now comes a new and extraordinary development in the history of Dr. Dowie's Zion Church. Before an immense audience in the Chicago Auditorium, Dr. Dowie announced that he was Elijah come again to earth. John the Baptist, he said, was Elijah, returned to life, as foretold by Malachi. John did not know that this was the fact, and he denied it; but Christ declared that so it was. Thus also he had for four years denied or doubted, but now he was convinced and boldly claimed it. He was foretold, and it is he that is to restore all things before the final coming of the Lord. So he claims authority from God. He is to be obeyed. He is autocrat in his Church. What he says, God says. He commands tithes to be paid. He directs the enormous schemes of his Church, with its missions, its new city, its bank, its industries. He receives and he owns it all. Everything is in his name. To be sure everything is admirably organized, but it is all by his command, which is the command of God.

The next day Dr. Dowie met 254 officers of his Church, overseers, elders, evangelists, deacons and deaconesses in the Auditorium. Again he announced himself to them as the Restorer of all things, the Messenger of the Covenant, John the Baptist reappeared on earth, and asked them if they would so accept. Only two refused, both Japanese, and three others hesitated for a little while. The rest all accepted the claim.

Now we do not believe Dr. Dowie to be a fraud like Joseph Smith or Mrs. Eddy. We believe him to be a zealot, after the style of Emanuel Swedenborg and Edward Irving, of the Catholic Apostolic Church, thoroughly sincere, fully believing in his mission, that he is sent of God, but far from having Swedenborg's or Irving's Quietistic spirit. Instead of that he is a passionate speaker, in full magnetic touch with his hearers, while he combines with these gifts and this audacity an organizing power much like that which has built up the Mormon Church. Dowieism is not irreligious, not unchristian; it is Christianity gone daft, gone conceitedly crazy.

The Independent undertakes to solve the secret of the success of Christian Science and the Zion Church. Its analysis leads it to conclude that the chief element of the power of these crazes is the audacity and positiveness of their claims:

Let any man claim or teach with emphasis of assumed authority anything under heaven, no matter how absurd, and he will find adherents as surely as filings will follow a magnet. These followers want no reason, no argument; they want a claim. This is all there is to it. Given a leader of any sort, and there will be followers, because it is not reason that many people want, but some one to lead them.

Impressions of America*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

America is detached from Europe by a gulf which, however trivial it seems to the summer tourist in his luxurious stateroom and saloon, has been a veritable "middle passage" to millions and millions of American citizens and their parents—a gulf which the "Upper Ten Thousand" cross backward and forward as we go to Paris or Rome, but which seventy millions of American citizens never cross or recross. To them our Europe is a far-away world, of which but faint echoes reach them, which they will never see more, which can never directly touch their lives; whilst the vast expanses and inexhaustible resources of their own continent are brought home to them, day by day, in a thousand practical and visible ways.

And yet the paradox strikes my mind that American life, such as a passing visitor finds it in the great cities, is essentially the same as our own; that, in spite of the geographical isolation and the physical conditions, the citizen of the United States is at heart much the same man as the subject of King Edward; that life is the same, "*mutatis mutandis*"; that the intellectual, social, and religious tone is nearly identical; that the proverbial differences we hear of have been absurdly exaggerated. Put aside trivial peculiarities of language, manners, habit or climate, admit a certain air of Paris in New York, and a certain European tone in Washington—and these only concern small sections in both cities—for my part I noticed no radical difference between Americans and Englishmen. Physically, they are the same race, with the same strength, energy and beauty; except for superficial things, they live the same lives, have the same interests, aims and standards of opinion; and in literature, science, art and philosophy, the Atlantic is less of a barrier between our two peoples than is St. George's Channel or the Tweed in the British Isles. The citizen of the United States seems to me very much what the citizen of the United Kingdom is—only rather more so. The differences are really on the surface, or in mere form. . . .

For energy, audacity, and enterprise, the Chicago people are famous even in the western States of America. "When I come to London," said a leading man of business, "I find your bankers and merchants stroll into their offices between

ten and eleven in the morning. I am at my desk at seven," said he, "and by noon I have completed fifty transactions by telephone." Telegrams, in fact, are no longer up to date in the United States, and few busy men ever use a pen except to sign their names. They do not even dictate their letters. They speak into a phonograph, and have their message typewritten from the instrument. Life in the States is one perpetual whirl of telephones, telexes, phonographs, electric bells, motors, lifts, and automatic instruments. To me such a life would not be worth living, and the mere sight of it is incompatible with continuous thought. But business seems to be done in that way. And I did not learn that the percentage of suicide or insanity was very seriously increased by these truly maddening inventions.

No competent observer can doubt that in wealth, manufactures, material progress of all kinds, the United States, in a very few years, must hold the first place in the world without dispute. Its population will soon double that of any nation of western Europe. That population will have an education second only to that of Germany and Switzerland, and superior to that of any other European nation. The natural resources of their country exceed those of all Europe put together. Their energy exceeds that of the British; their intelligence is hardly second to that of Germany and France. And their social and political system is more favorable to material development than any other society ever devised by man. This extraordinary combination of national and social qualities, with vast numbers and unbounded physical resources, cannot fail to give America the undisputed lead in all material things. It is a curious instance of the power of national egotism that Europe fails to grasp this truth—that Germans, with their wretchedly poor country, narrow seaboard, and scanty rivers, ports, and minerals, still aspire to the first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how their passion for art, rest and home has handicapped them in the race for supremacy in things material; that Britons, in their narrow island and their comfortable traditions, will not recognize that the industrial prizes must ultimately go to numbers, national unity, physical resources, geographical opportunities, trained intelligence, and restless ambition.

Enormous material triumphs obviously have their moral and intellectual evils. And one is constantly led to fancy some parallels between

*The Nineteenth Century.

modern America and old Rome at the close of the Republic and the rise of the Empire. The sudden possession of vast areas to be exploited, the control of enormous masses of skilled workers, the rapid acquisition by men bred in hard work and having unbounded energy and ambition of all the resources the world can offer—these are common to the Rome of Cicero and Julius, and to the United States of Grover Cleveland and William McKinley. Paradox as it sounds, I was constantly reminded of the old stories of Crassus, Lucullus, and the Cæsars when I saw the lavish profusion of marbles, carvings, and mosaics in public and private buildings—so many a "porticus metata decempedis"—the wanton luxury which seems inspired by a mania of rapidly squandering the riches that have been so rapidly acquired. . . .

The ease with which men can pass from one locality to another, from one climate to another, from one business to another, the entire absence of social barriers or class distinctions, the abundant means of technical and scientific education, leave it open to each man and woman to make their own lives. The vast continent, with its varieties of climate and soil, produces almost everything except champagne, diamonds and ancient buildings. With New York and San Francisco, the two grandest natural ports in the world, open to the ships of the Atlantic and the Pacific, with Chicago or St. Louis as the center of traffic, the clearing-house of this boundless trade, the material prosperity of the American continent must reach in the twentieth century a height of which the nineteen centuries before it never dreamed. When the Englishman talks about the evils of Protection and the benefits of Free Trade, he is reminded that the United States occupies a continent self-sufficing, except for a few luxuries, which has its own Free Trade on a gigantic scale, over an area far larger than all western Europe. It seems impertinent to lecture men about their neglect of Free Trade, when in their own country they can travel in every direction thousands of miles without ever meeting a Customs frontier. They insist that they are the greatest Free Trade people on earth.

Of course, for the American citizen and the thoughtful visitor, the real problem is whether this vast prosperity, this boundless future of theirs, rests upon an equal expansion in the social, intellectual and moral sphere. They would be bold critics who should maintain it, and few thinking men in the United States do so without qualifications and misgivings. As to the universal diffusion of education, the energy which is thrown into it, and the wealth lavished on it

from sources public and private, no doubt can exist. Universities, richly endowed, exist by scores, colleges by many hundreds, in every part of the Union. Art schools, training colleges, technical schools, laboratories, polytechnics, and libraries are met with in every thriving town. The impression left on my mind is that the whole educational machinery must be at least tenfold that of the United Kingdom.

Libraries, of course, are not learning; museums and laboratories are not knowledge; much less is an enormous reading public literature. And, however much libraries may be crowded with readers, however spacious and lavish are the mountings of technical schools, and though seventy millions of articulate men and women can pass the seventh standard of a board school, the question of the fruit of all this remains to be answered. The passing visitor to the United States forms his own impression as to the bulk and the diffusion of the instruments of education; but he is in no better position than any one else to measure the product.

The lighter American literature has little of the charm and sparkle that mark the best writing of France, because, apart from national gifts of "esprit," American society does not lend itself to the daily practice of polished conversation. After all, it is conversation, the spoken thought of groups of men and women in familiar and easy intercourse, which gives the aroma of literature to written ideas. And where the arts of conversation have but a moderate scope and value, the literature will be solid but seldom brilliant.

But all these conditions, if they tend in the same direction, are perhaps of minor importance. The essential point is that literature of a high order is the product of long tradition and of a definite social environment. Millions of readers do not make it, nor myriads of writers, though they read the same books and use the same language and think the same thoughts. A distinctive literature is the typical expression of some organized society, cultivated by long usage and molded on accepted standards. It would be as unreasonable to look for a formed and classical style in a young, inorganic and fluid society, however large it may be and however voracious of printed matter, as to look in such a land for Westminster Abbeys and Windsor Castles. America will no doubt in the centuries to come produce a national literature of its own, when it has had time to create a typical society of its own, and intellectual traditions of its own. . . .

The ceremony of the Inauguration of the President and Vice-President at Washington on the 4th of March is, indeed, a characteristic and sug-

gestive function. I had the good fortune to witness it this year under the most favorable conditions, and was deeply impressed with all it represented. It summed up the vast extent and power of the United States, its absolute democracy, the simplicity, ease, and homeliness of its government, its contempt of forms, its entire confidence in itself and perfect satisfaction with its own ways. In the grand Capitol of the noble city of Washington, than which no finer edifice or city exists in the Old World, were gathered the men chosen by the adult citizens of a nation of some seventy millions, scattered over a vast continent. The President, Vice-President, senators and representatives elected on this enormous ballot, entrusted with this stupendous power and wealth, sat indistinguishable from the ordinary citizens around them—clerks, secretaries, journalists, and casual friends, who were crowded pell-mell on the floor of the Senate House itself.

To this miscellaneous body, which might be any average county council or borough board, there entered a long file of ambassadors and ministers in all the finery of European and Oriental courts; uniforms blazing with gold lace, plumes, velvet or fur, swords, sabres and helmets; the Austro-Hungarian magnate, the stately ambassadors of Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, in their court uniforms, stars, crosses and ribbons; Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the accomplished Minister of China, in his buttoned headress and embroidered silks; the Japanese Minister, in European court uniform; the envoys of the smaller Powers of Europe, and then the diplomatists of the South American and Central American and West Indian States; black men, brown men, whitey-brown men, in various gaudy uniforms; the Minister of the Sultan in his fez, those of Siam and Korea in their national dress—more than thirty in all, in every color, adornment and style, representing men of every race from every part of the planet.

This brilliant and motley group may be seen at St. Stephen's, or at the functions of Berlin and St. Petersburg, where it is only a natural part of similar bravery and feudal splendor. But here, in a hall crowded with sober citizens in broadcloth, without a star, a ribbon, or a sword between them, the effect was almost comic. Siam, Korea, Hungary, and Portugal as gay as butterflies! McKinley and Roosevelt matter-of-fact civilians, as if they were Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the London County Council! And around them were the chosen delegates of the great Republic, jostled in their own hall by pressmen, secretaries, and curious strangers like myself. The shirt-sleeve theory of government could hardly go

farther, and, perhaps, need not go quite so far. My own republican soul was stirred when I set myself to think which of the two forms would prevail in the centuries to come. I thought first of the Roman Senate (according to the old myth), sitting immovable as statues in their white togas, when the Gauls of Brennus, in their torques and war-paint, dashed into the Senate House; and then I began to think, Were these quiet citizens seated there to see a comic opera at the Savoy Theatre?

Not that the representatives of the Republic are wanting in personal bearing. The President sat through the ceremonies with placid dignity, his fine features, in their stern repose, looking like a bronze figure of the Elder Brutus or Cato the Censor. But at a personal reception in the White House Mr. McKinley will show as much grace and courtesy of demeanor as any Sovereign by divine right, and his smile and his voice are pronounced (not only by women) to be perfectly winning. The diplomatists of Europe agree in assuring us that nothing can exceed the tact and "correctness" which distinguish Mr. Hay, the accomplished Secretary of State. It is true that Congressmen (in their shirt-sleeves) have not that repose of manner which marks the caste of *Vere de Vere*. But the men who are charged to speak in the name of the State will usually be found to rise to the occasion with that facility which enables every genuine American to adapt himself to play a new part, and to fulfil an unaccustomed duty. . . .

The Capitol at Washington struck me as being the most effective mass of public buildings in the world, especially when viewed at some distance, and from the park in which it stands. I am well aware of certain constructive defects which have been insisted on by Ferguson and other critics; and no one pretends that it is a perfect design of the highest order, either in originality or style. But as an effective public edifice of a grandiose kind, I doubt if any capital city can show its equal. This is largely due to the admirable proportions of its central dome group, which I hold to be, from the pictorial point of view, more successful than those of St. Peter's, the Cathedral of Florence, Agia Sophia, St. Isaac's, the Panthéon, St. Paul's, or the new Cathedral of Berlin. But the unique effect is still more due to the magnificent site which the Capitol at Washington enjoys. I have no hesitation in saying that the site of the Capitol is the noblest in the world, if we exclude that of the Parthenon in its pristine glory. Neither Rome nor Constantinople, nor Florence, nor Paris, nor Berlin, nor London possesses any central emi-

nence with broad open spaces on all sides, crowned by a vast pile, covering nearly four acres and rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet, which seems to dominate the whole city. Washington is the only capital city which has this colossal center or crown. And Londoners can imagine the effect if their St. Paul's stood in an open park reaching from the Temple to Finsbury Circus, and the great creation of Wren were dazzling white marble, and soared into an atmosphere of sunny light.

Washington, the youngest capital city of the world, bids fair to become, before the twentieth century is ended, the most beautiful and certainly the most commodious. It is the only capital which has been laid out from the first entirely on modern lines, with organic unity of plan, unencumbered with any antique limitations and confusions. The spacious avenues, intersected by very broad streets, all lined with maple and elm, and radiating from a multitude of "circles," its numerous parks and squares, with fountains, monuments, and equestrian statues at each available junction, its semi-tropical climate, for it is in the latitude of Lisbon and Palermo, its freedom from the disfigurements of smoke, trade and manufactures, its singular form of government under a State autocracy without any municipal representation, give it unique opportunities to develop. As yet it is but half completed, owing to local difficulties as to rights of property; and it still has the air of an artificial experiment in city architecture. But within two or three generations, when its vacant sites are filled up, and public buildings, monuments and statues continue to be raised with all the wealth, resources and energy of the Republic, if the artists of the future can be restrained within the limits of good sense and fine taste, Washington may look more like the Rome of the Antonines than any city of the Old World.

Of all that I saw in America, I look back with most emotion to my visit to Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of George Washington. I saw it on a lovely spring day, amidst thousands of pilgrims, in the Inauguration week. On a finely wooded bluff, rising above the grand Potomac River, stands the plain but spacious wooden house of the Founder of the Republic. It has been preserved and partly restored with perfect taste, the original furniture, pictures and ornaments supplemented by fit contemporary pieces. It enables one perfectly to conjure up an image of the homely, large and generous life of the President before the war called him to the field, and after he had retired from all cares of state. We fancy him sitting under the spacious eastern

portico, with its eight tall columns, looking out over the broad landscape of forest and river, or lying in his last sleep in the simple bed, with its dimity coverlet, and then laid to rest in the rural tomb below the house, which he ordered himself, and in which his descendants have insisted on keeping his remains. General Grant lies beside the Hudson at New York, in a magnificent mausoleum palpably imitated from the tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides. How infinitely more fitting and more touching is the Spartan simplicity of Washington's burial place—an austere cell within his own ancestral ground; yet not a morning's drive from the splendid capital which the nation has named after its heroic founder—how much more fitting and more touching is this than is the imperial mausoleum to which they have carried the bones of the tyrant who ruined France! It has been frequently attempted to remove the sarcophagus in which Washington lies from Mount Vernon, his home, to place it under the dome of the Capitol. But as yet it has been wisely decided to do nothing that can impair the unique legend which has gathered round the memory of the western Cincinnatus. . . .

New York, of course, has the vices of great cities, but they are not visible to the eye, and they are a drop in the ocean of the American people. Even the passing tourist must note the entire freedom of American towns from the indecencies that are paraded in European cities. The youngest girls go about the streets of New York alone; and a lady travels unattended from San Francisco to Washington.

I close my impressions with a sense that the New World offers a great field, both moral and intellectual, to the peaceful development of an industrial society; that this society is in the main sound, honest and wholesome; that vast numbers and the passion of equality tend to low averages in thought, in manners, and in public opinion, which the zeal of the devoted minority tends gradually to raise to higher planes of thought and conduct; that manners, if more boisterous, are more hearty than with us, and, if less refined, are free from some conventional morgue and hypocrisy; that in casting off many of the bonds of European tradition and feudal survivals, the American democracy has cast off also something of the æsthetic and moral inheritance left in the Old World; that the zeal for learning, justice and humanity lies so deep in the American heart that it will in the end solve the two grave problems which face the future of their citizens—the eternal struggle between capital and labor—the gulf between people of color and the people of European blood.

Making the City Beautiful*

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

Tall Buildings

In the line of restrictive effort, however, even the movement with us, lately become widespread and promising, to check the "sky-scraper's" upward flight may be traced in large part to hygienic consideration. There had been such abuse of the ability to build high that the injury makes a broad appeal for correction. Until this kind of construction was overdone and the very tall building invaded the narrow street where it had no business, where it could command no appreciation for itself and changed a thoroughfare into a sunless chasm, it could make some claim to indulgence. Many considerations render it impossible to assert an arbitrary limit which might be forgiven; but plainly the structure of ten or twelve stories could be suffered where the building of thirty stories, on however broad a square, could be only a public calamity. Until they were so ridiculously overdone, the sky-scrappers made, then, a certain crude, barbaric claim even to æsthetic liking. For, silhouetted against the brilliant sky of midday or of twilight, they had a poster-like dash and daring of artistic merit; or lifting their heads serene and calm into the very storm-clouds, or fading in mist till their upper lines were almost lost, they gave substance to a poetry as clearly and fittingly dramatic as the pure architectural poems of ancient Greece were lyric. And again, at night, their dark façades all gemmed with lights until they seemed a bit of firmament tipped on end, they imparted to the municipality, in one way and another, a beauty all the better because so characteristic. And through it all one could see exemplified American industrial courage and aspiration. It was as though these tall structures, breaking with their various reasonable heights the sky-blue of the street, wrote upon its façade, themselves like notes, the music of the march of industry, energy and hope.

But we have now gone too far. The music is all jar and discord, and the hymn that is sung by the people below is not of praise, but pity; so at last ordinances are appearing to check the tall building with us as it has been checked abroad. Yet the Chicago ordinance, which puts the limit at 130 feet (twice that of Paris), the

Boston general ordinance, which places it at 125 feet, and the discussion of an ordinance for New York which should limit the height of fireproof structures (except hotels and apartment houses, which should be something less) to 200 feet, suggest that this peculiarity of American urban architecture is to linger. There is to be repression, not suppression. And perhaps this is best, since the tall building which America invented is so clearly an expression of its own peculiar Zeitgeist. Nor need we fear lest beauty hold aloof from structures that pass a hundred feet in height. The steel skeleton construction gives free hand to the architect in the façade, and art must find in it a worthy theme. . . .

The Advertisement Problem

Edinburgh has had for some years a by-law prohibiting sky-signs—advertisements whose letters, standing clear of the structure's top, show against the sky. To this has been added in 1899 an act which makes, the local Cockburn Association proudly claims, Edinburgh a pioneer in the official regulation of general advertisements. It gives to the corporation, as representatives of the community, the right to say where advertisements may be placed, and hence to prevent their erection where they could injure the attractiveness of the city. It confers no power of censorship over particular signs, the common law being depended upon to check advertisements of improper character. Glasgow, at a sacrifice of £4,000 a year, determined that the municipal trams should not be disfigured by advertising, and this rule has been adopted by Liverpool, Hull, Sheffield, and other towns. In Manchester, among various cities, all hoardings belonging to the improvement committee are, by order of the council, kept free from advertisements, and many architects have followed the city's example in making a like requirement of their contractors. . . .

In the little Dutch city of Leiden the municipality itself manages the public advertising, and so frees the picturesque, canal-cut streets from unkempt hoardings. The city erects at the principal corners and by the canal-bridges boards of neat and attractive design for public notices. A projecting top prevents the rain from tearing or washing away the bills, the boards are surmounted by ornamental woodwork, and the advertising is thus not only kept in bounds but is

*The Improvement of Cities and Towns. By Charles Mulford Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

made almost artistic. Of like purpose, and better known, are the familiar kiosks of Paris, and the city-owned pillars of theatrical bills. In Paris vigorous agitation has lately arisen against the defacement of building-fronts by hugely lettered signs, and there are ordinances which prohibit the attachment of notices to any tree on the public way, or to the municipal lighting apparatus. . . .

In Rome the municipal and government acts are posted on marble tablets owned by the government and reserved for this use. Private announcements are on bill-boards, of regulated size and form, which can be erected only on permission from the property-owner and from the city. . . .

The London law's assumption that bill-boards should be subject to taxes, like other rentable property, suggests the feasibility of regulating advertisements by a tax graduated according to the superficial area of the sign. And this offers a new source of municipal income. In Europe a tax on advertisements or hoardings is by no means uncommon. In France the law, as long ago as 1852, imposed a fee for all painted signs in public places; and the person wishing to put up such a sign has, in his request for the permission, to make a declaration giving full intelligence regarding it, including even the text of the sign. In Germany, also, the special advertising boards and columns are rendered a source of income. The city lets the right to exact them, after determining and stating the charge that may be made for all advertisements so posted; the requirements of Berlin affording an interesting and suggestive example. Here, the contractor's columns must be of the regulated size and model; there must be one for each city district, and on the upper edge of each column there must be given in easily readable form (a) the number of the city district; (b) the number of the police-station therein; (c) the location of the nearest postal and telegraph office; (d) that of the nearest fire alarm; (e) that of the nearest ambulance station, and the directions for obtaining free carriages for transporting persons suffering from infectious diseases. The contractor must keep the columns in a condition satisfactory to the royal police presidency and to the magistrate; but they should be esteemed the property of the city, even though the contractor has erected them. If they have to be removed, he must remove them. . . .

Among the designs and the executed advertisements which secured prizes in those early competitions appropriateness was a noticeable feature. The drawing for a sign, since executed, to advertise a store where Egyptian cigarettes were sold, was Egyptian in its character. Window

gardens surmounted the sign of the ale-house "A la Rose"; a kid was one of the devices in the wrought-iron sign of a store where gloves were on sale; and the advertisement over the door of a china shop was a relief in pottery. The circumstance, sufficiently natural, is yet a reminder of a time when signs were fewer and generally artistic—of that time when a fish was carved in stone over the door of the Fishmongers' Hall at Malines. Then the guild halls on the Grande Place of Brussels were erected: the Hall of the Skippers with a gable resembling the stern of a large vessel, the Hall of the Butchers with a caravan swan, the House of the Wolf or Hall of the Archers, with its Romulus and Remus scene. And in England the inns were hanging out interesting models of their quaint names.

These rebus signs, in which pictures and figures are the substitutes for words, have well-nigh passed. They linger, with us, in the golden balls of the pawnbroker, in the barber's pole, in the glover's hand, in the cigar-seller's wooden Indian—which is becoming almost as rare as its human prototype. Surely when we turn to civic art the rebus sign might be well revived. It adds to the picturesqueness of the public way, it invites the talent of artists, and it stimulates the imagination and curiosity of those who love to study the aspects of a town.

The reforms in advertising from an artistic standpoint were not complete if no account were taken of the progress in poster making. A French writer has asked if there is anything more violently imprudent and modern than the poster of the highway. But the Greeks and Romans, and even the Assyrians and Egyptians, made use of the publicity of the streets for their announcements, and in France itself the propositions of the Sorbonne were placarded some three centuries ago. The poster, innocent of bashfulness in presenting its impertinent message on the urban thoroughfare, may probably be counted upon, then, as a device not very modern nor likely to be short-lived, and we may be thankful if it learns to make its message beautiful and to deliver it with grace. That there has been advance along these lines is too obvious to need recital. . . .

The poster brings color to city streets, and reveals another phase of the subject. In the cities of Renaissance Italy the gray wall of many an old palace was brightened by its owner's escutcheon. Heraldry plays yet a decorative part on modern streets, where the arms of royalty blaze in heavy gilt over the shops that have catered to a reigning house. We ought to find a suggestion here. In a republic there may be scant regard for the crest of an individual, but why

should not the trade-mark be made artistic, be colored, and emblazoned on walls as proudly, in an age of commerce and industry, as were prowess and birth in chivalric days?

So with the work of the artists, the sculptors, the hammerers of iron, with rebus signs and heraldic devices giving to advertisements a beauty long unknown, the business streets of cities no more would be meaningless printed lines. There would be nothing violently assertive, nothing glaring; but art would stud with beauty, life and interest the background of harmonious façades. We should find the proper solution of the advertisement problem not a discouraging task but an inspiring opportunity, and what seems a far-off goal would be reached by easy steps. . . .

Color in the Street

In the discussion of the æsthetic possibilities in business signs there was mention of color for city streets. This opens another line of endeavor in the cause of artistic cityhood, for color doubtless should have an important part in the city beautiful. The smoke nuisance removed, there is the blue of the sky for white buildings to show against, as presented by the color scheme of the modern classic. There are also the bright hues of nature with their undertone of verdure, as made much of in the gardens of Babylon, these primal elements lending beauty to the modern village streets. The façades of Italian cities are painted in bright colors. The red tiles of their roofs add another touch, to be found much farther north, and make reminder of the color symphonies which architects can play in the use of the familiar building materials. And always, until the last century, there have been gay, varied and fantastic costumes to give color and life to streets. It is only within a hundred years, indeed, that the urban highway has become a monochrome, dull and dingy.

Yet we have still the sky, the blue sea, and nature's lavishness in tree and shrub and flower, in clay and stone, where we will use them. Art in the street has, and will still further, put color on our signs; and the beauty with which we are to clothe necessities will not disregard this opportunity. Already there are distinctive colors for the fire-alarm and mail boxes; and it has been proposed in London that each parish have a color of its own, as have the different services of the city. To all this there are the fluttering flags to be added, and the many colors of the vehicles on the public way. There are the arms of the city, to be emblazoned on municipal structures; and the city flag, to fly in gay contrast with the national ensign. We have lost the picturesque bright raiment, and must watch with care the

painting of façades; but we need not fear that civic art will not put again the witching touch of color on city streets. Art and beauty for the thoroughfare cannot stop with a mere regulation of design. Color in exterior decoration has been made a feature already in the later expositions, and expositions create popular ideals.

The Tree in the City

In the mental picture of a beautiful city or village, the tree has an inseparable part. Tree-lined avenues, tree-arched streets, the background of foliage to well-placed sculpture, the softening of stern façades, the play of light and shadow on the pavement, the screening of the sun's glare upon walk and window, the lovely chronicle of the season's progress as it is written on the tree where all can read it—these are factors of beauty thrusting themselves at once upon the mind as requisite to success. They are universal in appeal. They speak only of the beauty of all trees, they record the æsthetic dependence of the town upon its trees, without considering the supplemental influence of single specimens which may be gratifying to the eye for grace, loved for beauty or splendor, for associations, and age. The tree-impersonal is a mighty factor in city beauty, and a hundred or a thousand trees-personal supplement its power. . . .

Opinions differ regarding the proper responsibility for trees on city streets. The one view vests all right and title to the tree in the owner of the property before which it stands. The tree is likened to the bush in the garden or the gatepost. It is considered in its relation to the house and the individual, not in its relation to the street and the community. The other asserts that the trees belong to the city at large and that the individual has no more right to the tree in front of his own house, to determine whether it shall be removed or pruned, than has any other citizen. The view absolves also the obligation to plant that from which others will get the greater enjoyment.

This latter view is still, probably, the less common. It appears only with earnest recognition of the value of the tree to the community; with the appreciation that it is a highly useful and decorative part of the street furnishing, which years of growth are required to create, though an hour's thoughtless work may destroy it, and that the tree whose life is spared may bless several generations of individuals. The theory of the municipal ownership of trees, or a modification of it which vests their control in the municipality though individuals still "own" them, is therefore found where the trees are most valued as urban ornaments. It is extending as regard for civic æsthe-

tics spreads. It is the theory of such notable cities as Paris and Washington, and of the general law of Massachusetts. . . .

The advantages of municipal control of street trees are several. They are negative, in that it prevents ruthless destruction or careless neglect. They are positive, theoretically, in that trees are thus recognized as factors of importance in the health, the comfort and the beauty of a city; and practically, in that the planting of the trees is then done systematically and economically, in that scientific care is secured for them, and in the fact that harmony in planting may be attained by adherence to definite designs for streets and neighborhoods. Moreover, the system of central responsibility and supervision is much more comprehensive. Trees are often most needed where property owners least appreciate their value. . . .

The beautiful city cannot do without trees, trees that are graceful, strong and numerous. Let us make, if we will, their sanitary value the basis for municipal control of them; but then, for the sake of their great possible beauty, they should be put in charge of a commission of expert knowledge and æsthetic ideals. Let us, finally, yield ourselves, in the city of all places, to the frame of mind which was Ruskin's in exclaiming, "What a thought that was when God thought of a tree!" . . .

We are children of nature, and it is a strange and pathetic thing that men should ever have thought that because mutual dependence huddled them together into cities they must leave the country behind, foregoing its easily gained delights. For the idea is almost recent that the country can be brought into the city and made common property. In the cities of classic days such a luxury belonged only to the rich and noble. From the mediæval cities, enclosed in walls and avoided by princes, the country was shut out, and men came to think that trees and flowers would not grow where the sun shone and the rain fell, where birds sang and little children played—if the place were called a city. When the walls had come down and there was room enough, vegetation was still neglected, it was because of that theory, and not on account of paving, of soot, or gas leakage, as we shamefacedly and untruly say in trying to justify a faith in inherited tradition, for these things are attributes of only modern cities. But the old municipalities had had an excuse to offer. They were usually not so large that the citizen could not get to the country when he pleased; and the entire lack of transit facilities justified his wish to live as near as might be to his daily business. The change that is bringing the country into the city

is neither in the heart of man, nor in nature. It is economic, even mechanical. The blessing which rapid transit has conferred upon humanity is the mingling it makes possible of the city and the country.

We shall have occasion to speak, in another place, of those parks and playgrounds that are the artificial lakes and ponds of the river or country, as it is encouraged to flow through modern cities. There will be enough to say here, if we try to picture only the joyous, health-giving, beautiful stream running through the long streets, eddying in little gardens around the homes, and lavishing the stern and bare façades of business blocks until "the Bride of the Sea" finds rivals in cities flower-decked and garlanded. Such pseudonyms as "the Garden city," or "the Flower city," should suggest marriages not less lovely, and more practical and appropriate, than was the poetic wedding of Venice to the Adriatic. . . .

It is a rare façade in domestic architecture that cannot be beautified by the soft and clinging green of a vine. This will pick out and emphasize a good detail; it will soften lines; and half covering a crude device, it will reveal only enough to suggest something better than the reality. It will give beauty to a shadowy corner, warmth where all was cold; and now and then allowed free, luxuriant play, it will draw its protecting, beautifying cloak around a hideous exterior and make it fair and cool as the wall of a sylvan retreat. Perhaps, in its season, it will deck the ugly façade with fairy clusters and garlands of flowers.

Of late years the Japanese ivy, sometimes called the Boston ivy, on account of the enthusiasm with which it was adopted in Boston, has been a boon to the streets of many cities. There is no doubt a tendency to plant it indiscriminately and to let it cover what were better shown; but on the whole, from an artistic standpoint, it has been a public benefactor. It covers blank walls, monotonous fronts, and meaningless eccentricities of structure with a waving curtain—of emerald in summer, of the sunset's glory in the fall, and always of nature's perfect taste. In its little leaves the summer wind plays on the surface of the water, now disclosing hollows deep and cool, now lifting into the sunshine the crests of lighter green. It does not allow the memory of nature to pass from city streets. . . .

The Placing of Buildings

A building's site is like a statue's pedestal. Therefore until buildings are well placed, their architecture does not exert its full power to add beauty to the city. It is not enough that a structure be good or that it sufficiently harmonize with its neighbors. It must be so situated as itself

to be seen to advantage. In a mental picture of New York and Paris, which is found to have made the stronger impression, the Sub-Treasury in Wall street, crowded between other buildings on a narrow thoroughfare; or the Madeleine (also Classic), with a broad avenue leading up to it? Press the Madeleine into Wall street and put the little Sub-Treasury on a site like that of the Madeleine, or of the Pantheon, and the effect of the buildings will be almost completely changed. In a sense, then, a better site means a better building, and a good building nearly wastes its beauty when crowded between ugly structures on a narrow street, compared to the effect it might exert.

Having assumed the grouping of the public edifices, three general rules may be laid down for placing notable structures in the city beautiful: (1) Those of Classical style are best when an extended view is possible. They should close a vista as do the Madeleine, the Pantheon, the Capitol at Washington, and should occupy a plaza. (2) The Gothic is easily dwarfed by surrounding space. The cathedral at Milan looks small in its broad square, its long lines shortened by the flat spaces; but Trinity Church, New York, lifts its aspiring lines impressively when seen through the cañon of Wall street. Many of the best examples of European Gothic, ecclesiastic and civic, stand, indeed, in open squares; but they are not the better for that. The Gothic can be crowded if it so happen that there be radiating streets from which to see it. Finally, it is well to surround with small parks the structures that have historical interest. The advantages that accrue from such action include safety from fire, the granting to the beholder of the opportunity and leisure to study and reflect, and the provision of pleasant open spaces. Of course this will not always be possible, but like the two preceding rules it is a good one to keep in mind. Imagine the application of its advantages, for instance, to the existing conditions around Faneuil Hall in Boston.

The Site

In a review of the world's principal cities, far the greater number will be observed to be situated on uneven ground and at the side of water. In a consideration of site, the possession of a waterfront may be taken for granted almost with the confidence of an inequality in surface. Indeed, the economic demands of traffic are of such insistence that unevenness tends to obliteration so far as the surface irregularities are small, while the water-frontage is exaggerated.

The castle-fortress on the rock of greatest elevation in old Edinburgh is fairly typical of the plan of those mediæval cities which were born

of feudalism. It often happens that a church shared the height and sometimes it alone remains, or, as in the case of Notre Dame de la Garde of Marseilles, and in many another city—back to the temples that were on the Acropolis at Athens—these heights are singly dedicated to religious worship. In Rome the Pincian Hill is crowned by a public garden; in New Haven, Conn., the great East Rock is a park; in Montreal the mountain is thus made use of; and in the old city of Avignon one finds, to-day, church and castle on the dominating hill and then, a few steps higher, on the very summit, a park. The attitude thus widely illustrated, that the highest point of a city should be used for public purpose, for defense, or worship, or recreation, seems well assumed.

It is not often that buildings for the public business of a modern city can be placed on the dominating height without disadvantage, except from the æsthetic point of view—though the Capitol in Washington and many State Capitols are so placed with us, and Brussels has planted the new Palais de Justice on a height. But we may reaffirm the original principle, practical in the park at least, that to the eminence whence the city may be mastered at a glance, and where its noise and turmoil may be left behind, all the people should have access. And no more certainly for the view thence than for the view thither, as the height commands and lords the town, should it, in the perfect city, be held by the community rather than by individuals. This is the great lesson in the treatment of inequalities of surface.

The lower and upper bays of New York, treated properly, make the sail up the harbor exceptionally fine. The colossal Statue of Liberty, with its welcome at the very gates of the hospitable city, is so excellent in spirit that not until the stranger has actually landed and stepped into the meanness and squalor of West street, does disappointed surprise come upon him. If it were possible for the entrance to be made at the Battery, how different the impression would be! Picture the progress out of the limitless ocean into the hill-circled lower bay, through the fort-crowned narrows, into the upper bay with its dominating goddess of classic stamp, and on, slowly, through the swarm of shipping, toward the sun-swept towers and spires, rising high, and almost grandly as set off by the greensward at their feet. Picture landing there, the tall buildings, sentinel portals of the city, standing just across the green, while between them the great artery of the city pierces, lined with wealth and choked with traffic, to lead straight on, mile after mile, through the city's maze.

Choice Verse

A Sonnet of Revolt.....W. L. Courtney.....Fortnightly

Life—what is Life? To do, without avail,
The decent ordered tasks of everyday:
Talk with the sober: join the solemn play:
Tell for the hundredth time the self-same tale
Told by our grandsires in the self-same vale
Where the sun sets with even, level ray,
And nights, eternally the same, make way
For hueless dawns, intolerably pale.
And this is Life? Nay, I would rather see
The man who sells his soul in some wild cause:
The fool who spurns, for momentary bliss,
All that he was and all he thought to be:
The rebel stark against his country's laws:
God's own mad lover, dying on a kiss.

"Our Cattle Also".....Meredith Nicholson.....Atlantic

When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
And the horizons of the plain are blurred,
I watch, on gradual slope and foothill crest,
The dark line of the herd.
And something primal through my being thrills,
For that line met the night when life began!
And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
Have kept the trail with man.
Till their calm eyes his greater iliads hold:
The wonder look, the dumb reproof and pain,
Have followed him since Abram's herds of old
Darkened the Asian plain.

My Gardens.....L. A. C.....Leisure Hours

Pale lilacs will I plant
In my heart's garden,
And rosemary and rue
In my heart's garden,
Bright daffodils for spring,
And hare-bells, which shall ring
Old chimes, dear thoughts to bring
To my heart's garden.
An oak-tree strong shall grow
In my mind's garden;
The ivy green shall cling
To dead hopes, covering
The ruin wrought, my King
In my heart's garden.
Sweet violets shall grow
In my mind's garden;
No evil deeds shall stay
In my mind's garden;
Thought-wildings fair though frail,
Pure lilies of the vale
Their fragrance shall exhale
In my mind's garden.
Bloom old-world asphodels
In my mind's garden,
And poet's primroses
In my mind's garden.
In shamrock sweet enshrined
Shall eglantine be twined
With dream-flowers both combined
In my mind's garden.
White lilies will I plant
In my soul's garden,
And one Rose mystical
In my soul's garden.

The myrrh of suffering
In censers rich to swing
Shall come all hallowing
From my soul's garden.
Life's fadeless flowers must bloom
In my soul's garden;
The dew shall softly fall
In my soul's garden;
The hawthorn white shall glow,
An altar-cloth of snow
With globe-flowers fringed below,
In my soul's garden.

The Harvest.....McCrea Pickering.....Smart Set

Oh, I saw her at the time of the sowing of the grain!
The sun had broken through a filmy mist of rain,
And a little wind and sweet
Swayed the grasses at her feet
As I turned to look and turned to smile and turned
to look again,
And I said, "How good a thing
Is the promise of the spring!"
At the time of the sowing of the grain.
Oh, I kissed her at the time of growing of the grain!
Her laugh was like the melody that threads the lark's refrain;
Bud and blossom everywhere
Sent their perfume through the air,
And the branches bent above her where the ripening grain was lain,
And I said, "Lo, love hath grown
Like the seed thy hand hath sown!"
At the time of the growing of the grain.
Oh, I won her at the time of the mowing of the grain!
We guided o'er the empty fields the heavy laden wain,
And my life was like to sing
With the joy of harvesting!
Oh, love's sowing nor his growing nor his mowing was in vain,
And I said, "Give thanks, my heart,
For the store that is thy part!"
At the time of the mowing of the grain. *

Sonnet.....William Watson*

Lee, who in niggard soil has delved, to find
What things soever may be known or guessed
Of him that to the ages gives no rest,
The world-watched secret peak of human mind;
Thy choice was well, who leav'st to fools and blind
All visionary, vague, fantastic quest.
None to the Presence hath more nearly pressed,
Nor hast thou him dis-served to serve mankind.
'Tis said of certain poets, that writ large
Their sombre names on tragic stage and tome,
They are gulfs or estuaries of Shakespeare's sea.
Lofty the praise; and honor enough, to be
As children playing by his mighty marge,
Glorious with casual sprinklings of the foam.

*Written in Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*.

The River and the Girl.....W. F. Harvey.....Literature*

Pretty child who gaily splashest
In my waves thy breast, and flashest
Like the fairest water-lily, pure and white on billows free,

Ah, what varied lot lies hiding
In the future, thee betiding,
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

I have not, like thee, to measure
Days of sorrow, days of pleasure,
For my waves that none can number flow on smoothly to the sea.

Thou a bud shalt bloom a woman,
Loving, loved, in all things human,
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

Lovely child, in heart and thinking
Cool and fresh as wavelets sprinkling—
Fairest lily I have cradled, pure and white on billows free—

In a while thou shalt be dreaming
Dreams of love so wond'rous seeming
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

In a while thou shalt be kneeling
In thy bride's veil, near thee feeling
Him whom thou hast rendered happy by thy heart's election free.

In a while thou shalt be pressing
In thine arms a mother's blessing
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

Dim, mysterious fate's subjection—
Hope and death and blithe affection—
I embrace when I embrace thee, pretty child, on billows free.

Some few sun's quick revolution
And thy riddle finds solution
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

Ah, my flowing stream will never
Reach the goal that's thine for ever,
Which by human joy is shadowed and by human misery.

Thou must to the grave be going,
Dying like red sunsets glowing,
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

The Way.....George Lynde Richardson.....Outlook

The pathway to the Land of Life
Passes the threshold of my door.
It turns down yonder narrow street
Hedged by the dwellings of the poor.
It winds beside the hours of woe,
Under lit panes where watchers wait.
Who strives too swiftly on that road
Reaches the end too late.
But he who pauses, turning back
For deed of love, for word of cheer,
Faithful, unhasting, unafraid,

*From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg.

Nor wondering if the end be near—
Lo! where the shadow blackest falls,
While yet he seems midmost the strife,
Enters through the uplifted gates
Into the Land of Life.

The Old Mineralogist.....May Kendall.....Literary World

His whole life long he loved the shore;
In many a hard-won holiday
It was his rapture to explore
The crannied cliffs, to feel the spray,
To wander where the pebbles drift,
And catch the agate's quivering glint,
With eager vision keen and swift,
Deceived by no illuminated flint!

Or from the flotsam of the wave,
That men with heedless footsteps spurn,
Some rare and fragile shell to save,
To keep and press some fair sea-fern.
All's ended now—his strength is spent,
Chained to a city huge and blind,
His home a smoky tenement,
Is he who loved the wave and wind.

Yet, if a certain road you take,
Within a mile your steps may pass
A spot where heaps of pebbles break
The short and grimy wayside grass.
Hither he turns his failing feet;
He scans the stones: contented he!
For they have heard the breakers beat,
And felt its surge, the mighty sea!

Some common fossil, he divines,
Perchance the motley heap may show,
Some pebble wrought with curious lines,
Like agates of the long ago,
His hands are weak; his eyes, in sooth,
Are dimmer than they once have been—
Yet with the certainty of youth
He'd know a true cornelian's sheen.

So cheery, patient, free from care,
He lingers on the wayside gray.
How heavy is the sultry air—
The coast a hundred miles away!
Yet not in vain, to this poor store,
The dusty road his feet have trod.
He stands upon a fairer shore;
He hears it break, the tide of God.

Flood and Ebb.....Clinton Scollard.....New England

Where two stupendous arteries of trade
Become a little space one thoroughfare,
Day after day is the distracted air
With deafening and continuous clamor weighed;
Cars clash, gongs clamor, ponderous drays are swayed,

And jostling crowds, that seem like puppets, dare
The swirling vortex, meet and mingle there—
Thus is the whole a human maelstrom made.
But with the sweet intrusion of the night
The currents slowly slacken, till the last
Back-sweeping surge has died into a calm;
Silence descends on pinions vague and vast;
On earth is peace, and at their heavenly height
The stars swing on in their eternal psalm.

A Plea for Architectural Studies*

By A. D. F. HAMLIN

The industry of building is, next to that of agriculture, the greatest of all industries, and directly or indirectly gives employment to a notable fraction of the whole population. An important part of our mining and metallurgical activities; the quarrying and transportation of building stone; the manufacture of brick and terra-cotta; the trades of the carpenter, mason, plumber, glazier, painter, and cabinet-maker; the professions of sanitary and civil engineering, with the trades allied to them; the vast lumber interests of the country, and a host of minor activities—all these are maintained in the service of architecture. Together they employ or support millions of men, women and children. These are all ancillary to the actual work of designing and erecting, or buying and selling, buildings—lines of business in themselves of great importance. An art having so wide an outreach may well be a subject of interest to large numbers outside the ranks of those who are directly concerned in its practice.

The operations of building, moreover, are not carried on out of sight, in studios and workshops. They are conspicuously public, and arrest the attention of every passer-by. One does not need to be learned in engineering to take an intelligent interest in these operations. There is something fascinating in the gradual progress of a building from its deep foundations to its capstone. Out of confusion, dirt, piles of coarse materials, dust, mortar, timber, gray iron beams, brick and stone a crowd of busy men seemingly undisciplined and without any visible commander, little by little bring order, form, and, eventually, beauty. Soiled sheets of tracing-linen and wrinkled and bespattered blue-prints, covered over with a maze of lines and figures, control this chaotic activity and bring the diverse labors of a score of trades into mutual fitness and harmony.

These diagrams, though hieroglyphics to the uninitiated, are the graphic records of a conception matured and worked out in the mind of the architect. The whole edifice, down to its smallest details, with all its multiplicity of fixtures, devices, pipes, wires and flues, in all the complexity of its constructive parts of brick, stone, steel wood and glass, have been thought out and erected in the mind and imagination of its designer. All this stirring activity of men

and machines, this bringing together—from different shops, from different cities, and even from different States and foreign lands—of the constituent elements of the fabric, is but the concrete realization of processes which have already been completed in the thought of the architect. There is something marvelous in this organization of forces for the translation of a thought into tangible form. The wonder is great to the spectator to whom not a single step of the complex process is clearly intelligible. Nor does this wonder diminish with increased knowledge; for the more one learns of the "how" and the "why" of these great correlations of thought and action, the better can one grasp their wide and deep significance.

Back of all these operations lies the design which they are intended to reproduce. Behind and above the contractor stands the architect. The form and aspect of the edifice slowly taking shape before the eyes of the public are his creation. The completed design is the product of his reason and imagination working upon a definite problem, some of whose conditions have been imposed upon him by his client's requirements, and others by circumstances and forces beyond the control of either. So far as it has free scope, the taste of the architect determines the artistic quality of the result. A man of strong personality may rise superior to influences which would gravely hamper another of less independence. In general, however—always, in the long run—the average level of artistic excellence in the buildings of any given community is determined by the average artistic culture of its population. Individual buildings may stand far above this level of excellence, but others as far below it will bring down the average to the level of local taste. In time, every town, village and city gets just about the sort of architecture it really wants.

This is, after all, only one way of saying that the architecture of any place and age is the natural product and expression of the culture and civilization of that time and place. This is the great and significant fact which gives to the history of architecture its vital interest. Every great building, every great class of buildings, stands for definite historic causes and forces. The magnificent cathedrals of the Middle Ages are no more conceivable as the products of our own day and generation than is a modern twenty-story office building imaginable in ancient Thebes

*The Forum.

or Memphis. The forces and movements which have produced the great monuments of architecture constitute a study of the deepest interest. To one who has learned something of how the builder's art responds to the changes which take place in human thought and culture, reflecting in its transformations of style the onward progress or the retrogression of civilization, the great buildings of the world are more eloquent than the pages of the most gifted historian.

The history of architecture is, indeed, simply one department of the history of civilization; but it is a branch of the general subject whose importance educators are only beginning to realize. The directness of the influence upon architecture of movements in themselves purely religious, social, or political is appreciated by very few. Only those who have made it a subject of special study realize how wonderfully the historic styles of architecture interpret the history—not the art-history merely, but the general historic march of events, social, political, religious, commercial, intellectual—of the times to which they belong. All the great ethnic movements, the colonizations, migrations, incursions and conquests of history, have left their mark on architecture. By their buildings we can follow the triumphant march of the Arabs and Moors in the seventh and eighth centuries along the shores of the Mediterranean. Changes in the theology and rubrics of Christendom are written into the varying plans of the churches of early and mediæval Europe. The revolution in the methods and content of human thought which we call the Renaissance brought about a revolution no less complete in architectural art; and one may trace the exact course and progress of this intellectual revolution through Europe by the style of the buildings which arose along its path. The differences of temperament and character between the Greeks and Romans of antiquity are as clearly readable in the aspect of the monuments they have respectively left to the world as in the pages of their poets, philosophers and historians.

Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied; but these suffice to illustrate the closeness of the relation between the history of architecture and the general history of civilization. This gives to the study of architectural history an interest far transcending that which belongs to it merely as a branch of the history of art. To many, it is true, it suggests nothing but a dry record of the sequence and changes of styles, and the substitution of one set of decorative forms for another—which sufficiently explains its failure to receive the recognition it deserves. For this too common misapprehension the writers of architectural

histories are in part to blame: They have too often themselves taken the narrow view, and, writing chiefly for professional students, who may be supposed to be interested in the technical details of the styles, have failed to treat of the larger aspects of their subject. There is no question that it can be made as dry as the driest of abstractions; but when it is properly handled it becomes a study of wonderful breadth and suggestiveness.

There is a great deal to interest the amateur and layman even in the structural developments of the various forms of building which have prevailed in different periods and countries. There is nothing mysterious or abstruse in the fundamental principles of construction. A child's building-blocks will suffice to illustrate most of those which it is essential for the amateur to understand. The remainder can be elucidated by means almost as simple. All that the ordinary reader requires is what may be called a qualitative acquaintance with these principles; the quantitative determination of the strains and stresses, and of the precise form and dimensions of each member of the structure, belongs to the profession of architectural engineering, with which the lay student does not need to concern himself. This being so, it is possible to present the bearing of these simple and elementary structural principles upon the development of architectural form in a manner at once intelligible and attractive. The student can hardly fail to become interested in observing how differences in building materials and in scientific or material resources have affected the character and aspect of the buildings of different peoples, and how, with the gradual mastery of this or that principle of construction, at first only imperfectly comprehended, architectural styles have progressed in elegance and perfection in proportion as architects, by this growing mastery, have found themselves more and more unhampered in the expression of their artistic conceptions.

Take, for instance, the Roman use of vaulting. The Egyptians and Chaldeans had known and applied the principle of the vault long before the Romans began to use it. By what precise paths it reached Rome is not yet wholly clear; but, however that may be, it is quite unlikely that it would ever have come into wide and general use even among the Romans had it not been for their discovery of the practical uses and convenience of hydraulic cement and concrete. This made it possible for them to build enormously massive walls, piers and abutments at a very low cost, by means of unskilled labor, such as they could get from slaves or common soldiers. It also

rendered possible the construction of huge vaulted roofs and ceilings without the use of cut stone or even of brick, by casting them, as it were, on rough molds or centerings of timber or earth. The building of vaults led them, furthermore, to make provision for resisting the enormous outward pressure or thrust exerted by all forms of arched construction, and this radically modified the plans of their buildings; while, at the same time, the adoption of vaulted construction, by emancipating them from dependence upon columns for the support of their ceilings, made possible those vast unencumbered interiors which are the greatest glory of Roman architecture, and delivered these noble structures from the danger of destruction by fire.

The Roman system of decoration was, in its main developments, the natural and logical outcome of this constructive system. Thus, while on the one side the history of Roman architecture may be studied in its relation to the historical and intellectual growths and relations of the Roman people, it is seen in another aspect to be a chapter in the history of the growth and development of a particular structural principle, that of vaulting, which was destined finally to culminate in the glorious works of the mediæval cathedral-builders. A like interest, not inferior in kind or degree, attaches to every chapter of the history of man's efforts to build beautifully.

But, when all is said, the most inspiring thing about architecture is its works. One achievement is worth a score of theories. In the average architectural lecture it is the pictures that count. Great buildings, splendid buildings, beautiful buildings seize hold of the imagination; and they stir emotions which the most eloquent discourse would hardly touch. The great monuments of architecture are something more than the mere handiwork of the architect and master-builder. They appeal to the imagination as if endowed with life and personality. They breathe the spirit of the times which saw them rise slowly from their foundations. The air of antiquity clings to them; or, if they belong to more recent times than deserve that venerable title, the contrast which they offer with the work and taste of commonplace modern things still reminds us that they belong to the past, of which they have preserved, as it were, a petrified fragment for our pleasure and instruction.

Even the stay-at-home may, to some extent, share in these sensations. Nothing, indeed, can take the place of the actual buildings or produce the same impression as that which one experiences who stands in their very presence. But it is also true that the art of photography has gone

far to make up for the failure to behold a building with one's own eyes, and that to one who has learned to read plans and sections the drawings in a book may convey more information than he could obtain in any cursory visit to the structure represented. There are many advantages, indeed, in the study of buildings by their photographs, and by such other illustrations of them as are obtainable, especially plans and sections. Quite apart from the signal saving in time and expense consequent upon bringing the building into one's room instead of having to journey some hundreds or thousands of miles to reach it, there is the immense convenience of being able to examine in detail, and at one's leisure, every part of a complex edifice, on a reduced scale, and to compare widely separated buildings of the same class or style by actually placing them side by side.

Photographs of all the more important structures treated of in the text-books can be obtained for a very small outlay. In the form of blue-prints and of process-cuts or gelatine-prints in black and white, thousands of subjects are to be had for a cent or two apiece; so that it is easy and not at all expensive to extra-illustrate any architectural history one may be engaged in studying. To study the photographs with the text-book in hand, or the historical or critical treatise with the photographs in hand, is an occupation both instructive and entertaining. One comes thereby to know a building with an intimacy second only to that which results from long and repeated visits to the actual structure.

In view of all these considerations, it is not too much to claim that the study of architecture, although it cannot in itself furnish a complete liberal education, comes nearer to it than does any other course of professional training; for it reaches out, on the one hand, to practical scientific and mechanical interests, and, on the other, to abstract and theoretical culture. Architecture is an art, a science, a business, and a profession. It involves training in all these four forms of knowledge and modes of activity in a manner and to an extent that cannot be alleged of any other single pursuit.

These varied relations give to architectural study an attractiveness which appeals to an exceptionally broad range of tastes and aptitudes. It embraces so many distinct lines of reading and investigation, lends itself to so many diverse points of view, and cultivates withal so catholic a spirit toward departments of knowledge other than those specifically its own, that every seeker after intellectual advancement can find pertinent material somewhere in its broad field.

The Brothers*

BY SELMA LAGERLOF



It is very possible that I am mistaken, but it seems to me that an astonishing number of people die this year. I have a feeling that I cannot go down the street without meeting a hearse. One cannot help thinking about all those who are carried to the churchyard. I always feel as if it were so sad for the dead who have to be buried in towns. I can hear how they moan in their coffins. Some complain that they have not had plumes on the hearse; some count up the wreaths, and are not satisfied; and then there are some who have only been followed by two or three carriages, and who are hurt by it.

The dead ought never to know and experience such things; but people in towns do not at all understand how they ought to honor those who have entered into eternal rest.

When I really think over it I do not know any place where they understand it better than at home in Svartsjö. If you die in the parish of Svartsjö you know you will have a coffin like that of everyone else—an honest black coffin which is like the coffins in which the country judge and the local magistrate were buried a year or two ago. For the same joiner makes all the coffins, and he has only one pattern; the one is made neither better nor worse than the other. And you know also, for you have seen it so many times, that you will be carried to the church on a wagon which has been painted black for the occasion. You need not trouble yourself at all about any plumes! And you know that the whole village will follow you to the church, and that they will drive as slowly and as solemnly for you as for a landed proprietor.

It is not at all as it is in a town, where you can be buried any day. At Svartsjö you must be buried on a Sunday, so that you can have the whole parish around you. There you will have standing near your coffin both the girl with whom you danced at the last midsummer night's festival and the man with whom you exchanged horses at the last fair. You will have the schoolmaster who took so much trouble with you when you were a little lad, and who had forgotten you, although you remembered him so well; and you will have the old Member of Parliament who never before thought it worth his while to bow to you.

You cannot imagine what a churchwarden we have at Svartsjö. He is an old soldier, and he looks like a Field-Marshal. He has short white hair and twisted mustaches, and a pointed imperial; he is slim and tall and straight, with a light and firm step. On Sundays he wears a well-brushed frock-coat of fine cloth. He really looks a very fine old gentleman, and it is he who walks at the head of the procession. Then comes the verger. Not that the verger is to be compared with the churchwarden. It is more than probable that his Sunday hat is too large and old-fashioned; as likely as not he is awkward—but when is a verger not awkward?

Then you come next in your coffin, with the six bearers, and then follow the clergyman and the clerk and the Town Council and the whole parish. All the congregation will follow you to the churchyard, you may be sure of that. But I will tell you something: All those who follow you look so small and poor. They are not fine town's-people, you know—only plain, simple Svartsjö folk. There is only one who is great and important, and that is you in your coffin—you who are dead.

The others the next day will have to resume their heavy and toilsome work. They will have to live in poor old cottages and wear old, patched clothes; the others will always be plagued and worried, and dragged down and humbled by poverty.

Those who follow you to your grave become far more sad by looking at the living than by thinking of you who are dead. You need not look any more at the velvet collar of your coat to see if it is not getting worn at the edges; you need not make a special fold of your silk handkerchief to hide that it is beginning to fray; you will never more be compelled to ask the village shopkeeper to let you have goods on credit.

While they are following you to the grave everyone will be thinking that it is best to be dead—better to soar heavenwards, carried on the white clouds of the morning—than to be always experiencing life's manifold troubles. When they come to the wall of the churchyard, where the grave has been made, the bands are exchanged for strong ropes, and people get on to the loose earth and lower you down. And when this has been done the clerk advances to the grave and begins to sing: "I walk toward death."

*From A Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Brochner. McClure, Phillips & Co.

He sings the hymn quite alone; neither the clergyman nor any of the congregation help him. But the clerk must sing; however keen the north wind and however glaring the sun which shines straight in his face, sing he does.

The clerk, however, is getting old now, and he has not much voice left; he is quite aware that it does not sound as well now as formerly when he sang people into their graves; but he does it all the same—it is part of his duty. For the day, you understand, when his voice quite fails him, so that he cannot sing any more, he must resign his office, and this means downright poverty for him. Therefore the whole gathering stands in apprehension while the old clerk sings, wondering whether his voice will last through the whole verse. But no one joins him, not a single person, for that would not do; it is not the custom. People never sing at a grave at Svartsjö. People do not sing in the church either, except the first hymn on Christmas Day morning.

Still, if one listened very attentively, one could hear that the clerk does not sing alone. There really is another voice, but it sounds so exactly the same that the two voices blend as if they were only one. The other who sings is a little old man in a long, coarse gray coat. He is still older than the clerk, but he gives out all the voice he has to help him. And the voice, as I have told you, is exactly the same kind as the clerk's; they are so alike one cannot help wondering at it.

But when one looks closer, the little gray old man is also exactly like the clerk; he has the same nose and chin and mouth, only somewhat older, and, as it were, more hardly dealt with in life. And then one understands that the little gray man is the clerk's brother; and then one knows why he helps him. For, you see, things have never gone well with him in this world, and he has always had bad luck; and once he was made a bankrupt, and brought the clerk into his misfortunes. He knows that it is his fault that his brother has always had to struggle. And the clerk, you know, has tried to help him on to his legs again, but with no avail, for he has not been one of those one can help. He has always been unfortunate; and then, he has had no strength of purpose.

But the clerk has been the shining light in the family; and for the other it has been a case of receiving and receiving, and he has never been able to make any return at all. Great God! even to talk of making any return—he who is so poor! You should only see the little hut in the forest where he lives. He knows that he has always been dull and sad, only a burden—only a burden for his brother and for others. But now of late

he has become a great man; now he is able to give some return. And that he does. Now he helps his brother, the clerk, who has been the sunshine and life and joy for him all his days. Now he helps him to sing, so that he may keep his office.

He does not go to church, for he thinks that everyone looks at him because he has no black Sunday clothes; but every Sunday he goes up to the church to see whether there is a coffin on the black trestles outside the parish room; and if there is one he goes to the grave, in spite of his old gray coat, and helps his brother with his pitiful old voice.

The little old man knows very well how badly he sings; he places himself behind the others, and does not push forward to the grave. But sing he does; it would not matter so much if the clerk's voice should fail on one or other note, his brother is there and helps him.

At the churchyard no one laughs at the singing; but when people go home and have thrown off their devoutness, then they speak about the service, and then they laugh at the clerk's singing—laugh both at his and his brother's. The clerk does not mind it, it is the same to him; but his brother thinks about it and suffers from it; he dreads the Sunday the whole week, but still he comes punctually to the churchyard and does his duty. But you in your coffin, you do not think so badly of the singing. You think that it is good music. Is it not true that one would like to be buried in Svartsjö, if only for the sake of that singing?

It says in the hymn that life is but a walk toward death, and when the two old men sing this—the two who have suffered for each other during their whole life—then one understands better than ever before how wearisome it is to live, and one is so entirely satisfied with being dead.

And then the singing stops, and the clergyman throws earth on the coffin and says a prayer over you. Then the two old voices sing: "I walk toward heaven." And they do not sing this verse any better than the former; their voices grow more feeble and querulous the longer they sing. But for you a great and wide expanse opens, and you soar upward with tremulous joy, and everything earthly fades and disappears.

But still the last which you hear of things earthly tells of faithfulness and love. And in the midst of your trembling flight the poor song will awake memories of all the faithfulness and love you have met with here below, and this will bear you upward. This will fill you with radiance and make you beautiful as an angel.

Hot Days in the City*

The brunt of the suffering was borne by the very poor on the east and west sides of the town. The early morning scenes along Hester street and Division street and Delancey and Allen streets were interesting and sad to behold.

Hundreds upon hundreds of the poor inhabitants, unable to exist longer in their close, stifling quarters, brought their mattresses from inside the houses and camped in the street. When the policemen on beat along Hester and Division streets made their early rounds they had to take to the roadway, for it was impossible, without stepping on exhausted sleepers, to walk the sidewalk.

Whole families camped out, fathers anxious to keep their young together, mothers with crying babies, and children who were too exhausted to care where they slept. And while the street was blocked with these, the roofs of the tenements for blocks around were covered with others, and the fire-escape landings were crowded with still others, driven to the point of desperation to find rest and comfort.

As the sun rose on this multitude, for thousands there were throughout the entire district, it came with a still further promise to torture the exhausted people. Gradually the beds began to disappear from the streets, but the fire escapes remained crowded with bedding all day long in anticipation of another frightful night. Many there were who were too exhausted to go to work, and it was common to see able-bodied men lying on their doorsteps all day long, half asleep.

Seward Park—the sand dunes between East Broadway and Hester street—was deserted all day. On the hot gravel of the park "heat devils" danced, but only under the few inadequate sheds did a few small boys venture for air.

As usual, it was the small boy who came out ahead of the game. At every fire hydrant between the acts of bathing over-heated horses the youngsters turned the hose on one another, and if the firemen objected the youngsters waited until a horse was bathed and then stood in the spray and the stream deflected from the hot sides of the animal. In Jackson street there was a rare treat for the little fellows. Here men from the Street Cleaning Department unscrewed hydrants to flush the streets, and as the great four-inch stream shot out the boys scrambled into it, cooling their overheated little bodies until they yelled with glee.

But along Hester street, where the asphalt exhaled even more heat and queer smells than were ever put into it, there was suffering all day among the population. Here naked children were running around as unconcerned as if they were on Broadway on the island of Borneo, and even the grown people had none too much to cover them. Many of the older children appeared on the streets in underclothing only. The cheap soda water stands where the beverage is sold at one and two and three cents a glass, depending on the size of the glass, did a splendid business, but otherwise even the pushcart peddlers suffered in their business. They stood all day, their carts laden with tempting unripe and decayed fruit, covered with oilcloths or bed ticking, but none came to buy. None wished to eat. It was drink, cooling drink and a breath of fresh air that the poor craved but could not get.

The suffering, however, was not confined to the poor alone. Battery Park, to which men flock in hot weather from all parts of this borough and from Brooklyn, was besieged and turned into a huge camping ground. Men and women alike and of all ages came here to find the breezes which they knew must be at the Battery if anywhere.

The police in that district waived all rules, and even the much-protected grass was turned into use. The visitors flocked onto the lawns and stretched themselves out to sleep, and as the day dawned and cast gray shadows over the prostrate crowd the spectacle was suggested of a battlefield with the bodies of slain lying as they had fallen.

Those who went to the Battery found some sort of rest, for a slight wind was felt there; and it continued all day, fascinating hundreds who had over-nighted there, so that they decided to remain instead of going to work.

The public bath at this point did a rushing business. It was "Ladies' Day," and all but women and girls were excluded. The "ladies" took advantage of the privilege, and they came in droves and groups on every ferryboat landing from Brooklyn and with each car and train arriving from up town. By 1 o'clock the officers in charge of the bath said that over 2,000 bathers had "gone in."

"We had them here as early as 5 o'clock, and I do not know how much earlier," said one of the women attendants. "We open the bath at that hour, but when we came we found a string of over 200 lined up at the entrance, and the ones nearest the door pounding and saying hard things

*From the New York Times of July 2 and 3.

about a city that did not open its bath houses until 5 o'clock in the morning."

Down town in the business districts passers by simply looked at each other and said things under their breath. Staid business men, not the shirt-waist kind, nor those likely to fall victim to the craze, removed their coats and carried them over their arms as regardless of appearances as if they were at a country baseball game.

The soda water stands did a record-breaking business. Many of the big places were sold out of several kinds of syrups long before the hottest period of the day. Next to the soda water men, the fan men reaped the best harvest. One man on Broadway who sold Coney Island and Catskill Mountain breezes at 5 cents each, disposed of 150 of them by 3 o'clock, and then went to Coney Island to get some of the "real stuff," because he thought he deserved it.

The crowds at the bridge going to Coney Island were record breaking considering that it was a week day. On Sunday night many who went to the Island remained over night, digging holes for themselves in the sand, lying under the clear sky, and were fanned to sleep by ocean breezes. Of these, many have not yet returned to their homes. For sojourning places they evidently think the Island plenty good enough for any man, and many went to work from there yesterday morning and returned there last night to sleep in the sand and recuperate what energy they lost during the day. All the other points of exit of the town were packed with excursionists.

By far the greatest suffering, however, was among the horses. The drivers, themselves unstrung by the strain of the week's heat, handled the unfortunate brutes with little mercy. Only when it came to the fire houses, where the animals were to be bathed, did the horses come in for any refreshment. A number of cases of overheated animals were about to be driven past the watering hose, when the firemen got the drivers to change their minds. The men had no particular authority to do this, it was simply an act of mercy on their part; and the driver who can get by when the firemen want him to do as they "request" is a good man.

The horses under the hose enjoy the life-giving streams that play over their backs and cool their burning heads and breasts. Most of them try to catch the stream in their mouths.

The rise of the thermometer began with the coming of the sun, surrounded by a sickly copy glare which announced another day of torture. All night long the temperature had been at a height that made sleeping impossible for the

thousands of worn-out human and animal creatures that make up the population of the city.

Throughout the night cars running to and from the Battery, and the ferryboats of all lines, were packed with sweltering persons unable to find sleep and anxious to spend the night aboard anything that floated, even though it were but a ferryboat. The ferryboats at the foot of Cortlandt street, the Staten Island ferryboats, and even the Brooklyn ferryboats were crowded on every trip, the passengers simply paying another fare and remaining to sail back and forth over the water to catch gasps of fresh air.

In the shopping districts along Sixth avenue the stores were almost deserted.

On the lower east side among the poor of the city the same pitiful efforts shown on the previous days to fight the heat were apparent. As usual, whole families slept in the streets and on the tops of houses and on fire-escape landings. Many, however, went to the parks, and Central Park showed a rare sight as the blistering sun went down on it Monday night. Whole families, mothers and babes in arms, had gone to the Park to sleep outdoors rather than to stifle in their squalid hot rooms. All made themselves comfortable for the night and found places for themselves to sleep under trees and bushes, or to spend the hot night at least under God's free sky.

Battery Park, as on previous days, was a rendezvous for a vast multitude of people of all ages in search of a breath of fresh air.

As usual, the chief sufferers in the city were the horses. Over 250 cases of overheated horses were treated by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for, like the human creatures, the animals, owing to lack of sleep at night, have become steadily less able to withstand a strain, and they dropped off almost like flies. So steadily did the horses fall that within one block on Nassau street three lay dead at the same time, the wagon to remove the animals being too busy to be able to pick them up promptly.

Many stores and private houses came to the rescue of the horses by supplying water hoses and men to bathe the animals. One store at Warren street and Broadway erected a new wash-tub at the curb in front of its door and into this led a hose which ran from the inside of the building across the sidewalk. Over the tub in crude letters was the sign

"Water Your Horses Here."

All day long overheated animals were driven to this tub and were bathed and refreshed, an interested crowd looking at the animals as they gradually revived.

Hunting Celebrities*

BY A PROFESSIONAL INTERVIEWER

I am thinking just at this moment of Henry Ward Beecher, as I have seen him many a time leaning back in his revolving chair in his study in the rear room of his Hicks street house in Brooklyn. He always played with interviewers, cracking jokes, telling stories, quizzing them and saying all sorts of irrelevant things. He talked with the utmost frankness, saying much that he did not want published, and trusting to the common sense of the interviewer to make him properly staid and dignified in print. He had a way of bringing Mrs. Beecher into the conversation. She generally sat by him sewing, and pretended to be very indignant at the unauthorized use of her name. I remember only one instance in which his confidence was abused and his conversation published verbatim. That hurt, but did not cure him of his habit of trusting the press men.

Round, fat, ringleted Barnum was, of course, a great friend of the interviewer. A jolly, loud-laughing, roguish soul, and a great teller of stories, as I remember him. I came down with him from Bridgeport one day about a year before his death, and he was in high feather. Seated in one of the parlor car armchairs he conversed with me, recalling the past and planning for the future. He was as hopeful, as enthusiastic and as merry as a boy, and the ladies in the car gradually crept closer and closer to listen to his jokes and stories.

The last time I interviewed General Howard it was on the subject of answers to prayer, and I thought I had him. In his famous fight with Stonewall Jackson the Union forces were defeated, so I inquired of General Howard:

"You prayed before that battle?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Then how was it he gained the victory? Did that mean that the Union cause was wrong?"

Very gently the good old general replied: "Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory and I for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for."

Kipling, in one of his books on America, tells about a delightful interview that he had with Mark Twain. Well, I had just such another. Mark lay back in his Morris chair with a pipe

in his mouth and talked Americanism. He gossiped and fought with me for an hour and a half over some mistaken notions that I had, and settled some big problems that have long been troubling statesmen. But he would not let me publish a line. "If papers and magazines can get and print interviews with me," he said, "they won't buy my articles, and then where should I be?"

Andrew Carnegie is a good man to interview, and talks simply and frankly to those who get close enough to him. Roosevelt, when interested, fires his words like a volley of bullets, and at times makes sudden and alarming jumps from his chair into the face of the interviewer.

But Senator Chauncey M. Depew is the model source of interviews. He is a perfect marvel in this respect. The last interview I had with him I arranged over the telephone. He said:

"Be at the door of the directors' room in the Equitable Building at half-past twelve o'clock today."

I was there, and prompt to the minute the junior Senator from New York came galloping through the hall towing two portly gentlemen along with him. He picked me up at the door, sidetracked the portly gentlemen into a room where dinner was to be laid, and rushed with me to a corner where there were two chairs.

"Now," he said, squaring himself.

"We should like you to tell the American public through us about the peculiar fitness of Mr. Choate for the English Ambassadorship," I said.

Instantly he began with beautiful diction to tell just why we were to be congratulated because of Mr. Choate's appointment. He went on for eight hundred words or so at the rate of one hundred and thirty words a minute without a pause, slip, or flaw of any sort, and then asked:

"Is that enough?"

"Not by any means," I said. "You have not spoken of your personal relations with Mr. Choate," and off he went on that. In two minutes more he finished, shook hands with me and galloped away to dinner with the portly gentlemen.

The interview as I had it was perfect, which is very extraordinary, as usually the interviewed contributes the ideas in the rough and says to the interviewer: "Fix that up to suit yourself."

But all interviews are not pleasant, by any means. Sometimes the interviewed adopts a most unphilosophic, not to say unreasonable, attitude, like that of the sailor whom Gilbert tells about in

*The Independent.

the ballad of the Nancy Brig, who not only refused to yield to culinary demands on his own person, but actually cooked the cook. In other words, sometimes the interviewed turn and rend us. Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, for instance, always asks the reporters more questions than they do him. I have not yet been assigned to get anything from him, but I remember an eminent surgeon whom I interviewed at three o'clock one morning in regard to a capital operation on a man known all over the world. It was a very cold winter night and my surgical friend had been sleeping for some hours when I arrived on the scene and agitated his bell. He raised a third-story window, put out a night-capped head and objurgated.

It was not a dignified proceeding, and I felt like saying, in the language of the young man who woke up the Senator in Othello: "For shame, put on thy gown!" But instead of that I told him what the editor of my paper required.

To my astonishment he consigned the editor of my paper to the abode of torment and told me to follow him.

Another occasion on which the interviewer was not well received was during the Beecher funeral fourteen years ago. When the muffled drums were rolling and the clergyman in his robes and bearing the Book in his hands was leading the great procession down the street from the house to the church, one of the men of my guild sprang out from the sidewalk, fell into step with him and tried to interview him concerning his address at the private service which had just been held.

If ever a minister wanted to kick a fellow being this one did, but he dared not even look vexed, so many thousands of eyes were upon him. The interviewer had some provocation, as the minister had promised to give him a copy of the address and had failed to keep his word.

Some of the glimpses that we get of these celebrities reveal them in extraordinary lights, and when I say that Hall Caine rises before my mind's eye.

I first set eyes on him in an upper room of the Everett House. The night had fallen and only the light of the coal fire illuminated the figure that rose and half turned to meet me.

I paused, startled.

The tall, thin figure, the loose clothing giving the effect of robes, the pale, melancholy face, bordered by fair beard and long fair hair, the quiet voice, the expression of meekness and suffering, all reminded me most forcibly of the Man of Nazareth. As we conversed concerning *The Christian* (the novel was then in the height of

its popularity), and as he told of his persecution by the English reviewers, the likeness sensibly increased. I have often since wondered how much of it was intended, remembering that Major Pond's office was close at hand.

Another odd interview was with a man who imagined he had only a few minutes to live. Thousands of people were cheering him as a great hero, but he was the most frightened individual I ever beheld. It was on the Niagara River on the day that the first man went through the rapids in a barrel. This was about twelve years ago, and a year or two after the famous Englishman, Captain Webb, lost his life trying to swim through the whirlpool. I was passing through Niagara, and followed my custom of asking policemen of a strange town for the news of the place.

The fat policeman whom I consulted said:

"The town's dead. There is no news." Then he added: "Except that fool with the barrel who's going to run the whirlpool."

"Where?" I asked.

"Down at the Maid of the Mist landing," he said, and away I raced.

I got on the spot just in time, and jumped and scrambled down the bank to the old Maid of the Mist Landing, where a red barrel was bobbing in the water at the stern of a boat, in which three men sat. I jumped into this boat from a rock and the man asked: "Who are you?"

"I'm from the press of New York," I said.

"You tow the barrel," said the men. And they gave me the rope.

Out into the stream we pulled just above the railroad bridge. It was a glorious day; the sun was shining, the sky was blue, the river was green and white, the banks were red, and their tops were lined with applauding multitudes, and in the barrel behind me was the great man. He opened the top of it and put his head out, and I got a good look at him. His face was deathly pale and the skin was creeping about on it. He was perspiring rivers, and trembling most violently. He spoke in a peevish way, and asked for a drink of water.

"Give it up," we suggested. "It isn't too late."

"Oh, yes it is!" he said. "It's too late now. It's too late now!" His voice was a faint wail.

I asked him some questions, but he could not talk coherently. Presently he closed the top of the barrel, and we let him go. Soon the current had him whirling like a top, and away he went while we returned to shore.

He got through safely, but when I questioned him about his sensations in the whirlpool he was unable to tell me anything.

Bards of the Trees and Bushes

American Songsters.....Lynn Tew Sprague.....Outing

If among American song-birds the first place as performers is granted with little demur to three thrushes, there is no such unanimity of sentiment as to the bird or birds entitled to the second rank. There are many in the South who claim for their famous ventriloquist and imitator, the mocking-bird, a place beside the great vocalists. Perhaps its ecstatic song is more widely celebrated, both in verse and prose, than the sylvan psalmody of the thrushes, but this no doubt is largely because the song is more generally and perfectly known. The mocking-bird is far more common than the wood-thrush, not so shy as the veery, nor a recluse like the hermit. Neither is he chary of his music. He sings early and late, under the midday sun, and often to the setting moon. Who that lives in the South is not familiar with his limpid strains? I have heard him sing in southern Louisiana, when the dazzling brilliancy of his song, its wonderful technique and lambent tonality almost startled me. For the moment my loyalty to the wood-thrush was shaken, and ever since I have felt a fuller sympathy with Lanier's exquisite lines;

Methinks I hear thy silver whistlings bright
Mix with the mighty discourse of the wise,
Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,
'Midst of much talk, uplift their smiling eyes,
And mark the music of thy wood-conceits
And half-way pause on some large courteous word,
And call thee "Brother," O thou heavenly bird!

To make an acceptable list, say, of a dozen birds entitled to second rank, would be impossible. Hardly any two persons would subscribe to it. Our emotional natures are too complex to be accordant, and our tastes in bird song differ as do all our judgments of aesthetics and ethics. The most one can do is to set down in such a list of common birds those whose songs seem to hold most of charm for him personally.

In my list, then, the song sparrow certainly belongs. His sweet treble is the first full bird music to greet the ear in our early spring walks. Both he and his song are so well known that little need be said of them. Few birds have so extensive a repertoire; none is more common, more lovable, more vivacious, modest yet irrepressibly happy. Heard after the long winter silence, his dainty, pure aria touches the heart like the smile of baby lips, and when he awakens in the beauty of a moonlit night, he will sing himself to sleep again with a joyous lullaby.

The song sparrow has a cousin called the grass

finch or vesper sparrow, which also belongs in my list. He is almost as common and delights in singing in the twilight of early morning and evening. Like the song sparrow he is no scorner of the ground. He is found lurking in cool tangles of grass in the breeding season, and is emphatically a gregarious bird. You may distinguish him when he flies by the white lateral tail feathers he displays. His song is more plaintive than the song sparrow's, less varied, less frequent, but equally sweet, and, to some ears, more wild, pastoral and pleasing.

The robin's cheery morning strain, his frank satisfaction with himself, his almost aggressive neighborliness, make him a bird to be missed above most others. Certain individuals have something of the delicious tonal quality of their famed gray-brown cousins; but as singers they are excelled in their own style of music. Another bird, too, the meadow lark, is a great favorite with almost everybody. His two or three common notes which he almost but not quite whistles, are inexpressibly sweet, but I have never heard the sustained song of from ten to twenty notes which good authorities in some sections report. Neither of these popular favorites belong to my list. But in the June fields with the meadow lark (which is not a true lark at all) is a bird of the same family, which, in its peculiar mode and tonal color, has no peer or even second. The bobolink we call him. South he is the reed bird and rice bird, so Protean are his ways and dress. He is the true troubadour among birds; in summer the most riotously gay, the most madly merry of feathered minstrels. What a lover he is; what a singer! Gaily dressed in black and white, with a dash of yellow on the nape of their necks, colonies of them swarm in the tall grass, or rock and sway on the tops of tall weed stalks, or wheel in horizontal flight above the meadows flinging bursting bubbles of tinkling melody to their sombre mates. The bobolink's is one of the witching, haunting songs—its tone a mystery of sound. It has in it the bubbling of brooks; the tintinabulation of metallic plates; the resonant purity of xylophone taps. And if you have ever heard it you can imagine the delight that once came to me when awakened in the first flush of the morning in a southern hunting camp, by a chorus of a hundred such songsters, northward bound on flashing wings.

In the shade trees by the roadside sings another member of the same family, which I will

include. It is the Baltimore oriole, in some localities called the golden robin. "There is something military in the call of the robin," wrote Mr. Burroughs, and perhaps it is this declaration that has always made me think of the robin as a soldier. But in my imagination he is a plain infantryman, while his more gorgeously arrayed companion in the maples is a gay and dashing hussar—always on dress parade. Hear his reveille, and your heart beats for action. As his coat of orange and black is one of beauty so is his high-swung, deep, pensile nest.

The brown thrasher is a brilliant performer; loud and clear and full of beauty his song strikes upon the ear. There is something heady and penetrant about it, and though seldom varied, its richness acquits of monotony. But among these birds, too, there is great difference in vocal power. The most gifted, at their best, are surely great musicians, whose song is superior in spirit and technique.

A bird common in the second growths, and, indeed, in many places, a sweet little minstrel, very beautiful in his dress of gold and black, whom everybody knows and loves, is the goldfinch. His simple song is a tinkling tremolo, far sweeter and wilder than the canary's cadenzas, yet of similar style, though less varied and trenchant. Like the bobolink, indigo bunting, the swallows, and the two favorite sparrows, he sings upon the wing. His flight is an undulatory waving line, and as he drops earthward there sometimes come four or five delicious notes, as if the bird were crying, "per-sist-ent-ly." He is a boon companion, loves his fellows, and makes merry with them about the weed stalks.

The scarlet tanager is another of my favorites. I sometimes see him flash in the tall trees which stand like outposts at the verge of the woods. He is, perhaps, the most showy of our northern summer resident birds. His feathers are brilliant scarlet, except upon the wings and tail, where they are black. His song is joyous, heartsome and stirring. It is often compared with the robin's but it is wilder, more woodsy, less penetrant, and, if there is less spirit in the execution, there is more art and range.

But of all the songs I ever hear in these young growths, the one I love most is that of a black and white vocalist with a breast of deep pink—the rose-breasted grosbeak. When, several summers ago, I first heard his limpid melody, I was following an indigo bunting that sang as it flew through thickets bordering a creek, a stream beloved of birds. My stealthy pursuit was arrested by a rich, unfamiliar, jocund song. It delighted me, but it puzzled me no less, because, in the

first seconds of the strain, I fancied startling yet impossible resemblances. Was some divinely gifted bluebird, which had been to school to a thrasher, singing for me? Was a prince of orioles executing in a minor key and with softened tones, a roulade? Was a wood-thrush gently essaying dance music? Something suggesting these birds was in an aria that was at once unhurried and brilliant and tender. I was not long in discovering the artist, and he sang to me as he flew from bush to bush a mellow madrigal—limpid, amorous, ecstatic, which wonderfully blended dash with feeling. The Chopin of birds, shall we call him? This bird, like a few others, sometimes sings at night; and last May, when camping near a trout stream in western Pennsylvania, it was my rare privilege to hear his bewitching nocturne. About two o'clock in the morning I think it was—the hour when, as Stevenson tells us, "the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman, speeding the course of the night." Never since have I heard the song, or even seen this singer, without feeling the keen sweet breath of that quiet hour, and all the magic of the starlit night.

At the Summer's End.....W. H. Hudson.....Longman's

The birds were many, and the tree under which I sat was their favorite resting-place; for not only was it the largest of the limes, but it was the last of the row and overlooked the valley, so that when they flew across from the wood on the other side they mostly came to it. It was a very noble tree, eighteen feet in circumference near the ground; at about twenty feet from the roots, the trunk divided into two central boles and several of lesser size, and these all threw out long horizontal and drooping branches, the lowest of which touched the ground. One sat as in a vast pavilion and looked up to a height of sixty or seventy feet through wide spaces full of shadow and green sunlight, and sunlit golden-green foliage and honey-colored blossom, contrasting with brown branches and with masses of darkest mistletoe.

Among the constant succession of bird visitors to the tree above me were the three pigeons—ring-dove, stock-dove, and turtle-dove; finches, warblers, and titmice of at least a dozen species, and the wren and nut-hatch and many more. The best of them had ceased singing; the wren was the leading songster now, beginning his bright music at four o'clock in the morning, and the other singers that visited me were the greenfinch, goldfinch, swallow, dunnock and ciril bunting. From my seat I could also hear the songs in the valley of the reed and sedge-warblers, reed-

bunting and grasshopper-warbler. These, and the polyglot starling, and cooing and crooning doves made the last days of July seem not the silent season we are accustomed to call it.

Of these singers the goldfinch was the most delightful. The bird that sang near me had assisted in rearing a brood in a nest on a low branch a few yards away, but he still returned from the fields at intervals to sing; and seen, as I now saw him a dozen times a day, sitting among the lime leaves and blossoms at the end of a slender bough, in his black and gold and crimson livery, he was most beautiful.

On my way hither at the end of June, somewhere between Romsey and Winchester, a cock cirl bunting in fine plumage flew up before me and perched on the wire of a road-side fence. It was a welcome encounter, and, jumping off my machine, I stood for some time watching him. I did not know that I was coming to a spot where this pretty species is more numerous than in any other place in England—as common, in fact, as the universal yellowhammer, and commoner than the more local corn bunting. Here in July and August, in the course of an afternoon's walk, in any place where there are trees and grass fields, one can count on hearing half-a-dozen birds sing, every one of them probably the parent of a nestful of young. For this is the cirl bunting's pleasant habit. He assists in feeding and safeguarding the young, even as other songsters do who cease singing when this burden is laid upon them; but he is a bird of a placid disposition, and takes his task more quietly than most; and, after returning from the fields with several grasshoppers in his throat and beak and feeding his fledglings, he takes a rest, and at intervals in the day flies to his favorite tree and repeats his blithe little song half-a-dozen times.

The song is not quite accurately described in the ornithological works as exactly like that of the yellowhammer, only without the thin drawn-out note at the end, and therefore inferior—the little bit of bread, but without the cheese. It resembles the yellowhammer's song, being a short note, like a chirp, rapidly repeated several times. But the yellowhammer varies his song as to its time, the notes being sometimes fast and sometimes slow; the cirl's song is always the same in this respect, and is always a more rapid song than that of the other species. So rapid is it that, heard at a distance, it acquires almost the character of a long trill. In quality, too, it is the better song—clearer, brighter, brisker—and it carries further; on still mornings I could hear one bird's song very distinctly at a distance of 250 yards.

The best singer among the British buntings, he is also to my mind the prettiest bird. When he is described to us as black and brown, and lemon and sulphur yellow, and olive and lavender gray, and chestnut red, we are apt to think that the effect of so many colors thrown upon his small body cannot be very pleasing. But it is not so; these various colors are so harmoniously disposed, and have, in the lighter and brighter hues in the living bird, such a flower-like freshness and delicacy, that the effect is really charming.

To come back from this digression. When, in June, I visited the cottage, my host took me into his dressing-room, and from it we watched a pair of cirl buntings bring food to their young in a nest in a small bush standing exactly five yards from the window! The young birds were in the early pinfeather stage. Unfortunately this nest was robbed five days later by a rat, or a stoat that was accustomed to come about the cottage, or perhaps by that winged nest-rober, the jackdaw, whose small, cunning gray eyes are able to see into so many hidden things.

The moist valley, so refreshing to the sight, and the extensive woods on the further side, where the deep summer green of oak and ash and elm and yew mixed with the softer gray-greens of willows and silver poplar on the water's edge, was full, too, of bird sounds at this season; and there were interesting and amusing sights as well.

About four o'clock in the morning the woods would become vocal with the cooing of pigeons—ring-doves, stock-doves, and turtle-doves are extremely abundant; and so many were the coos that their voices blended into one continuous deep loud murmur of musical and human-like sound. This concert lasted for about two hours each morning; then, as the sun grew hot, the swifts would begin to arrive to fly up and down the stream incessantly until dark, feasting on the gnats and ephemera that swarmed over the water during the hot days of July and August. Doubtless these birds come every day from all the towns, villages, and farmhouses scattered over a very broad strip of country on either side of the Itchen. Never had I seen swifts so numerous; looking down on the valley from any point one had hundreds of birds in sight at once, all swiftly traveling up and down stream, but when the sight was kept on any one bird it could be seen that he went but a short distance, fifty to a hundred yards, then turned back. Thus each bird had a very limited range, and probably they all returned to their accustomed places every day.

The fruit season was late this year—nearly a fortnight later than in most years; and when

the earliest, the wild arum, began to ripen the birds fell upon and devoured all the berries, regardless of their poisonous character, almost before their light green had changed to vivid scarlet. Then came the deep crimson fruit of the honeysuckle; it ripened plentifully on the plants growing against the cottage, and the cole-tits came in bands to feed on it. It was pretty to see these airy little acrobats clinging to the twine-like pendent sprays hanging before an open window or door. They were like the little birds in a Japanese picture which one has seen. Then came the elderberries, which all fruit-loving birds feast on together. But the tits and finches and warblers and thrushes were altogether outnumbered by the starlings that came in crowds from the pasture lands; and the feasting and chatter went on all day long, and every day, until the berries were done. The old cottage women have long given up their yearly elderberry-wine making. They can no longer fight the birds for the fruit because of their many years and stiff joints; and the young people, who have no taste for home-made wines, refuse to help them.

In days like these, so bright and peaceful, one thinks with a feeling of wonder that many of our familiar birds are daily and nightly slipping away, decreasing gradually in numbers so that we scarcely miss them. By the middle of September the flycatchers and several of the warblers, all but a few laggards, have left us. Even the swallows begin to leave us before that date. On the eighth many birds were congregated at a point on the river a little above the village, and on the tenth a considerable migration took place. Near the end of a fine day a big cloud came up from the northwest, and beneath it, at a good height, the birds were seen flying down the river in a westerly direction. I went out and watched them for half an hour, standing on the little wooden bridge that spans the stream. They went by in flocks of about eighty to a couple of hundred birds, flock succeeding flock at intervals of three or four minutes. By the time the sun set the entire sky was covered by the black cloud and there was a thick gloom on the earth; it was then some eight or ten minutes after the last flock, flying high, had passed twittering on its way that a rush of birds came by, flying low, about on a level with my head as I stood leaning on the handrail of the bridge. I strained my eyes in vain to make out what they were—swallows or martins; in rapid succession, and in twos or threes, they came before me, seen vaguely as dim spots, and no sooner seen than gone, shooting past my head with amazing velocity and a rushing sound, fanning my face with the wind they cre-

ated, and some of them touching my head with their wing-tips. . . .

The early hours are silent, except for the crying of the brown owls that hoot round the cottage from about four o'clock until dawn. Then they grow silent, and the morning is come, cold and misty, and all the land is hidden by a creeping white river mist. The sun rises and is not seen for half an hour, then appears pale and dim, but grows brighter and warmer by degrees; and in a little while, lo! the mist has vanished except for a white rag clinging like torn lace here and there to the valley reeds and rushes. Again the green earth, wetted with mist and dews, and the sky of that soft pure azure of yesterday and of many previous days! Again the birds are vocal; the rooks rise from the woods, an innumerable cawing multitude, their voices filling the heavens with noise, as they travel slowly away to their feeding-grounds on the green open downs; the starlings flock to the bushes, and the feasting and chatter and song begin that will last until evening. The sun sets crimson, and the robins sing in the night and silence. But it is not silent long; before dark the brown owls begin, hooting first in the woods, then flying across to the trees that grow beside the cottage so that we may the better enjoy their music. At intervals, too, we hear the windy sibilant screech of the white owl across the valley. Then the wild cry of the stone-curlew is heard as the lonely bird wings his way past, and after that late cry there is perfect silence, with starlight or moonlight. And so, with many changes for every day, and with golden days of melody and fragrance and purple juice and abundant sunshine, the summer wears to a peaceful end.

Overheard in Arcady.....Charles C. Abbott.....Lippincott's

I have seen daily not only the forest tops of my Arcady, but have known the way since childhood. My own feet have worn the path thither, and whatever the season, whether the dog-star rages or winter rules the world, it is always Arcady under the old oaks.

My sense of hearing distinctly gains by lending no other to its assistance. Blind to all about me, not a sound but is more distinct and few escape recognition. So, comfortable seated, I close my eyes and listen. Then it is that charming tales are overheard in Arcady; and only then do those whisperings reach the ear that are not intended for other delectation than that of the whisperer. There are the songs of birds free to all the world, and those meditative melodies on so low a key that only a favored few have overheard them.

Probably the first time my attention was called to the whisper-songs of birds was forty years ago, when, one brisk March morning, I recorded of a foxy sparrow that "it was whispering to a withered oak-leaf." The simple fact was, a sparrow very near me began singing in so low a tone that I was in doubt whether it were a bird or a musical vesper-mouse sitting in the doorway of his bush-nest. I had to look long to make sure of my first impression. It was a sparrow, and, as I then wrote, it "was whispering to an oak-leaf." So it seemed, that is; but let that pass. It was singing to itself. Surely not a note was loud enough to be heard half a rod away. There was little variation in the sound as I heard it; it was a humming rather than singing, and bore no resemblance to that delightful sunset-hymn so characteristic of the bird. My single impression of it was that of personal gratification. The bird was in a meditative mood. Its thoughts ran to music, as we should say of ourselves, recalling the words of some familiar song. As this is no uncommon trait among mankind, I do not see why the same habit should not be indulged in by birds.

Twice I have witnessed under most favorable circumstances the movements of a cardinal grosbeak when uttering what I venture to call his meditations, or whisper-song. The name counts for little, because all description must fail in accurately portraying this feature of bird-life. In each instance the cardinal was huddled up until more like a ball than a bird. A fluffy mass of red feathers was all that was to be seen, but there was heard the unmistakable whistling of the bird, sounding as if uttered by one of its fellows half a mile away. I made a slight noise and rustling of the dead leaves at my feet. Instantly the cardinal resumed its wide-awake attitude, scanned me for a moment, as if astonished at my near presence, and then darted away, chirping shrilly.

In the early summer of 1896 I had a disabled rose-breasted grosbeak in a cage. It soon became contented with its surroundings and was not startled by the near approach of any of the family. Every morning, commencing soon after sunrise, it sang as vigorously as any of its kind flying about the yard; and this is with us a common bird, nestling on the hillside and in the orchard. Again at evening the bird was given to singing in its matchless way, and I could detect no difference between its song and that of those about the premises. Besides this ordinary song of the rose-breast, I was frequently treated to a widely different one, heard only when one was quiet. It was truly a whispered song. It bore little resemblance to the grand outburst of melody intended for all the

world to hear. It can be described best, I think, by calling it the echo of a distant flute. That the bird was intensely absorbed by its own music appeared evident from the swaying motion of the body at the time and an occasional trembling, accompanied by a ruffling of the feathers and nervous twitching of the tail. No "wood-notes wild" that I have ever heard are comparable to this wonderful whispered song of the rose-breast.

There is no other instance when the whisper-song is so readily overheard as in the case of the white-throated sparrow. Indeed, for days together, as these birds linger on a hill's south side and scarcely move from the thicket they frequent, there is little else heard than the meditative self-entertaining notes. As all are singing at short intervals, it would seem as if no one individual had time or inclination to listen to the others.

Now, the white throated sparrow is not with us an active bird. It is restless at times, but not given to violent exertion. With a full stomach, the height of its ambition, existence becomes a period of restful meditation, and it is little wonder that with nothing else to do these birds should whistle. Not like the cardinal, clear and loud, or mandatory, as the Carolina wren, shouting "Listen! listen! listen!" but like the weary man who is at last at his ease, and hums a few notes or whistles a bar or two as an expression of relief.

I think both the tree-sparrow and the snow-bird have their whisper-songs. Certainly they twitter without ceasing except when asleep, and they are here during those months when vocal efforts may be classed as necessary rather than voluntary or not musical for the music's sake. But there is one variation from this. If you creep carefully into a thicket and wait until your presence ceases to cause suspicion, the chances are that you will hear a few low notes of the typical nesting-day song. Observing the bird's manner at such a time, it reminds one of a person trying to recall a song by whistling in an undertone. This surely the bird is not doing, but singing in a whispering way to please its passing whim.

But one conclusion can be drawn, I think, from the study of these trifles of melody that scarcely break the silence. They point to a higher plane of mentality than we usually credit birds with possessing. They point to appreciation of leisure, of a relief from the many cares that enter their lives. As the tired laborer goes homeward from his work at close of day he is apt to express his pleasure by whistling as he walks. Akin to this is the meditative undertone of many a bird when, contented and safe, it expresses its feelings in a whispered song.

Ballads of Bedlam

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all;"
He replied, "Fish, fiddle de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther side,
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Who had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,
Off eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

There was an old man of Thermopylae.
Who never did anything properly;
But they said: "If you choose
To boil eggs in your shoes,
You cannot remain in Thermopylae."

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they said, "Does it trot?"
He said: "Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear."

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an old person of Wick,
Who said, "Tick-a-tick, Tick-a-tick,
Chickabee, Chickabaw,"
And he said nothing more,
This laconic old person of Wick.

There was an old person of Woking,
Whose mind was perverse and provoking;
He sate on a rail,
With his head in a pail,
That illusive old person of Woking.

On the coast of Coromandel
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
Two old chairs and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle,
These were all his worldly goods;
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

King and Queen of the Pelicans we;
No other Birds so grand we see!
None but we have feet like fins!
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican Jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican Jill!
We think so then, and we thought so still!
—Edward Lear.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through, and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

When sporgles spanned the floreate mead
And cogwogs gleet upon the lea,
Uffia gopped to meet her love
Who smeeged upon the equat sea.

Dately she walked aglost the sand;
The boreal wind seet in her face;
The moggling waves yalped at her feet;
Pangwangling was her pace.

He thought he saw a Banker's clerk
Descending from the 'bus;
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus,
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The middle of next week,
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"It's that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed;
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

—Lewis Carroll.

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.
—Gelett Burgess.

He was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then;
She had but one leg
On which she could peg,
And behind her left ear was a wen.
—Bruce Porter.

Good reader, if you e'er have seen
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing upon the western billow.
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper-hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
The fairy train their ringlets weave
Glancing along the spangled green
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!
—Thomas Moore.

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,
If he's 'mang his freens or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago;
And eaten like a weather haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.
—Robert Burns.

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea;
Grandmamma died in agony.
Susan's papa was greatly vexed,
And he said to Susan: "My dear, what next?"

Baby sat on the window-seat;
Mary pushed Baby into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the "arey."
And mother held up her forefinger at Mary.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
Are falling here and there.
They're falling through the atmosphere
And also through the air.

The night was growing old
As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold
And her shoes were full of feet.

How very sad it is to think
Our poor benighted brother
Should have his head upon one end,
His feet upon the other.

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest.
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.
—Anonymous.

The Buildings at Buffalo

The Plan.....Walter Cook.....Scribner's

The first question decided upon was that of arrangement—the “general plan.” In Chicago, as will be remembered, a mixed scheme had been adopted, a formal and regular disposition at one end—the Court of Honor with its great basin surrounded by buildings—joined to a piece of informal landscape gardening, with buildings placed irregularly. It is safe to say at this time that the most successful part was the former; that what most impressed us was the stateliness and beauty of the group of which the Administration Building was the chief, and of the basins, fountains, and sculpture, which, combined with it, made an architectural whole.

In Buffalo the site of the Exhibition is a large rectangular plateau, quite removed from the lake and from the river front, and touching on the south the fine Buffalo Park, one of the most interesting and successful creations of the elder Olmsted. There was nothing in the conditions which suggested any free and informal treatment, no considerable inequality in the levels of the ground, no great body of water in sight; and the absolutely picturesque character of the Park seemed to invite and demand a contrast in the adjoining exhibition. It was for these reasons, and with the memory ever present of the lesson afforded at Chicago, that an almost entirely formal and symmetrical plan was decided upon and has been carried out. The buildings, the courts, the basins are arranged upon axes, which have been carefully preserved. Each building or group of buildings has another opposite which balances it; and it has been the aim to produce rather a unity of effect in the buildings and gardens than a series of isolated units. By this, however, it must not be understood that the two sides of the composition are identical. A similarity in the masses was in general sought for; and also some sort of kinship in the architectural styles employed. As the result of a prolonged and interesting discussion, which took place before any sketches were made, it was decided that the style used should be a “free Renaissance,” in which term was meant to be included almost any version of what we more properly call the Neoclassic. But the buildings are the works of different architects to whom, within these loosely defined limits, complete liberty was given; and the result has been a series of structures, varying widely in their inspiration, and each with its strongly individual note. It can hardly be

doubted that these differences will constitute one of the great interests of the Exposition.

In Chicago, the principal buildings were impressive and successful and yet we may admit a certain justice in the criticisms made at the time, largely by our foreign critics, who declared that the Chicago Exposition was not even typical of a fair. We can imagine an assemblage of the most beautiful buildings in the world—the Parthenon, St. Peter's, Notre Dame de Paris, what you will—grouped in the most telling manner, executed with the greatest perfection, as large and almost as fine as the originals themselves. Such a presentation would assuredly be most interesting and most instructive to every one who saw it, to the artists, to the archaeologists, and to the people. But as the home of a great exhibition would it be appropriate and successful? Assuredly not. Fair buildings should proceed from their own prototypes, in some degree at least; those temporary structures put up to-day and to disappear to-morrow—the “barraques de Foire.” They should above all be gay, adventurous, neither conceived in too serious a spirit, nor to be looked upon and criticized as if they were so many examples of the “monumentum ære perennius.” The Paris Exposition of 1889 was an essay in this direction; in the one which has just closed, the same idea was pushed farther. How far this latter was successfully carried out is an open question; but whatever be the verdict as to this, it would seem that the principle was a just one. That it was clearly recognized is evident from the comparison between the permanent buildings, the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, which formed a part of the Exposition, and those temporary ones which have even now largely disappeared, the former showing a certain restraint, a careful study, a quietness of feeling which contrast strongly with the audacity and abandon of the latter.

In the Pan-American Exposition this initial idea, carried, it is true, less far than in Paris, was nevertheless to a great degree adopted. If there are fewer of these experiments in new and untried architectural (or non-architectural) forms which seem to have proved so dangerous in Paris; if there has been less striving after the novel and extraordinary, none the less the general aim has been to create buildings whose charm should consist rather in their gaiety and their festal character than in a more sedate and severe beauty; which should suggest rather

crowds of merry-makers out on a holiday than masses of people assembled for some earnest and serious ceremony. It is from this standpoint that the architects would wish to have them judged. They are not halls of learning, churches or State capitals, and they are not meant to look like them or suggest them; they are the home and adornments of a fair, the ephemeral monuments of a great international festival, set in a garden amidst fountains and statues. They have been conceived, designed, and built in less space of time than might fairly be expended on the study and execution of the least of them, if it were to remain for all time, and in their "ensemble" constitute what may fairly be called a great architectural sketch.

One of the first resolutions adopted by the architects was "that sculpture and color should form an important part of the general scheme." The co-operation of a great number of American sculptors has enabled the former part of this wish to be fully realized, and there is probably a greater sculptural richness in the Exposition than has hitherto been attempted.

The color decoration has been almost entirely confined to a very serious essay of exterior coloring on the buildings. The "White City," in which all the effects could be pretty safely predicted, has been abandoned. Instead of it, the brush and the palette are everywhere in evidence. The word "adventurous" has been used before in these pages as one of the qualities to be desired in exhibition architecture. Surely nothing could be more adventurous than the attempt to unite color and architectural form on our exterior designs. If the result is judged successful, the Exposition will have made a serious contribution to our knowledge of a most difficult problem.

The Grounds and Buildings.....Scientific American

Most of the great expositions have resembled each other in their architecture and landscape gardening, or have had many point of similarity. Chicago took the lead in 1893 when she built the great "White City" on the shores of Lake Michigan. A number of other small fairs have been held since this time, but they all resembled the Chicago prototype. The projectors of the Pan-American Exposition decided that they must have something which should not only be original, but which should be of the highest class, and as it was to be an American exposition, the motives should be largely American. There is, strictly speaking, no American style of architecture, except that used in our high buildings, and they are not at all adapted to exposition purposes. What was desired was an architecture which,

while not primitive, should be in a sense indigenous to both North and South America, and which should symbolize the European conquest of the great part of the western hemisphere. The old mission buildings of the Southwest are familiar in all Latin America, and the massive walls, white or tinted, with heavy belfries, projecting roofs of red tile, and long arcaded corridors, seem to offer the keynote of the style to be adopted. Mission architecture or Spanish architecture adapted to the needs and the means of a strange, new world was the prevailing style adopted. This form of construction met the demands both of utility and sentiment, and although the buildings run the whole gamut of the architectural orders of combinations and modifications, yet it all comes into harmony, and the Spanish-American idea makes itself felt throughout.

The site was an excellent one. Its 350 acres include 133 of improved park lands adorned with smooth lawns, wooded knolls and a stream and beautiful lake spanned by fine bridges and gemmed with green islands. The general arrangement of the Exposition grounds is extremely simple. The area is approximately a rectangle, 3,000 by 5,000 feet, and in it are disposed the various structures, all of which are subordinate to the general effect. The principal entrance to the grounds, from an artistic point of view, is the Lincoln Park Gateway, although this entrance is not used to anything like the extent that some of the other entrances are, owing to the fact that it is not a street car or railway terminus. The first few minutes' walk is through Delaware Park, and the bridge connecting two parts of the lake is crossed, and passing the Live-saving Station, the Approach is reached. Here are triumphal columns which lead to the Fore Court, which in turn leads to the Triumphal Bridge, an imposing structure designed by John M. Carrère. The four towers are a hundred feet high, and are surmounted by mounted standard bearers. Each of these sculptural groups is thirty feet in height. The cables connecting the piers and running north and south carry enormous festoons, shields, flags and coats-of-arms of the various Pan-American countries. The effect is very beautiful as they sway in the wind. On each side of the bridge are fountains composed of groups of rearing horses and figures which cluster about tall flagpoles. At this point the visitor gains his first sight of one of the most interesting features of the Exposition; this is the series of canals and lakes which surround the main group of buildings, making a delightful waterway for the gondola and electric launch. They are some two miles in length. From the Triumphal Bridge one

obtains a superb view of the Exposition. To the right and left are Pergolas with bright awnings and climbing vines. These Pergolas make an architectural connection with two groups of buildings, the Mines, Horticulture and Graphic Arts Buildings on the left, while on the right are the three Government Buildings connected by arcades. Directly in front is the Esplanade, which is of noble proportions and is capable of accommodating 250,000 people. In the center of it are two bandstands, and on the right and left are Esplanade fountains. The Esplanade is terminated by the round-dome buildings devoted respectively to Music and Ethnology. These are in turn connected by colonnades with the Machinery and Transportation and Manufactures and Liberal Arts Buildings respectively. The space between the two groups of buildings is occupied by the Court of Fountains. Narrow malls separate the Electricity and Machinery Buildings and the Agriculture and Manufactures Buildings. The group is terminated by the Electric Tower, which is the most salient feature of the Exposition. The main shaft of this edifice is eighty feet square at the base, and the torch of the statue which surmounts it—the Goddess of Light—is 409 feet above the ground. In the great niche cut into the front of the structure is a cascade composed of an upper and a lower fall. In a wide basin in front are forty-two water jets which fall in parabolic curves and concentrate at the niche. The sources of the jets are arranged in an arc of which the niche is the center, and the streams can be broken into sprays so that they will constitute a transparent and quivering sheet of water. On either side of the middle of the basin are groups of twenty-six vertical jets which send the water up to a height of fifty feet. Concentric with the sources of the parabolic jets are arranged ten powerful arc lights which serve to illuminate the fountain, colored glasses permitting of tinting them. Altogether the fountains in the grounds call for 35,000 gallons of water a minute, and of this amount the Electric Tower consumes 13,000 gallons. To the rear of the Electric Fountains are bandstands, the Propylæa and the Railway Terminal Station and Railway Exhibits. Such in brief is the outline of the Exposition, but there are a number of other and minor buildings scattered around various parts of the grounds.

The most talked-of feature of the Exposition is the use of color on the buildings, and the direction of it was confided to the care of Mr. C. Y. Turner, painter, of New York. The staff walls of the main buildings, especially in their more ornamental portions, have been finished in a

great variety of color; now strong, bright, highly contrasting hues; again subdued and neutral; while the red roofs and Spanish tile treatment dominate the other colors. The ensemble furnishes a most brilliant picture. The whole group of buildings has been treated as one picture and the colors are made to harmonize, not only with one another, but with the foreground of grass, the water and the background of the sky. One idea which has been adopted, and which is a most interesting one, is not noticed by the visitor; that is, in the chromatic arrangement the stronger colors are on the buildings nearest the Triumphal Bridge, as, for example, the Ethnology Building, where, as we approach the Electric Tower, the colors become less and less crude until the Fountain itself is reached, where everything is an ivory white, delicate green and gold, thus symbolizing the triumph of intellect over mere brute force. Thus the colors on the Ethnology Building are strong, because it contains stone axes, etc., while electricity may be regarded as a great, perhaps the greatest, conquest of nature.

Fully as impressive as this color scheme is the sculptural adornment of the grounds. There is a great wealth of statuary, and the individual groups have a high degree of artistic merit. Every eminent sculptor in America is represented.

The Exposition is beautiful in the daytime, but at night the effect is indescribable. The arc light is banished except for the interior of buildings and for lighting the very edge of the grounds. The use of incandescent lights results in obtaining marvelous effects which cannot be produced in any other way. The general lighting of the grounds is effected by 1,500 posts, the shorter ones being eight and one-half feet high and surmounted by a cluster of bulbs; the taller posts have lamps on their sides as well as on the top. The number of lamps varies from twenty-five to one hundred, diffusing the light most admirably. Incandescent lights are used in profusion all over the main buildings, serving to pick out the architectural features. The work has been done so cleverly that wonderful effects are produced. There has been no attempt made to economize on the lighting, and the end fully justifies the expense, for the night effects are well worth a trip of fifteen hundred miles to see. By means of "dimmers" the brilliancy of the incandescent light is absolutely controlled, so that the gradual increase in lighting almost reminds one of dawn. The Electric Tower, which is lighted by thousands of lamps, is naturally the most impressive feature of the night display, and when taken in connection with the fountain produces a never-to-be-forgotten impression.

Art at the Exposition

The Sculpture Scheme.....Karl Bitter.....Criterion

It is my opinion that an artistic decoration in any case should have a clear, distinct, and well-defined meaning; that the subjects should be selected with great care, even before questions of manner of rendering are considered. This is particularly desirable in an instance of such importance as this Exposition. The exhibits are housed in buildings which serve not only as shelters, but are in themselves examples of the conditions of our people and our times. They are intended to be of an educating influence, perhaps as great as the exhibits themselves. Their artistic attributes may be considered as the phraseology of the sermon that is to be delivered. In order to make this sermon effective, its scope and principal lines are questions of primary importance.

Happily, in our case, the grouping of the buildings suggests these principal lines. We observe that to the left, on the Esplanade, buildings are situated containing, in a measure, the examples of our natural resources. We find there a Forestry, a Mining, a Horticultural building. We show with pride the natural wealth of our continent; we will impress the visitor with the magnitude and abundance of the trees of our forests, their great varieties; we point to the unparalleled deposits of coal and iron, etc.—all things that nature can provide, and not man. These facts and the resulting thoughts of pride and gratitude to nature should be crystallized in the things that form the frame of our exhibits. The simple, cold fact demonstrated inside of the buildings should find ideal and elevating expression in the paintings and sculptures about the buildings. It is needless to elaborate on the field that opens before the eyes of the artists, when we speak of the gratitude we owe to nature that has given us all that grows, and that forms the fundamental conditions of life.

The other side of the Esplanade, surrounded principally by Government buildings, will invite to speak of our people and our institutions. We are aware that the natural wealth of our country means comfort and wealth to the people, only if they are of the right kind, and their institutions such as to insure liberal and peaceable enjoyment of such wealth. The institutions of our country form a worthy parallel to our resources. Again, the expressions in color and form must give inspiration to the mind, and assist reason that has been called upon by the contents of the buildings.

Not a mere shell, beautiful and glittering, but empty inside, is the work that sculptors will have to give us here; and not here and there a spark of an idea, but step by step, and link by link, should our work lead the thinking mind to grasp one big idea, and ignite a fire of lasting true enthusiasm.

In distinct separation from the above two groups, we find another group of buildings devoted to Machinery and Transportation, Electricity, Manufacture and Liberal Arts, etc. What is shown therein is neither a direct product of nature nor attributable to any institution, but solely to the genius of man, though on the basis of what material nature has given him, and what freedom and liberty the institutions of his country will allow him. These buildings, and the Court of Fountains, as well as the Mall, around which they are located, should be devoted to the allegorization of that subject. There is the wheel of progress, advancement, and civilization, that is revolved and moved by the mighty brain and sturdy arm of the nation. Our inventive, industrious and ingenious qualities will be the motive for the painter and the sculptor. Again an enormous field.

Next in order is the group of buildings surrounding the Plaza. We find the gateways on one side to the Stadium, on the other to Vanity Fair. We have left the practical side of life and come to the more poetical, which will show us the temperament of the people, their games and sports, and their varied amusements. Again the subjects for decorations suggest themselves, and it is not necessary to point them out; but I will also here repeat that not the occasional reference to sport or stage or dance will suffice, or the repetition of the same idea in different forms, but that all decorations in those surroundings, together, should reflect in an ideal light, and in elaborate and distinct form, the characteristics of the people.

In many respects the most prominent feature at the Exposition is to be the Electrical Tower and its Colonnade. The display of water about this tower suggests the following treatment of its sculptural effects: Buffalo's importance, growth, and prosperity, are chiefly due to the Great Lake System and the waterways on which the city is located; its commerce and wealth are a direct offspring of the "Great Waters," as the Indians called them. They connect this city with the many other cities that dot the shores

of those big inland seas. That will lead us to an allegorization of the "Great Waters," expressed already in the display of cascades and fountains, but not assisted by figures and groups, in which reference is made to the gigantic rôle which the lakes, the rivers, the Erie Canal, and the eleven railroads play in inland commerce.

On approaching the Exposition, the Bridge, as perhaps the most ornate feature, should be given over to an apotheosis of the United States, an allegorization of national pride.

With a few minor exceptions I have been given the opportunity by the Exposition authorities to carry out the foregoing proposition. There was no restraint or outside influence to interfere with the conception that I arrived at concerning the subjects for the sculptural decoration.

Being governed by the groups the buildings formed, I classified the sculptors' work in three great groups: The Court formed by the left wing of the Esplanade, and surrounded by Forestry, Mining, etc., buildings, I devoted to the subject of Nature; the opposite right wing, surrounded by the Government buildings, to Man and his institutions; the main court called Court of Fountains, flanked by Machinery, Electricity, Transportation, etc., buildings, formed the third group: the Genius of Man and his development in the fields of art, science and industry.

The Exhibit of Painting.....New York Tribune

The art collection shown in the Pan-American Exposition here is a remarkably good one. A free hand was given to the Director of Fine Arts, Mr. William A. Coffin, and that gentleman has used his authority with equal discernment and discretion. The catalogue runs to no more than 1,667 numbers—exclusive of the small exhibit of Canadian art—and these stand for a body of work that is in the best sense representative. To be sure, there are omissions, as was bound to be the case. The impossibility of procuring satisfactory specimens in time has caused the earlier men in American art, Gilbert Stuart, Copley and the rest, to be left out altogether; and here and there in the purely modern list there are painters, George Fuller among them, whose absence is regretted. Stephen Parrish, among the etchers, is missing. Mr. Abbey, who sends one of his recent oil paintings, sends none of the pen drawings by which he was for so many years so widely and so well known. But if the omissions are worth mentioning at all, it is only for the sake of pointing out their powerlessness to affect the general character of the show. That, it may be repeated, is really representative; because Mr. Coffin has not only brought together

a lot of good work—he has taken pains to illustrate every phase of American art. No single group of painters has received special consideration at the expense of some other, but all have been duly honored. The American painters who live in Paris cannot claim that they have been sacrificed to their brethren at home; the most conservative members of the National Academy and the most impressionistic or otherwise adventurous juniors who flourish outside that institution have been presented with equal care. Though the walls are necessarily crowded, the hanging is satisfactory throughout. It is not apparent that there could be any complaint from the painters in oil, the water colorists, the workers in black and white, the etchers, the miniaturists and sculptors whose works are exhibited. As for the public, it should only be grateful, for it has here an uncommonly good opportunity to study American art at full length.

Certain broadly significant and very cheering facts are visible on the surface of the collection—the abundance of excellent technique, the variety and vitality of the work, the peculiar sincerity and beauty of our landscapes. But before proceeding to any illustration of these phenomena it is important to note a circumstance that must give an American intense satisfaction and pride. That is the circumstance that here among his countrymen he finds one master, Whistler, who is universally recognized to be the greatest painter of his time, and another, Mr. Sargent, who, if not quite of the same eminence, is at all events alone among living painters in coming within a perceptible distance of him in distinction and authority. It is a fine thing that, while Europe is fond of sniffing at American art, it is to America that Europe must look for the two men who have reached the highest level in art at this end of the century. Both are adequately if not comprehensively represented here.

This collection, which covers a considerable period of time, embraces all manner of subjects and methods. At one end of an imaginary line may be placed, for example, the Poetry and Painting of Mr. Cox, a large and rather formal composition, purely intellectual in conception, and showing in its sound design and pure draughtsmanship a kind of academic dignity as well as a personal way of looking at form. At the other end are the romantic pictures of Mr. A. P. Ryder, Jonah, Seigfried and Temple of the Mind. The essentially poetic and emotional temperament disclosed to such beautiful effect in these, however, is visible at comparatively few points in the exhibition.

It shines forth through the fine color and the

noble seriousness of the Autumn and the Visit of Christ to Nicodemus which Mr. La Farge sends. It is discerned in Mr. Vedder's group of well pondered designs, though his turgid handling and sickly color do a great deal, alas! to counter-balance his high merit. It is recognized, this strain of rare and tense feeling, culminating in the original expression of original pictorial ideas, in the work of two or three other men. It may be found in the idyllic little panels of Mr. A. B. Davies, Spring Evening and The Source (companions, be it remarked in passing, of a study of a pig sty by the same painter, The Place of the Mothers, which is, paradoxically, much better executed); it is discovered in the fairylike productions, small and unpretentious but very winning, of Mr. Frederick B. Williams—especially in The Golden Chain—and again in Mr. H. O. Walker's delicately imagined and suavely painted picture, The Singers.

There is one rather extensive body of work here which as a whole enforces this conclusion in specially clear terms—the body of work sent by the American painters identified now for many years with Paris and its Salon. Here, as at the Universal Exposition in the French capital last summer, there are the same exceptions to be recorded, and the same impression is left by the bulk of the work shown. Mr. Alexander Harrison retains his independence. His earlier marine, *Le Crepuscule*, lent by the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, and his later studies of similar themes, *Lunar Mists* and *Golden Mirror*, are full of the beauty of the sea observed by a clear sighted painter with a vision and an accent of his own. Mr. Alexander, particularly in that figure piece, *Autumn*, which has been more than once described in *The Tribune*, paints like a man who remembers his schoolmaster and yet can put something of himself into his work, too. There is an individual touch also, and there is certainly a most engaging picturesqueness, in the two pictures of Dutch models by Mr. Gari Melchers, *Sailor and His Sweetheart*, and *The Skaters*. But it testifies to the essentially arid and commonplace quality of the work sent by Messrs. McEwen, Story, Vail, Gay, Bridgman, Pearce, Stewart and Grayson that despite the efforts made by them all to produce ambitious compositions—often on a large scale—the most that it occurs to one to say about them is that they exhibit a moderate degree of technical ability, of a thoroughly conventional sort.

There is a quantity of work here which shows vitality and variety. There are pictures like the luminous and buoyant *Golden Screen* of Mr. Tarbell; the imposing decorative *Angel With*

the *Flaming Sword* of Mr. Blashfield; the stately and at the same time vigorous *Temple of the Winds* of Mr. Loeb; the not very exalted but still extremely interesting religious composition of Mr. Daingerfield, *The Child of Mary*; the original Indian study of Mr. Brush, *The Silence Broken*, and the sparkling study of Japanese life, *The Flower Market, Tokio*, by Mr. Blum, in which there is always adequate technique and something equally if not more valuable, a native force and quality which cannot be acquired from outside of one's self. The work has a freshness which is often repeated in this exhibition—in fact, that quality is the one to which it is most frequently necessary to refer.

An Estimate of the Exhibit....Chas. H. Coffin....Harper's Weekly

To summarize the character of the exhibition is no easy matter, because it involves such a variety of differences. It is certainly eclectic, but while the American has accumulated his technical resources by gleaning from many diverse harvest-fields, he generally binds them up into a sheaf that is individually personal. Particularly is this true of those who work in their own country; scarcely one of them—not any among the leaders—but has his separate ideals and a style peculiar to himself. One visible effect of this is the vitality that characterizes their art; there is no suggestion of its having reached the end of its original impulse, rather one of having but just begun to realize it; younger men are pushing to the front with originality as well as enthusiasm, the older ones in most cases are not satisfied to hang upon their oars; with all its evidence of accomplishment, the exhibition is full of promise for the future. The vitality, also, is mostly of the healthy sort that needs no bracing up of fads, nor expends itself in artistic contortions or revolting exaggeration to catch applause; sane, vigorous, and likely to survive. In this it reflects the American environment, as it does in lacking very generally the snappy cleverness of much French art, and its suggestion of polish to the finger-tips. While the artistic motives are technically the same, the American pursues them either with more freshness and spontaneity of purpose or with a greater seriousness. On the other hand, in comparison with other countries outside of France, American painters show a greater average of artistic intention and craftsmanship, seeing their subject more exclusively from the painter's standpoint, and striving for results essentially pictorial, and having in this respect got as far as possible from the English standards with which they are started, and which are still too prevalent in England.

A Plea for Honest Work*

BY DOUGLAS VOLK



Beauty has its root far below the surface of things and would seem to be inseparable from considerations of integrity and genuineness. How in fact it can exist except as an expression of honest intention, it is difficult to perceive. We are very apt to look upon the element of beauty as we see it attempted in the fashioning of our houses, clothes, furniture, or public buildings, as being a sort of sugar-coating, or surface embellishment. Thus it happens, very possibly, that we have the term "applied art," a term suggestive somehow of superficiality and glue. But Beauty is organic. To my mind it is not alone a quality in itself, it is also and chiefly an evidence of motive. When a thing is honestly, purposefully and joyously done, it of necessity contains the first essentials of beauty.

It is this evidence of rightful motive in any object of hand make, or any production of the mind, that we really enjoy. For it might be said that beauty is the stamp of approval which is somehow placed on an honest effort, while ugliness is indicative of wrongful methods.

Beauty should be to Religion the manifest evidence of its very life. Superficiality in the art employed would argue a like weakness in religious convictions, and whether art is enlisted in the service of religion, the state or the home, it is an unfailing indicator of the true aspirations actuating either institution. This is why we enjoy visiting many of those old churches of Italy, where we see evidence that the people were content to have their convictions and ideals expressed through the art which they found available. Sometimes this art is naïve and crude, but it is always sincere, always genuine, and generally beautiful.

Honesty and beauty, indeed, are so closely allied that one seems impossible without the other. At the foundation this whole matter seems to be, as I have said, a moral question. For art is not the handmaiden of luxury; it is an evidence of worthy intention, an expression of some emotion, or impression, or, it may be, a record of achievement. The art that lives, the art that Religion has always enlisted in her service, has its root in the longing of man to express the sense of the reality of his life and emotions.

All the art of the past, whether ornamental or

heroic, was produced by men who had something to say, some convictions to perpetuate. Even an Oriental rug is covered with a pattern made up largely of signs, symbols, and charming forms that are full of religious meaning to the people who made them. To us, these creations may be beautiful to look upon, but their significance is as a closed book.

It is this genuineness, when we perceive it in anything, which gives it a value. Consequently anything which is an imitation, or which lacks this evidence of being the result of care, is a disappointment, and no matter how nearly it may approach in superficial aspect to the genuine product, it cannot be called a thing of beauty or a work of art in the true sense. Hence the mass of machine-made imitations which we encounter to-day at every turn, and which gives to our streets and homes an aspect of garish cheapness, is the stamp, I fear, of somewhat demoralized conditions. It really seems as if sham and make-believe characterized our modern times. It is appalling how this element of counterfeiting is creeping into all departments of our social life. Once the door is open, fraud of every kind enters boldly, bringing in its train not only false wares, but adulterated food and materials of all kinds. The most discouraging feature of it all is that we look upon this starting condition with such complacency, doubtful methods being counted excusable because practised in the name of business.

So it happens, I am afraid, that the industrial forces at work are not so much concerned with the problem of how to make things good as they are with how to make them plentiful. Men are generally less occupied with the ways and means of producing articles of genuine worth than they are with devising expedients for making imitations pass for the real thing. Because of the ease with which these articles are procured in quantities, a great proportion of the houses of both the rich and the poor are filled with make-believe wares and furnishings. Many a lady who would scorn to wear false lace, or jewelry, or use spurious silverware on her table, will close her eyes to the fact that much that she has in her house is an obvious counterfeit, not to be disguised by the layer of varnish, gold leaf, or satin finish that may give it a glittering surface. So the charm of reality, of genuine comfort, of fine taste, is fast disappearing from our homes, or rather from our flats—these awful flats! We

*The Ethical Record.

must be content now in most cases with gingerbread ornament, with flimsy construction, and flashy embellishment.

There appear to be two great forces at work in the social world, one ranged on the side of original production, whose devotees care more for the quality and character of their creations and actions, than for financial gain. The other force has for its adherents those chiefly concerned in the making of profit, and in the accumulating of wealth. This element is largely engaged in exchanging and selling the products of the first-named class, or in imitating original production by aid of the machine. Urged forward by this tendency, our boasted modern progress seems to be largely in the direction of size, bulk and rapidity. Veneer and superficiality are crowding beauty and true achievement to one side. The fierce strife for wealth, with the attendant love of glitter and display, is dulling the finer sense of man's nature. Not until all these vast buildings, bridges, tunnels, monuments, and engines of war and commerce express something more noble than the love of gain, shall we enter on an age of progress in the true sense.

In truth, this whole matter reduces itself to a question of motive, for a worthy motive should actuate the production of everything. The machine is but an incident of the problem, and is being considered here chiefly as it affects the element of beauty and genuineness. There can be no objection to its use wherever it furthers a worthy purpose, produces a result just as good as human effort can make it, or where it degrades no human being to its level. But it should at least come under strong suspicion whenever it is employed solely with a view to the profit it makes.

Now I have suggested that there is no department of life that is not affected by the mechanical, short-cut spirit of the age. One of the institutions where this tendency is most apparent in its workings is the public school. Here, of all places where the child should get the true impression of what constitutes honesty, genuineness, and beauty, methods are forced upon him which destroy at the outset all sense of what worthy effort means. I refer particularly to the so-called art work. Only in noteworthy instances is the pupil taught to produce a genuine or real piece of handiwork, but instead he is given a lot of meaningless art exercises to work out, and is furnished at once with all sorts of mechanical devices to make his work accurate. Differentiation, variety, spontaneity, are unknown principles, the highest aim seeming to be to force the children to imitate the formal accuracy of the machine. What art is there in drawing a circle with a pair of

dividers, or a straight line with a ruler? The child is learning to make shams already!

In many instances designs or patterns are cut out of a piece of paper, and then aimlessly repeated. If a rug pattern is being worked out, the design is traced on the four corners of a square, with the result that no corner differs in any respect from the others. This is contrary to the very first essentials of design, as any one conversant with the subject must know.

That the value of hand work is tacitly admitted by school authorities, and the necessity for it recognized, is evident in the introduction of manual training into the school; but in most cases the principle, as far as real hand work is concerned, is but feebly put in practice, and the work done rises no higher than the plane occupied by the machine.

Certainly in the art room children should be engaged only in the making of real things, organically right, inside and out. It matters not how simple the problem, how apparently crude the results. We should be satisfied if we implant in the child's mind the lesson of integrity, and instill in him at the very start a contempt for short-cut methods and mechanical shams. Everything that the machine has touched, as well as every mechanical object and device, should be banished from the art-room. If this imposes limitations upon the work, let us welcome them, for limited material and conditions are valuable elements in art.

What can be done to counteract the tendency and evils of the machine indeed seems an unsolvable problem. But, though the machine may have come to stay, it does not follow that the motive now guiding it is by any means an unalterable one, and it lies within the power of everyone to do something towards bringing about a nobler state of affairs. One thing we have to do is to scrutinize more carefully what is offered us; look closely at our sweat-shop clothes, our varnished furniture, chilling fire-places, flimsy books, cheap prints, tawdry frames, imitation carpets, garish china, stamped tableware, and all the countless things we use.

Certainly we should all welcome the appearance of more beauty in our streets and buildings, for anyone must realize the need of it, if he but views the hideous and endless panorama of tin cornices which stretches before him as he looks from the window of an elevated train. The more persistently we demand that our belongings shall be made by hand and under humanizing conditions, the sooner shall we restore the individual to his rightful place in society, and rescue him from the ignominy of mechanical toil.

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

The Twenty-five Dollar Prize offered for the best contribution to this department has been divided between Miss Harriet J. Ozer, of Portland, Oregon, and Miss Margaret Moorehead, of Xenia, Ohio, who send respectively the two sketches which immediately follow.

A Hero.....Chas. StonePacific Monthly

He was a cripple—"Crippled Tim" they called him—but he had always longed to be a hero. He had heard people talk of heroes when he was still very small, and his heart had beat with wonder and admiration when he heard of their brave, noble deeds. When he was older he learned to read and write a little, and then, if he could get an account of some heroic deed, he would leave the other boys and hobbling off by himself would read and picture in imagination the brave, thrilling events chronicled in the story.

Once, while Tim had been selling newspapers on the crowded streets, he had seen a runaway, and a man dash into the street and stop the maddened horses at the risk of his life. Tim had always remembered it, and he felt that if he could have stopped that horse and heard the cheers of the crowd he wouldn't have minded being lame the rest of his life. He would rather have been that man than king of the greatest country in the world.

At another time he had seen a great fire, and he had almost forgotten to breathe as he watched with wide-eyed admiration the firemen climb through the smoke and flames into the burning buildings, to save the lives of those within. He had lain awake most of that night and thought about it, and when he dropped asleep he dreamt that he went to heaven and was a fireman and climbed into burning buildings to save people's lives.

When he stood among the crowds that lined the pavements and saw the soldiers marching to the transports which were to carry them to the battlefields in the distant Philippines, his heart had almost burst with envy. He didn't cry with his disappointment, because heroes wouldn't have cried, but he thought of it for days and days, and it seemed very, very hard that he must always be "Crippled Tim."

Sometimes he wondered whether, if he were given an opportunity, he could not become a hero too, and he pictured himself doing some of the things he had read and heard about until he felt quite sure that he could do something brave if he only got the chance.

It was dusk of a winter evening and Tim had been selling his papers when he did get the chance he longed for. He was just starting across the street when he heard some one cry, "Runaway!" and the people crowded back to the sidewalk as two maddened horses and an empty buggy dashed wildly toward the crossing. They had nearly reached it when there was a sudden frightened cry, and Tim looked around to see a small boy who had fallen directly in the path of the horses. Tim, being lame, had not reached the sidewalk as quickly as the others, and was nearer the child than anyone else. In another moment the horses would be upon the boy and crush him under their flying hoofs. And then the crowd, that gazed in shuddering horror, saw some one hurry forward and drag the child from under the very feet of the horses, and a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd. And little Tim? For one awful moment he had closed his eyes; then he had opened them again, seen the maddened horses dash past, seen some one raise a frightened child in his arms, heard the wild cheers, and knew that his opportunity had come—and gone. And then "Crippled Tim" had gone on crying his evening papers.

It was during the same winter that Tim's mother fell ill and was forced to stop working. Tim was the oldest child and there were other little mouths to feed and so he worked very hard. He sold more papers and stayed out late in the cold, dreary streets to get rid of them, and he got up very early to sell the morning ones. During the day he blackened boots and did whatever he could to earn a penny. He never complained, though it seemed to him that he was always cold and tired and hungry. And when at last his mother was better, his crippled leg had become so bad that he had to stop working. He grew worse and then there was a fever, and when the doctor came he said "Crippled Tim" would die.

His mother did all she could for him, but it was no use, and when the doctor came the last day and heard the story of how Tim had worked while his mother was sick, there were tears in his eyes and he bent over the bed and said something about a "little hero." But Tim did not hear it. He was dead. And probably if he had heard he would only have wondered what the doctor meant.

Tim had not realized that his work saved a human life. It had never occurred to him that he was a hero.

The Soul of the Violin.....Margaret S. Giffin.....Western Oxford

It was while I was in Germany that I found the violin. Its exquisite curves, its old wine color and above all its angelic sweetness of tone fascinated me. I struggled long before I bought it, for really it was beyond my purse, but each time I stole back to look at it, the temptation to possess the treasure grew stronger, until finally I would have given twice over the two months with Joachim that I relinquished, to own it.

No, it is not a Cremona nor a Stradivarius. It is in a class all by itself, and greater than any of them. It has a soul, I tell you! There was more in that violin than there was in me. It irritated me. There was something there I could not express, something that was beyond me. I could not master it. It defied me to own it. My utmost skill was baffled by it, though my technique was almost perfect, and even that bear, Herr Keller, acknowledged that I could make music with my fingers. Yes! that was the trouble; I could "make music with my fingers," but I could not make it with my heart. And the violin knew it, and would never tell me its secret. How could it? It sang me songs, but they were always "without words," and I had had no sorrow to give me sympathy to read such a secret as this.

I would play for hours, hoping to surprise it. I tried every kind of music, but it always eluded me. I could not express it. Sometimes I could draw from it tones, grand and mellow like rich organ notes and full of a great despair, but for what? Through a joyous, tripping scherzo I could hear a rippling, bitter, almost mocking laugh, but at what? And so it was always. In every song it sang there was a tragedy, in every melody a wail, but I could not interpret the meaning. Finally, my woman's patience failed, and in a vexation I could not control, I put it away, vowing I would not touch it again.

For two short, happy years I kept my vow, and even forgot that I had another violin. I do not need to tell you the story of those sweet years for all the world knows it, I think. Can a girl ever hide her happiness when she first loves and is loved? As for me, I was too happy to even try to hide mine, and there seemed to be but one possible ending to my romance. It was the utter unexpectedness of the actual end that made it so bitter and so pitiful. You were all curious, weren't you? as to why I broke my engagement and went abroad so suddenly. I never could give the reason, not even to you, because I felt that you would misunderstand and, perhaps, blame him. He is not to blame. Oh! you must not blame him! It was not his fault. You wouldn't consider a physical defect with

which a man was born, his fault, would you? Truly, it was no more his fault than that, but he failed me and he knew it. He was honest about it and told me the exact truth, asking if the love he could give would satisfy me. I wasn't foolish, was I? I cared for him just as much as ever, but I told him No. And that night I sat all night by my window, watching until the stars grew cold. Did you ever hold ice in your hand till the cold made your flesh numb? That was the way my heart felt that night—oh! that long, dreadful night! I shall never forget the coming of the dawn. The sounds of the day had not commenced, and the sounds of the night had sunk into silence; not a leaf rustled, not a cricket chirped, not a bird twittered. It was still, still until the very trees seemed dead, and all the world was hushed into silent mourning for the suffering and sorrow it held. Slowly, slowly, the stars paled, and a gray, chill light showed the gleam of the silver poplars, and the dark masses of the firs and pines. A light breeze sprang up, and then suddenly, it seemed to me, a rosy flush spread over the sky, and a single bird called to its mate.

Perhaps it was that melody, perhaps it was some other subtle thing that in that moment made me think of the violin and its lonely secret; but whatever the reason, I felt a sudden longing to lay my face against it and tell it all my struggle and sorrow and pain. I drew my bow lovingly across its strings, and began to play softly that great tender serenade of Schubert's that he and I had loved so well. And then I drifted from that into something else, and then into—I know not what; certainly, it was something I had never heard before and never shall again; something so sweet and strange that to this day it haunts my heart. But it was not I that was playing. We had changed places. I was only the helpless, sensitive instrument, and at last the violin was sobbing forth its secret in a wail whose sweetness and pathos would have wrung your heart. For the first time in all those terrible hours, the hot tears ran down my face, and splashed on its polished surface. Only sorrow can comfort sorrow, and the violin was comforting me, for its sorrow was like my own. I told you I did not know its romance, and I do not, but its secret was mine. It had loved and been loved, even as I, and its lover had failed in the supreme test, as mine had done. In that moment of supreme suffering, the violin's soul was born, that, taught by its own despair and grief and hopeless longing, it might vibrate in sympathy with all the sorrows of the world, and ease them with its matchless, golden voice. And so I know the

violin's secret, and the violin knows mine, and together we comfort the world.

Revenge.....Chicago Tribune

"Ha! caught you at last, have I?"

The tall, powerful man who uttered these words stood in the center of a group at a street corner in a far western town. As he spoke, he brought his hand down heavily on the shoulder of a mild-looking stranger who was passing by, and turned him half-way round.

The tall, powerful man had previously winked at the bystanders.

"You don't remember me, I s'pose," he continued, with a fierce frown, as he tightened his clutch on the stranger's arm.

"Why, no, I can't say I do," replied the mild-looking man, gazing at him wonderingly.

"You've forgot all about the time you leaned out of a car, on a train jest pullin' out of Cheyenne, and knocked my hat off, I reckon?"

"I certainly don't remember anything of the kind," protested the bewildered stranger. "I never saw you before."

"Oh, yes, you did! You may have forgot it, but I haven't." And he emphasized the assertion by a vigorous shake. "I haven't forgot it, and I've said a thousand times since then that if I ever met you again, I'd make you apologize or fight."

"Now that I think of it," said the mild-looking stranger, stooping to pick up his hat, which had fallen to the ground during the shaking process, "it seems to me I do remember something. I suppose I am bound to give you satisfaction for it."

His bewildered look had all gone by this time. Placing himself in an attitude of defense, he danced about the big man in a way startlingly suggestive of previous practice.

"Before I mop the sidewalk with you," said the other, "I want to be sure I ain't mistaken. Your name is—is Snaggs, ain't it?"

"Snaggs," replied the stranger, planting a blow on his antagonist's jaw; "certainly, Snaggs will do as well as anything else. Snaggs it is."

"But hold on! I want to be dead sure! The man I'm lookin' for is Jerusalem Snaggs."

"You've found him, my friend," exclaimed the stranger, as he banged him on the nose. "I'm Jerusalem Snaggs!" he continued, making a feint with his left hand, and administering a vicious upper-cut with his right. "Oh, yes, I am Snaggs (biff) from (whack) Snaggsville, Snaggs County (bang), near headwaters of Snaggs Creek. Office hours from one to twenty-four. Come early and avoid the rush."

With a final blow under the ear he laid the burly fellow flat on the ground.

As he turned to go, he said:

"My name, gentlemen, is Jerusalem Snaggs, of course, but for convenience sake I go around under an alias."

And he took from his vest-pocket a card and threw it on the prostrate body of the big man. After he had gone away somebody picked it up and read:

"D. Jempsey, Professor of Scientific Boxing; Special Attention Devoted to Training Pugilists."

In Another South-Land.....Nashville Banner

The sunlight streaming into the great square of San Marco lighted the golden head of little Phillipa. It was a pretty picture—the dainty maiden and mammy—the pigeons fluttering over them and eating the corn offered by a pair of tiny white hands and a pair of generously proportioned black ones. But there was an indescribable beauty about it to the young traveler who, seeking novelty in foreign lands, was fast falling into that disquietude of mind when a home scene makes gladder the heart than the most entrancing piece of architecture or choice mosaic. At once in that foreign atmosphere was adopted the etiquette of "the South," based upon mutual confidence without familiarity—the etiquette that existed between the members of "Ole Marster's" family and the negro of the old régime.

That etiquette calls for no formal introduction between two that are versed in its rules, no matter in what quarter of the globe the meeting; for as service bows before power, no less does the courtesy of the true gentleman make recognition of the loyalty that seemed to bloom as the flower everlasting in the heart of the body servant or maid-servant for the master or mistress.

"Well, well, how are you, Mammy? I surely am glad to see you. Where did you come from, anyway?"

The face of the old negro fairly beamed as she made her obeisance.

"Yes, sah, we shorely is er fur piece frum home en nothin' but dis baby could ever hev drug me erway, but I had ter come wid my chile. Mine dar, Flipper, dem pidgens crowdin' you mighty close."

"Well, you two are a sight to cheer the home-sick heart. You have a way-down South look, Mammy. Ever seen Tennessee?"

"Dat's jest whar I come frum. My white folks lived dar long fore de wah. I waited on ole mistis when she wus er young laidy, en dis chile's

mudder I carried in my arms, en nussed ter sleep on my bosom. Den when dis baby comes erlong, course she's mine, en when Mr. Bruce got ter talkin' erbout crossin' de oshun, course I had ter come, too."

"Come, little girl, and speak to me, will you? I have not seen so sweet a little maiden since I left Tennessee."

"Flipper, come, chile, speak ter de gennelman. Give him yore han'," and the clear blue eyes of the childish face looked up confidingly. Then she disengaged herself from her feathered friends as the young man stooped to place himself upon a more equal level with her.

"I wonder, Mammy, if you ever find it lonesome over here?"

"Law, yes, chile, yes," she answered, warming to her subject; "dat I does. I shorely did think I'd see udders uf my kine over here. Ef I'd er knowed I'd hed ter be eternally mixin' up wid dese wile tribes, even Flipper couldn't hev brung me, but I ain't got de heart ter go back widout her, en we've got ernudder year uf it, so young mistis says. I never seen such people es dey is, dey can't make out nothin' you say ter 'em. I talk en talk to 'em, en dey jest look at me; 'pears like dey ain't had no edjication like de white folks at home. It ain't as bad down here es it wus in dem other countries we've jest come frum. Dey never knowed nothin' dar. Here it 'pears like dey do make out some words en manage ter say er few words deyselves, ef not widdey mouths, wid dey han's en faces. Dey hev quare ways uf doin', too. Don't know much erbout cookin'. De bread dey set befo' you! We wouldn't feed it ter de hogs at home. It's es cold en hard es er rock. But maybe it ain't es bad for dem dat hev teeth—but I done lef' de best part uf mine in Meriky. De wedder keeps bad for me, too. It's been givin' me de rheumatiz ever sence I bin over here. But my son, he's sick wid it at home, too, so mis'ries ain't stationed in no one spot, and I've done found dat out. When his letters come, en dey seem mighty fur apart, it gives me er home-sick feelin', regular rheumatiz uf de heart, but de good Lord will take keer of us both, I reckon, en bring us ter-gedder ergin."

"Here, Flipper, honey, come put on yore hat, outen dis sunshine. We must be er gittin' home, yore mudder's lookin' fur us now, I 'low."

"Phillipa, my name is Mr. Warner. I hope we will meet again and that you will remember that I am your friend."

"Thank you, Mr. Warner. I hope so, too, and I surely will not forget you."

"Tell yore new friend good-by, honey, en come erlong," and, taking the little one's hand, the two

walked off together, alike unconscious of the interest of the passing crowd. In their own land the beauty of the one and the gentility of the other would have occasioned notice.

Mr. Warner strode across the square unmindful of the winged lion or the place of execution beneath, or of the burning lamp before the Madonna toward which so many faces, criminal and falsely accused, had turned in a last look of mute appeal. Historic surroundings had lost their charm, for the present possessed him. He walked as though he had drunk of the elixir of life as he hurried to find his Virginia friend. For he, too, must see "a real, live ole black mammy in furrin' parts," and a little girl whose eyes matched the blue of Italy's skies, and her hair the gold of its sunshine.

"Progress".....Blanche Sterling.....Baltimore News

The amphitheatre of the hospital was crowded. Every seat in the ascending tiers was occupied by an earnest spectator. Students were mingled with experienced physicians, who had gathered to witness an operation which might mean so much to their profession.

On the operating table lay a slender youth, scarcely more than a boy, lost in the unconsciousness produced by an anæsthetic. His throat and breast were bare. His hair hung in soft curls about his temples. He was beautiful even in his unnatural stillness, this frail lad they had found in the dispensary, suffering from a mysterious, unexplained disease.

Grouped in a semi-circle around the table were grave, dignified doctors, distinguished in their calling, or holding professorships in the greatest medical schools in the world. In the center stood the operating surgeon, a master among masters. Culture, intellect and the profoundest scientific knowledge were embodied in this coterie of scholars.

Off at the door was an old man who had crept in unnoticed and unknown. Below his shabby hat the thin, gray hair curled in much the same fashion as the boy's. The stoop of his shoulders was exaggerated as he leaned forward, in dumb suspense.

The surgeon concluded the brief address, outlining his theory, and took up the knife. His brain was clear and active; his nerves absolutely under control. He bent over the boy. Every eye in the room was fastened upon him. The tense feeling of an intellectuality that is on the point of grasping a new truth showed itself in the faces of men whose lives had been spent in medical research. A desire for knowledge, for the good of humanity and for the

advancement of the healing art controlled every man in the amphitheatre.

All but one. On the face of the old man at the door was a look of pitiable, helpless suffering.

The surgeon's knife moved rapidly and steadily. A brief interval, and he stood upright again, with an unmistakable though subdued light in his eyes.

"The theory is correct. The science of surgery has made a great stride. But this boy was not strong enough to bear the shock. He is dead."

Very softly the spectators leaned back in their seats. There was the hush that is the instinctive tribute to the great, either in person or event. It was broken by a noise at the door.

The old man had fallen across the threshold.

Letter of an Earnest Woman.....Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

Dear Sue—You know I promised to tell you all about the Woman's Congress, in which you are so interested, and which we went to Chicago on purpose to attend—that is, I did, but Sally wanted to match some feathers and have her hair banged. She is a dear girl but does not seem to have the remotest idea about the higher life, her duty to womanhood, and all that sort of thing, you know.

It rained the first day. It was just horrible. Chicago weather certainly proves that habit is stronger than principle, for the mercury slid up and down in the thermometer, the wind blew from all points of the compass, and all this after we had been promised fair weather.

We went to drive after breakfast with Jack, and he would take us out to the park, although we told him we were under a mortal obligation to go to the meeting. He said he guessed there would be enough earnest women to carry the thing through without us. I don't like to hear Jack adopt that tone. If there is one thing women ought to do it is to encourage each other in the cause, by their presence at least.

When we got back the meeting had adjourned, but it did not make much difference, for it was a business meeting—minutes, and reports, and things. I don't believe you would care much for them.

In the afternoon we heard a paper you would have liked so much. I forget the title; but it was all about children and drunkenness and poverty and crime. It was read by an eastern lady. They just love such things. She wore a black dress, and looked so sweet and noble up there on the stage. When she said the State ought to interfere, and women ought to make it their business to see to it, I felt thrilled to the heart, and was willing to do anything to help the good work.

Then there was a discussion of the paper that I did not hear, because I was trying to remember what I had done with Sally's sample of velvet.

That night there was a grand banquet at the Palmer House. I did want to hear Miss Barton speak on "The work of the Red Cross," but it was impossible. We had made up our minds to go to the banquet, and knew that we should be all tired out and fit for nothing if we tried for both.

It was a lovely party, and I have sent you the Society Journal, in which there is a full account.

I was glad we had taken evening dresses with us. It was such a satisfaction to show the world that a woman can take a serious, earnest, view of life and still pay some attention to her appearance.

The next day it rained so hard that it really seemed foolish to go out. We had accepted an invitation to lunch, so we spent the morning getting ready. We really ought to have declined, but it seemed a little rude to do that, especially as she said we should go down together to the afternoon meeting. Luncheon was delayed by calls, and there was a baby—a dear little thing—but she just would not go to sleep, and we could not leave her crying. I felt really guilty when we reached the hall and found the session nearly over. It was not very enjoyable, one cannot be interested in the discussion of a paper one has not heard. It is, trying, too, to feel that you are not living up to the level of your friends' expectations. Some of the ladies seemed to think we might have been early if we had cared to, and made themselves really disagreeable, even after I had explained how it was. I think really the great problem is how women shall proportion their time justly between their conventional and their higher social duties. Next year I'll present a paper on that subject if you will help me.

I do think Jack is lovely. We met him in a barber shop where Sally went to have her hair banged. He said she looked like the wreck of an ill-spent life, but if she would wear her hat very far down over her nose he would take us some place for supper and see that we were in time for evening services. I think men have a better idea of time than women, don't you? I was real glad he went, for one of the ladies talked so seriously and earnestly about sowing wild oats. There were many gentlemen present and all looked impressed when she referred to Darwin, or Huxley or Spencer, for you know it takes a strong mind to read those books.

On Friday morning was the election of officers. More than half the ladies forgot their membership tickets, and a good deal of time was taken up making out new ones. It was after eleven

before the ballots were distributed. A list of vice-presidents and other officers is made out by a nominating committee, but each member can scratch any name and substitute another. There were two or three I would like to have changed, but did not have a pencil. As Sally was in a hurry to go for her feathers I just voted the ticket as it was and left.

There were some papers to be read that afternoon, and a charming tea at the rooms of the Fortnightly, that I was awfully sorry to miss, but we decided hastily to come home with the Kinseys—you know father does not like to have us travel alone.

I feel more and more how important it is for a woman to cultivate her mind, and have come home with a fixed and unwavering purpose to elevate my sex, and to cling to the path of duty, no matter how hard it may be to climb.

Hair is worn high in Chicago.

John G—, Reporter*.....Cara Reese.....Quiet Observer

The preachers have had their say about our friend and newspaper comrade, John G—. The church was thronged with a sorrowing assemblage, the fragrance of flowers was heavy in the air, the music was exquisite, and the verbal tributes paid were tender and sincere. All denominations of the Christian church were represented, and tears fell freely as the truth forced itself home that a beloved pastor had gone forever from earthly sight.

Now, it is our turn. John G— belonged to us. They tried to tell us so once or twice, those grave ministers bending over the pulpit desk. They spoke of his newspaper work and of the influence for good set free through the effort of his ready pen. They called him "journalist," and honored him, and in that honor to the dead they honored us. The great white floral scroll with the old familiar "30" that John G— understood so well, the offering of the "boys," conveyed no meaning. Behind the calm of the peaceful face was discovered no story but the one in which the church concerned itself. Oh, the pathos of it all!

John G—, reporter! How much it meant to him, how much it means to us. How the word brings near the atmosphere of the city room and John G—'s old familiar desk. The convention is late, the speeches long drawn out, the resolutions endless. Calls of "copy," "copy," tell

*The subject of the sketch was a clergyman, who, being suspended for irregularities, spent some years redeeming his character by hard work as a reporter on a newspaper, another of whose staff writes the tribute.

of the fast flying minutes. The time of going to press is near.

"Where on earth is that reporter, John G—?" thunders out the local chief. "Thirty due and not a line in type."

In he comes, runs his hand through the mop of curly hair damp with the exertion of convention speed and flings down his notes. A hasty conference at the city desk, cries of "close up copy, boys, the parson's in," a quick movement at the typewriter and the convention, page after page, vanishes to the pressroom, and the matter leads next day.

Ah, behind that strangely peaceful face in the East End church, there was another story. Could the silent lips have spoken they would have told of experiences of which the stately clergy and the congregation had never dreamed. The hurried assignment, the scoop that made the denominational journals blue, the weary routine of ministerial meetings, mission conclaves and jangles between the pulpit and the pew. John G—, reporter, could have told of weak spots discovered, of idols turned to clay, of gilding not of gold. He could have told of long hours of battling with the wind and weather, of braving storm and cold, of creeping homeward in the dawn tired and alone. John G—, reporter, could have told of difficulties overcome, of temptations resisted, and of a dignity maintained unsullied amid the ups and downs of a most exciting environment.

Good-by, John G—, reporter. I am sorry now that I hid your papers, cribbed your neatly sharpened pencils and stole the typewriter ribbons on the busy days. I am sorry now I called you "parson" and made merry mock of all your daintiest copy. We both are sorry, Q. O. and I, that we urged those never ending religious discussions and tried repeatedly to throw you down with fallacious argument or mischievous banter. We know it hurt sometimes, John G—. We could see you wince. But we liked you all the better and we cordially disliked the church that for a time had cast you out. But you were so loyal, John G—. You stood up so staunchly for the right. You were so friendly and forgiving. You never held a grudge or said an unkind word.

Good-by, John G—, reporter. Your old time comrades caught your message from the skies, and the golden beam of sunlight that fell across your quiet face as you lay at rest in the stately church was more to us than all the words the preachers spoke.

Good-by, patient worker, faithful friend, warm-hearted comrade. Good-by. "Thirty" is in: John G—'s work is done.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

Grandpa's Medder.....W. H. Pierce.....Buffalo News

I've been down in gran'pa's medder, an' I wish you'd been along,
Jes' to see the sun a-shinin' an' to hear the cat-bird's song,
An' to see the elder bushes noddin' in the mornin' breeze,
An' to smell the wild plum blossoms as they sifted from the trees.

How the timothy was wavin'! An' the clover down below
Spread a world of scented sweetness that you have to smell to know;
An' the honey bees was hummin' in the long an' tangled grass,
An' the little clouds make shadders there as silently they pass.

An' I lay right down an' listened to the little windin' brook,
With its murmurs low an' gurgles in every turn an' crook,
An' I tried my best to understand the pretty song it sings,
But I can't remember half, because it said so many things.

An' 'way down in the corner where the hazel bushes grow
I found the cutest robin's nest that ever was, I know;
Of course, I didn't touch the eggs, though they was awful nice,
Because, you know, if you handle them they'll only hatch out mice.

I do think gran'pa's medder is the very nicest place!
It's wonderful what beauty there can be in jest that space.
An' when I die you read out loud a chapter from the Book
An' take me down an' lay me right beside the little brook.

I know my slumber will be sweet in such a lovely spot,
An' sometimes when I think of it I'd rather die than not;
An' when Gabr'l blows his trumpet, if there's anybody 'round,
Tell him down in gran'pa's medder is where Billie can be found.

A Filipino Dialect Poem.....Denver Times

Me mucha bueno hombre, si,
Talk poco Engleesh way,
Me sabe 'Mericano, si,
Me sabe all him say.
Me sabe cuss, me sabe booze,
Me sabe jag all right,
Me sabe dat an say him jag,
Be vera out of sight.

Him soldar senorita lik,
Me amo mucha good,
Me spik to her, she kissa him,
And say me block of wood.
Me love him girl, no lik soldar,
Me spik him dat one day,
Den him go loco mad, and dam
Him vera mucha say.

Him soaka me in nose and spik:
"You git a pronto gait,
Upon yourself or by the guns,
I'll crack yer blasted slate!"
Me mucha buena hombre, si,
Talk poco Engleesh way,
Me sabe soldar him get mad
Me vamoose right away.

Almos' Time Fer Fishin'.....Denver Times

Golly' won't us kids feel fine,
When we gits our hook an' line;
Me an' Ducky, Freckled Fizz,
All will go, fer sure it is
Almos' time fer fishin'.

I knows where they bite th' best,
Up th' crick at Hermit's Rest;
There you can just pull them out,
Since it's gettin' just about
Almos' time fer fishin'.

Fizz an' Ducky goes with me,
An' there's eatin' just fer three;
An' we've got some 'backer hid,
Fer to smoke same as we did
Last time we went fishin'.

Golly! won't us kids feel fine,
When we gits out hooks an' line;
Me an' Ducky, Freckled Fizz,
All will go fer sure it is
Almos' time fer fishin'.

Getting Under Way....Clarence Manning Felt.....Boston Journal

In th' early dawn e'er th' doors unlock
Then its crick, crick, crick, an' it's crock, crock,
crock,
An' it's ho an' hi fer th' blocks ter talk
In th' early dawn e'er th' doors unlock.

Then it's ho an' hi fer th' dreams ter die
Fer th' crews an' th' bunks ter say good-by
Fer th' yawn an' gape, fer th' stretch an' sigh
In th' early dawn e'er th' cocks crow high.

Then it's ho fer doublin' th' woolsy smocks
An' twicein' th' toes in th' home knit socks
An' cuddlin' th' ears up under th' locks
An' haulin' down tighter th' so'wes' chocks.

Then it's ho fer housin' th' rubber boots
An' firmin' th' heart in th' stiff oil suits,
W'ile the cuddies blaze an' th' coffee goots
An' th' windlass creaks an' th' horn it hoots.

Then it's ho for grubbin' an' hi fer drink,
Then shadder th' gangway an' meet th' brink
'Ter shape out th' course, an' ter careful think
In th' early dawn w'ile th' stars still blink.

Uncle Ephraim's Heaven....D. M. Henderson, Jr.... Baltimore Sun

Dey say t'woan 'nevah mo' be dahk,
But Lawd, ole Ephrum knows
He wan's dem lubly moon and stahs
A-shinin' where he goes.
Frum dem mos' eb'ry night he sees
Dy glory trik'lin' fru,
Dem jewels ob de hebens, Lawd,
Deserb' to shine on you.

Dey say de walls am jaspah dere,
De streets am pabed wid gold;
A mon's'trus lot of scrum'tus things
De Holy Book's fo'toled.
But when de Aingel Gabriel calls,
Ole Ephrum to dat place
Ah spec's dat he's a-gwine to feel
Afraid to show he's face.

Goin' Back..... Indianapolis Sun

I've packed my traps and I'm goin' back where the fields are green and broad,
And the colts, with their legs all doubled up, are rollin' on the sod;
They'll smile, I s'pose, when they see me come, and they'll, some of 'em, likely say
They thought I'd forsaken the farm for good the day that I went away—
But let 'em smile—I'm goin' back—I'm sick of the noise and fuss,
Where a couple of dollars count for more than the life of a common cuss;
They'll nobody notice I've went away—if you told 'em they wouldn't care,
But somebody's face'll be full of joy when she greets her boy back there.

I'm goin' back, for I've had my fill—I've saw what there is to see;
The city may still be the place for you, but it's lost its charm for me:
And won't I be lonesome there, you say, with the people so far apart?
Well, mebby they're few and far between, but each of 'em's got a heart;
There ain't no hundreds of thousands there to push you around, I know,
Not carin' a cent where you're comin' from or where you're tryin' to go—
For the one that's jostled day after day with never a friend to greet,
There ain't a lonesomer place on earth than the city's crowded street.

I'm goin' back where the dog's asleep on the step by the kitchen door,
With his nose pushed down between his paws—I'm sick of the smoke and roar;
There's money to make where the crowds are thick and they're tryin' to rip things loose—
There's money to get if you've got the grit, but, dang it! what's the use?
They hustle for dollars all through the day and dream of dollars in bed,
And forgive the gougins' a fellow may do as long as he gets ahead—
They hustle and bustle and coop themselves in dark little holes and fret,
And honor a person accordin' to the money he's managed to get.

I'm goin' back where the poplars stand in tall rows down the lane,
Where the bobsled's settin' beside the barn, defyin' the sun and rain;
Where the birds are singin' away as though they were hired to fill the air
With a sweetness that nobody ever can know who was never a boy out there;
I'm goin' back where they'll not expect me to sit in the kitchen when
I'm courtin' the girl I love because I'm workin' for other men—
Where the richest among 'em'll shake my hand, instead of lettin' me see
That they think the money they've got must make them a blamed sight better than me.

I'm goin' back, and you'll stay here and rush, in the same old way,
Goin' to work and then goin' home—the same thing day by day—
And you'll think you're havin' a high old time and I'll pity you, lookin' back
(From where I whistle across the fields) at you in the same old track!—
I'm goin' back, but the crowds won't know, and they'll still keep rushin' on;
They'll never notice that some one's face is missin' when I am gone—
No, they'll never notice that some one's gone—if they did they wouldn't care—
But every tree'll be noddin' to me when I turn up the lane back there.

Dey say we'se cloved in spotless white—
Ah hopes, Lawd, dat ain' so!
Mah Dinah's wearin' huhself out
A-washin' close below.
Dere Aingels evah sing, dey say,
But sich things ain' fo' me;
No high-bawn Aingel's gwine to chune
A dahkey melerdy.

I'se jes' a po' ole dahkey, Lawd,
Yet please to heed mah pray'r:
Doan' hab no white folk's manshun
A-waitin' fo' me dere.
Wid Dinah, and de pickanin's
To clime upon mah knee,
A cabin laik I'se got down yuh'
Is good enuff fo' me.

An', Lawd, Ah wan's it by de side
Ob yondah tideless sea,
An ef dar ain' no grass er trees
Please gro' some dar fo' me.
No ha'ps ob gold—yes! I'll birds,
An' Ephrum's ole banjo,
Deah Mar'suh, ef you grants me dese,
I'se gwine to heben fo' sho'!

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

Concerning Newport.....Eliot Gregory..... Harper's

Of all our towns, however, that which has of late developed the most amusing individuality is Newport. So much wealth has poured in upon the place that it reminds one to-day of the hero of Ten Thousand a Year, who, after a boyhood of toil and privation, awoke one morning to find himself heir to a fortune. Like that lucky youth, the Rhode Island city is experiencing difficulty in adapting itself to new conditions, and has more than once set the world laughing at its pretensions.

During its two hundred years of existence, Newport has seen three distinct phases of life. First, as a provincial seaport, it had a day of prosperity; trade, however, drifted away to rival centers, leaving the town to sink into obscurity and indigence, until some sixty years ago, when a group of unostentatious people selected it for their summer home. Those were happy days! I have an idea that the old city remembers with pleasure the simple ways and entertainments of the epoch. The third phase of its existence began late in the eighties, when, almost in a season, Newport turned from being a tranquil and exclusive center into a focus of folly, extravagance and newspaper notoriety, the fad of our wealthiest plutocracy, and perhaps the most advertised watering-place on the globe. So quickly did this last transformation take place, so great has been the treasure flung about its ill-kept streets, that the astonished seaport is still rubbing its eyes and wondering if this unexpected prosperity is not an illusion. As to rising to the situation, getting its hair cut, and making a fresh toilet in which to receive guests, such an idea has never crossed its head.

Each year when I set foot anew in the meagre shed that does duty for a railway station, or note the crowd of faultless city carriages huddled together on a pier—at which emigrants would blush to land—waiting of a Saturday afternoon the arrival of their fagged owners; when I saunter through lane-like streets leading incongruously to marble villa and Tudor manor-house; when I find shingle cottages decorated with Versailles furniture, Mignard portraits, Genoa brocades, and Beauvais tapestries; when I see the toilets and jewels that women assume to dine informally with friends—I feel the same sort of amused astonishment as the loungers in Hyde Park must have experienced when Tittlebat Titmouse appeared amongst them, his clumsy hands glittering with

rings, and a splendid chain strung across a waistcoat homesick for the wash-tub. The strongest impression one receives on visiting Newport to-day is a confused sense of splendor and slouch that would be sad if it were not laughable.

Poets have sung about the palace which in Venice shoulders a prison. It has been reserved for an American city to show the world châteaux and cow-sheds chumming amicably together. Perhaps a bard will some day appear to celebrate these ill-assorted unions, and chant the fact that here green lawns lie down with potato-patches, and stables look in at the windows of granite palaces. One thing, however, is clear: at no other time or place since Cleopatra carried off Antony for a "season" in Asia Minor has so much money been spent that a group of people might take sea baths.

Newport is not a typical American watering-place. Mr. Page tells us the country is inclined to take it seriously, which is a pity, for it is above all a place of fads and caprices, of changing moods and inconsistent standards. Oddly enough, many of its manias have coincided with the discarding of those particular fads abroad. The rush to build costly country houses at a moment when the owners of such useless piles of bricks and mortar in Europe are doing their best to get rid of their burdens is an illustration of this.

The building craze must be placed first on the list of Newport's idiosyncrasies. Neither in England nor on the Continent have people been thoughtless enough to construct costly residences at a sea-side city where the season lasts but a few weeks—to remain here longer is to "walk alone a banquet-hall deserted." Palaces are as inappropriate to Newport as a court train would be in a row-boat; for it is the one place in America where people don't want to have guests stopping with them. House parties were voted inconvenient long ago, exception being made for young men (with turnouts of their own) sufficiently "in the swim" to be asked out continually, and not interfere with the liberty of their hostess, or make claim upon her stable. One gay matron, with a Continental reputation for hospitality, openly tells the people who happen to be under her roof that they must shift for themselves the nights she dines out. As she remains at home on an average one evening a week, the pleasure of visiting her may easily be imagined. Yet this very woman was not satisfied until she had nagged her husband into building a granite ex-

crecence on the cliffs roomy enough to shelter a regiment.

Oh! those cliff structures. What monuments to human folly they are! One cannot help wondering what is to become of them in the future, for a fatality seems to pursue the inappropriate piles. A couple of years ago, when royalty in the person of Count de Turin visited Newport, seven of its largest villas were shut, and have, for the matter of that, remained so since their construction. If the original owners find these habitats inconvenient, what will take place when, in the next generation, fortunes are divided and children find themselves with burdens on their hands compared to which white elephants would be handy bits of bric-à-brac. One explanation of this folly is to be found in the fact that the majority of staring habitations have been built by "outsiders," or people but recently admitted to the social life of the place, therefore unaware of their blunders until it was too late.

Harpignies used to explain to us, when we were students in Paris, that the city's quais—he was fond of paniting—owed their charm to the harmonious adaptation of palace, bridge, and tree-lined embankment to the river's width. "In London," he would add, "the Thames is too wide, and at Rome the Tiber too narrow, for the buildings on the banks. In Paris one feels the sense of artistic satisfaction which comes from harmonious proportions."

Until recently the same might have been said of Newport's famous cliffs. The villas on their crests were in keeping with the place and in harmony with the landscape. Unfortunately, the architects of later structures either failed to see this, or wilfully ignored the subtle laws of proportion, and have marred the fair ocean front with bogus castles and Renaissance pavilions, as out of place on those verdant slopes as a Broad street office-building would be on the Cours la Reine. Not to mention the æsthetic crime of crowding monumental structures, that require settings of park or stately Italian garden, on foolish little patches of land, until they look like the pasteboard models glued to green boards one occasionally sees in architects' offices. . . .

Many years ago, when New York was a small provincial city, a fashion prevailed for ladies to place such flowers as had been sent to them, and even bronze and china ornaments, in their parlor windows, outside the curtains, for the benefit, apparently, of the public. It was a simple-minded kind of ostentation, which went with the habits of a people whose idea of summer comfort was a month spent in a hotel. Something like this custom prevails in Newport to-day. Not

only are the lawns and façades of the cottages arranged with an eye to effect from the public road, but the entire life of the "cottagers" takes place in their front parlor windows. Hardly a property-owner in the place can give a garden party, nor a lady stroll in her grounds, without furnishing a spectacle to the kodak enthusiast and the "barge" full of dollar trippers. When one sees this, and how publicity is courted in other ways, the naive inconsistency of our "smart" people in resenting notoriety is amusing.

Next to lack of privacy comes the absence of tranquillity in the list of Newport's shortcomings. One is reminded of the overworked banker whose doctor recommended change and rest. The invalid was unable to find either during his travels, as the waiters, he explained, got his change, and the hotel bills took the rest. Among its many claims to distinction Newport might be mentioned as a place where people (like that suffering financier) find neither variety nor repose, the only difference being that the banker was honestly looking for those blessings, while the patrons of this shore would in all probability refuse them were they offered.

Morley says that it would be over-praise to call English society half-civilized. One wonders what would he write if he could see the habits of up-to-date Newporters. In other parts of the land, people fortunate enough to get away from city life break during their holiday with the weary routine of winter existence. Here the grind is carried on through the hot summer days and nights with a persistency worthy of a nobler aim. Less the opera, there is hardly a shade of difference between society's winter and summer ways. The stage setting is different, but the play and the performers, the costumes and the jesters, remain discouragingly the same.

It is hardly fair, however, to dwell on the shortcomings of a place which, after all, has much to offer those who know what to take and what to leave. Despite the showy ways of the "Mighty Few"—perhaps on account of them—Modern Newport offers the visitor a brilliancy of summer pageantry unseen in other parts of this country. The air is full of that buoyant sense of living, the subtle "joie de vivre" that one feels in Paris of a May morning when the tide of sparkling traps and laughing children flows through sunny avenues to the Bois. Here of an August afternoon one has the sensation that all poverty and sorrow have been washed off of the face of the world by the morning shower that cooled the air and sprinkled the trim lawns with crystal. Wherever one turns, the same animation and gaiety prevails; for a moment the illusion is produced

that prosperity and health are normal conditions of humanity, that dainty carriages and fresh toilets spring spontaneously from the soil. There are few prettier sights to be seen, even in this cheerful place, than the Yacht Club when the "world" is embarking for a day on the water; or a more picturesque scene than the Casino of a Sunday evening, its galleries gay with lanterns and its moonlit lawn filled with a throng silent under the spell of music. One might journey far and find no circle more brilliant than the ring of flag-bedecked boxes that girdles the open-air Horse Show, that supreme function which with the Coach Parade marks the culmination of the season. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can one sit of an afternoon, sipping tea, and watch polo and a yacht race at the same moment—a combining of pleasures which has a real value for our compatriots who delight in doing two things at once. It doubtless gives them a vague sense of saving time.

But before all social functions, all artificial allurements, must be placed the natural beauties of a place where Nature has been more than prodigal of her good gifts. Before yacht-filled harbor or sheltered beach ranks the rocky stretch of heather and wild rose, which lies at the city feet like a bit of Scotland transplanted into the lap of a tropical sea. The ten miles of roadway that winds through this enchanted region rivals in beauty such famous drives as the "Cornice," the road between Aix and the Grande Chartreuse, and even that bit of paradise lying between Sorrento and Castel-a-Mare. It is of this that Robert Louis Stevenson writes in the letters full of pleasant souvenirs of visits in tranquil Washington street. It is this and not the palace-lined avenue that inspired Alexander Harrison, whose brush has more than once expressed the charm of a certain ineffable hour, a fleeting moment of midsummer twilight, after the sun has disappeared and a young moon hangs low in an opalescent sky, an hour when one feels in touch with the hidden mysteries of the ocean.

In British India.....London Saturday Review

To the ordinary persons, the word "Sind" spells heat intolerable, sand unlimited, and banishment from the delights of hill stations and other joys, which are held to make existence tolerable—or at least possible—in India. But for whom of the initiated will it not also conjure up visions of the loveliness of pearly mornings and the glories of wondrous sunsets dying over the far hills of Baluchistan; of "a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill"; of the sleepy drone of Persian wheels, of

the color of those wide, hot stretches of sand—visions which

—"captain jewels in the carcanet"—

keep fresh the fascination of the strange land that waits upon the pleasure of the mighty River Indus?

How bewildering that plunge from the aggressive modernity of a P. and O. into the atmosphere of the picture Bible of our youth!

Here was the weary land in which the shadow of a great rock is no mere image of comfort; here the dignified bearded men, and veiled women lightly bearing on their heads vessels, probably the counterpart of the pitcher that Rebecca let down to the well. Look at that flock of sheep and goats, brown and white, black and speckled, following their wild-looking shepherd and his reed pipe into the desert. It might be Moses with the flock of Jethro his father-in-law. And over everything sunlight such as before we only knew in dreams—sunlight that changes from pearl to gold, from gold to the whiteness of a flame and so through gold again to the reds and purples of the sunset. Following thereon, a night only possible in such a climate; when in a sky of intense depth and blue the stars burn like silver lamps, or the moonlight lies flooding, drowning, the world in splendor.

First and foremost in importance in the land, giver of prosperity, nay, of existence itself, overlord of myriads of tributaries, is the River Indus. Let us render homage to the great stream, silently sliding past, awe-inspiring in its majestic volume. There is no hurry, no other motion, save the oily swirl which tells of the sudden crumbling of some sandbank beneath; no noise, except the whispering swish and roar of the subsiding bank, cut out sharp and steep on the outside edge of the river's curves, by the inexorable current. Down sweep the great boats, with their wing-like sails, and huge rudders, now this broadside on now that; down past high banks fringed with feathery tamarisk, or crowned with a forest of babul trees powdered with their "spendthrift gold"; past sandy stretches, the basking place of loathly magars; past mud villages dignified by distance into frowning fortifications; past the creaking wheels, that carry water to the chequer-board of crops, with their marvelous system of levels; and so to the marshes of the Delta, where the great flood loses itself through many mouths, and yet has power to scour for itself a wide and deep channel—the Swatch—in the shallow bed of the Arabian Sea.

To anyone who is a lover of birds, what could be more fascinating than the Dhundis—broad on

whose waters fleets of great pelican solemnly sail, all moving and turning together as by word of command? Round the margin stalk spoonbills, herons and cranes, large and small, while nimble snippets run to and fro and over the water wheel and skim the exquisitely delicate lesser terns, uttering their mournful cry. The black and white kingfisher hovers high in air ere he drops like a stone, and the paddy bird flits, suddenly white, then alights, invisible in his coat of gray-green. Flocks of coot get up noisily, and clap-clap-clap along the surface before settling down to their flight. There sails a convoy of duck, or overhead they come, whish! teal and mallard, pochard and shoveller, your keen-eyed shikari naming them when they are as yet mere specks in the distance. Up in that corner you will put up a wisp of snipe; away they dart with zigzag flight and fluty notes of alarm. Who could forget the evening when on a sun-cracked stretch of mud, feeding on the short grass left by the inundations, you saw your first wild geese—hundred of them—or the mighty clamor of the uprising cloud as in an undulating wedge they took their way into the heart of a sunset that flamed and burned behind the purple mountains? And high in the air—so high that their harsh cry came but faintly down to you—waved a V-shaped riband of the great gray cranes, journeying South from their far-distant northern haunts.

How vividly rises to the memory the night when under a moon, full in a sky of velvety blue, with the fresh wind blowing cold from the hills, we sat round the fragrant camp fire, and, shoulder to shoulder with absorbed and yearning faces, two camel-drivers intoned the sorrows of some pair of old-time lovers, while a reed pipe wailed and grieved in accompaniment; and round them, with wild eyes and hair, and flashing teeth, gathered a circle of brothers to point the recital with tempestuous sighs and deep "Wah-wahs" of approbation. A sandy desert, white-hot, blinding—quivering away under the fierce sun through ochres and reds and distant mauves to the transparent blue of the barren mountains. At a little distance, uprising solitary in the vast level, is a low mound, bearing the white tomb of some holy man, beneath its drooping red-flag. He rests in peace indeed, lying quiet in the immense silence, all day beneath the sun, all night watching the great constellations wheel and flash from horizon to horizon. A flight of parrots shooting like living emeralds across the blue, moonlight under the babul trees, lying in gold and silver discs on the warm earth. The thin sweet music from the reed of the "ummedwar" or hoper for employment, who followed the camp: faint old

melodies, that seemed to "come with breath of thyme, and bees that hum across the years" from the morning of things.

Camels stalk through the picture stately and supercilious, roped together in picturesque files. Or they mingle drowsily with one's last thoughts of the nights when the camp was struck, when, the last load bound on the uncomplaining bearers, a silence fell on the yelling horde of attendants who, demonlike, had been flitting through the firelight, and the noiseless pad-pad of the cushioned feet passed away into mysterious darkness, while fainter and fainter from the head of the long file came the tink-tink of the leader's bell, until as they gained the road, three times arose the wild prayer to Allah for safe-conduct to the journey's end.

The spirit of a remote antiquity still broods over Sind. In twenty years the spell will have vanished and the land will have awakened to busy modern life. When the railway connects it direct with far Calcutta and the palm lands of the South; when the dream of its latest conqueror is realized, of Karachi a second Bombay for the exports of the Punjab; when the silver meshes of the network of canals is flung still farther over what is now burning desert, Sind may once more become the fertile, populated country that dim pre-Alexandrine tradition paints it. One may honestly hope for it, and yet grieve a little over the passing of a charm which belongs to a younger age than ours.

Japanese as Travelers..... New York Sun

The second and third class railroad carriages give the foreigner an opportunity to study the life of the Japanese people. On entering the first thing one notices is that white lines are drawn across the glass windows, and upon inquiry the information is elicited that some of the people who travel in the cars are unused to glass, which perhaps they have never seen before, and that they are apt to put their heads through if there is nothing to indicate that a substance bars the way.

In cold weather all Japanese travelers carry rugs, for the cars are heated merely by long steel cylinders filled with hot water and laid on the floor. Since the passengers are always pulling open the windows, Japanese cars in midwinter are a menace to the health of every individual who has become used to an even temperature within doors.

The smallest incident of travel is enough to break the ice, and if a person has a wrong ticket or has lost anything, it is a matter of interest and solicitude for everybody else. Many of the

passengers are apt to behave with the same unrestrained freedom as in their own homes. If they are starting on a long journey they at once proceed to make themselves as comfortable as possible. A rug is spread out on the seat, for they are particular never to sit on anything that is not perfectly clean. Then they shake off their geta, or wooden clogs, and curl their feet up underneath. The next thing is a smoke, in which both men and women indulge, sometimes lighting cigarette after cigarette, but more often they use the tiny pipe, which never contains more tobacco than a wisp the size of a pea, and affords one, sometimes two, puffs to the smoker. The ash is then knocked out on the floor and another wisp stuffed in and lighted from the smoldering ash which has just been thrown away. This is kept up, off and on, for hours.

When not smoking, eating is going on. At every station there are venders of the little mandarin oranges. Every passenger buys a dozen or more, and eats them in a short time, throwing the skins about the floor. Boys pass by with tea in tiny earthen pots, a cup placed over the top, and this may be purchased for three sen (three cents and a half), and the teapot is left in the car. Besides leaning out of the car windows to buy these the passengers have little wooden boxes filled with lunch. In the upper part is closely packed rice, in the lower are all sorts of little pickles and bits of cake. Attached are two wooden chopsticks.

The Japanese throw all sorts of refuse about, and from the appearance of a car after the passengers have been in it a little while one would imagine that the people are very untidy in their way of living. Porters enter at some of the stations and brush up whole pans of refuse, and on some lines of the road a small boy in a spruce uniform comes to the car door at each stop with a clothes brush in his hand, makes a deep bow to the occupants and inquires if there is anything that they want.

The English of England.....Boston Transcript

It isn't alone the accent, nor yet the inflection, which makes the English of the English puzzling to American ears. It is the very definite and inflexible way of saying things. They speak by a code. When it rains it is "a dull day, isn't it?" When the thermometer mounts into the eighties it is "close." The weather is "thick" when the mist creeps over the landscape, or "fine" so long as it does not actually rain. So universally patronized are these neat and convenient, if not always adequate, formulæ that in using any other expression one feels quite indecently original. To

a London landlady one scorching July day I observed that the morning was "hot." Could you have seen the stare of wellbred amazement with which she replied irreproachably, "It is close," you would not wonder that I registered a vow to try my own methods no more.

But the expressions are not only un-Americanly uniform—they are pretty uniformly un-American. Ordinarily, that is all the trouble there is about it. The phrase is intelligible enough, but strange. For instance, when you are told that the yelling mob of public school boys who pack the trains on the first of August are going home for the "holidays," you get a momentary shock. We have the holidays so closely associated with frost and Christmasing that it is hard to realize that the word may be properly applied to the dog days. Again, when the landlady at an inn, in answer to your request for rooms, plumps out her ready made phrase, "We're full up!" there is no chance for misunderstanding. So with "fire assurance," "message boy," "keeper ring" (guard ring), "secret bed" (folding bed), etc., all very logical, no doubt, but likely, nevertheless, who first you meet them, to give your brain a turn.

Now and then, however, you encounter an expression by no means simple of comprehension. When, on the dizzy top of my first London 'bus, an inoffensive looking English woman turned to me and said, stiffly, "Thank you!" I did not understand her. Twice she repeated with stern emphasis, "Thank you!" and half rose from her seat. Then I saw that she wanted to pass me. The remark was a request the first time, a command the second. But how, pray, was an American to know that? Even the simple words "up" and "down" proved too much for me when I found them marking the platforms of a suburban station. Being bound for the north I selected the side placarded "Up Trains." Presently a porter came to me and demanded abruptly, "Where for?" "York," said I. A shade of melancholy crossed his face. "You'll 'ave to cross the line by the bridge, miss; this is the hup side." I protested I was going due north, and would by no means take a down train. "Well, you be going from London, be'ant you, miss?" retorted the porter, as if that settled it. And, indeed it did. North, south, east or west, it's "up" to London and "down" to everything else in the island. On another occasion I came near being dashed to death by a pursuing hansom, because, forsooth, I stood still when the driver yelled "Hi! hi!" To me, "Hi!" meant "Hold on, there, I want to speak to you," so I incontinently drew up. Five of these mystifying phrases I noted in my diary, and unraveled

them one by one. They were: "Steam roundabout," "a fall for traveling," "annual sermon," "cubicle" and "chocolate sandwich." The sandwich I ate; it was layer cake. The cubicle I investigated, and found it to be a tiny bedroom. The annual sermon, I found on inquiry, did not mean only one sermon a year. The fall I bought, and it proved to be a veil. Lastly I refused to have anything to do with a steam roundabout when it turned out to be a rampant merry-go-round.

Still, on the whole, I had little serious trouble in understanding what was said to me. It needed only a little ingenuity and a few questions to get at the English meaning. When it came to making the English understand me, however, it was a very different matter. I found them anything but agile in interpreting unfamiliar phrases. It was only after repeated failures to persuade the 'bus conductor to "let me out" at a specific crossing that I learned to say "put me down," which worked like a charm. I asked a booking clerk for stopover privileges, and he stared in amazement. I might "break the journey" if I liked, but what did I mean by "stop over"? "Return trip" only served to elevate everybody's eyebrows. I soon learned to replace it with "How much for the round?" Nobody understood me when I asked how many blocks or squares it was to the cathedral. But if I said, "Can you direct me to the cathedral?" out came the concise reply, "Top of the street, second turning to the left. You can't miss it." In Warwickshire I tried to send my too cumbersome trunk ahead by express. The porter assured me this was impossible—there was no such system in England. "Freight?" No, he didn't know anything about freight. It took the penetration of the hotel porter to fathom my difficulty and supply the magic words, "goods train." In London I attempted to buy a pair of silver cuff buttons. "I don't think we have the article, madam," said the perplexed clerk. "Sleeve buttons?" No better. "Cuff buttons, sleeve links?" Still no success. "Things to fasten your cuffs with!" I cried at last in desperation. Slowly a light broke over his countenance. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you mean solitaires!" and he didn't mean diamonds, either.

Perplexing, even vexatious, as are these misunderstandings, they are not without their compensation. If our conversational differences with our cousins oversea could all be smoothed into tame uniformity, our English experiences would be robbed of half their spice. The little verbal sparring matches by the way are pleasantly stimulating. For myself, I found the exercise most congenial.

There is a certain amount of philosophy to be derived from all this. In the first place, never expect an Englishman to meet you half way in the struggle for perspicuity. On the invader must rest the onus of accommodation. Therefore, set about acquiring the language as promptly as possible, pick up the accepted English phrases, the accent, and even the odd upward tilt of the sentence, and your progress through the island will be wonderfully smoother than that of your wooden headed countryman who refuses to abate one tittle of his Yankee vernacular.

The Strange People of Tierra del Fuego...W. Byng...Buffalo Times

One of the most unique features of the Pan-American Exposition will be found in the ethnological department. Strong efforts are being made to secure a male and female representative of the now almost extinct Ona race. Contrasted with the Greenlanders from the extreme north of America these people will form an unique picture.

The home of the Ona is in Tierra del Fuego, the most southerly point of the American continent, from which it is separated by Magellan's Strait.

Wild and weird tales have been told by travelers of the character of these strange islanders. The Onas are confined to the principal island of the archipelago, King Charles' Southland. All the islands are wild and rocky in appearance and the mountains, of volcanic character, are perpetually covered with snow. It was at first supposed that they were too sterile to support life except in the most barbarous fashion, and the fierce character of the native tribes caused the islands to be shunned for a great number of years.

It remained for the Belgian Antarctic expedition to investigate and bring to light many new and novel facts concerning one of the strangest sections of the Western Hemisphere.

The reports given of the Onas are sufficient to arouse the most intense curiosity. Instead of being a copper race, with the ordinary characteristics of the red men, they are the only race of pure white savage extant—the most perfect beings, physically, to be found in the world to-day. While practically giants, the symmetry of their bodies and the beauty of their features bring them into line with the ancient Greeks, whom they are said in a manner to resemble. The average height of the men is eight feet, and that of the women from six feet to seven feet. The contours of the forms of the women incline more to the Turkish than the Greek lines. There are only 1,600 of the Onas living to-day, and they

are divided into sixteen tribes of a hundred persons each. The stock is diminishing, and will be extinct in a few years. Efforts to rear children of Ona parentage in civilization have proved fruitless, as they die after a few years in what to them is captivity.

The tribes now occupy the mountain fastnesses and forest-covered lowlands of the interior. Two races of Indians, with whom they are constantly fighting, are also on the island, the Onas recently permitting them to settle there. These are the Alicufs, a race dwarfed both in stature and mind, who have been gradually spreading along the western shore line, and the Yahgans, who have made homes along the southern coast line of Beagle Channel. It is in the inaccessible forests and fastnesses of the interior that the Ona, strange, self-contained, hating and hated by all others, white or red alike, has determined to hold his own until the last of the race shall have passed away. The Alicufs live in canoes and eat little but sea food, but the Ona is still the mighty hunter that he was of yore. His diet is meat, and when he cannot find the guanaco to hunt he will steal the sheep of the settlers who are gradually establishing great ranches on the fertile prairies in the south of the island. He also has usually a good supply of hunting material in the waterfowl, which is plentiful in the neighborhood of the large inland fresh water lakes. But the guanaco, which is a kind of wild dog, and the waterfowl are generally secured by the unerring aim of the Ona's deadly arrow.

This is the only weapon which he uses, except the club, but he is most proficient in handling it and has no rival at the present day as an archer. His bow is made from the Antarctic beech, one of the most useful evergreen trees, seen everywhere on the island, and admirably adapted for the purpose. The bow is scraped into shape by the aid of sea shells, and the string is made from the sinews of the guanaco. The arrow shaft is made from the reed-like branch of a tree called winter's bark, and is edged with feathers of native birds and tipped with a peculiar glass point. One of the ways in which the Ona is supposed to perfect himself in obtaining a correct aim is by firing at the sun, and he watches the line of his arrow's flight in the fierce glare until it wavers and falls from loss of momentum. The Onas are the greatest cross-country runners of the world, and are so fleet of foot that they are able to perform almost superhuman feats. Their language is as soft as the Italian; their voices are very musical. They held their own for centuries on King Charles' Southland, not by the

use of implements of war, but by reason of their splendid physical development.

The Ona athlete wears a garment made from the skin of the guanaco. In this garment he approaches a herd of these animals so perfectly disguised that they do not know him until he is in their midst, when, producing a stout club, he proceeds to slaughter as many of them as he can reach before they realize their danger and attempt to escape.

So hardy are the children of the Onas that in the coldest weather they run about absolutely naked. The Ona hunter drops his mantle whenever he goes on the chase or undertakes anything which calls for the slightest diversion. The dwelling accommodations of these strange people are exceedingly primitive. Notwithstanding that the islands are frequently swept by violent rain and snow storms, the family lives in a very rudely constructed hut, the roof of which consists of dried branches piled up in a conical shape. Skins, roughly pegged up on stakes driven into the ground, shelter the occupants on the exposed side. A camp fire gives a smattering of warmth to the airy domicile and serves the purposes of cooking. Long before morning the fire goes out, but the cold, raw atmosphere does not seem to affect the hardy-natured Ona.

When the Ona starts out on a big hunting expedition all the members of the family go along too, and the male children are very expert in the use of the bow.

Polygamy is practiced among the Onas and brides are captured instead of wooed. When a bride has decided that she has found a good husband she notifies her sister of the fact, if she has one, and the sister often becomes wife number two. The women each have their separate corner of the domicile, in which they keep their own special belongings and group their children.

Owing to the extreme beauty of the Ona women attempts are frequently made by the wealthy rancheros who have established themselves on parts of the island and nearby mainland to capture them. For his wife's honor an Ona will fight as proudly and fiercely as any European. He is himself fond of beautiful women, and before now has captured an Argentine belle and borne her away to his mountain fastnesses. The result of such marriages is very unsatisfactory and the offspring generally assimilate with less physically favored tribes.

Quite recently there has been an influx of sheep farmers and gold diggers into Tierra del Fuego. Their camps and wire fences are driving the Onas backward further each year into the impenetrable fastnesses of the interior.

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

The Point of View.....Fortnightly

Said the Star to the Moth:

Love is of the Unattainable, the Unrealized. That which is securely won we criticize; and when Criticism is born, Love dies. Love loves the Unknown.

That is why the Moth loves the Star, the Thinker loves his Ideal, the Hero loves the Forlorn Hope, the Man loves the Woman. Not a woman, but Woman.

Selene had never kissed Endymion nor Endymion Selene. She bathed him in her beams when he was sleeping, but when he awoke, it was Helios—Apollo, the God of Art—looking at him, and not Selene. Apollo—the God of Art—is always the phantasm of a reality, the imitation of a truth. The dream is a fact; the sun-glare is the symbol, the Maya, the Illusion.

She had never kissed him save in dreams, nor he her. This was the secret of her mastery. What is the history of Love? Is it not always joy, eagerness, anticipation, in the earlier chapters? Pain only comes in later—the unutterable pain of the discovered, the explored, the familiar.

But one day she kissed him. For a moment, he was transfigured into the seventh heaven. And then his wings failed him. He knew now. The dream was over.

Love is of the Unrealized, the Unexperienced. To love is to hope. To know is to cease to love.

Said the Moth to the Star:

Love is not of the bleak uplands. It belongs to the homestead. It is the warmth of encircling arms, the touch of tender hands, the glance of appealing eyes. If I may not draw my love to my side, and know that she irradiates my home, then I must seek her, wherever she may be, even though I dash my head against the cold vault of Heaven. Love is presence, not absence.

Pygmalion did not love the cold marble; he divined the woman in the statue his hands had formed. Only when Galatea felt the inspiring breath of Aphrodite and grew rosy with veritable humanity did his love bloom like a flower, and surround her with passionate leaves.

If Helen never went to Ilium and a mere ghost of her lured the Trojan elders to their ruin, then Paris was no lover; his passion was only affectation.

We only love what we know. A Goddess we

worship from afar; we put her on a pedestal; we offer her incense; we raise to her our hands in prayer—with bowed head and on our knees. But worship and reverence are not love. We love a woman—a sinful, erring, inconsistent, fitful, illogical, pitiful, compassionate, forgiving, very human woman. Not Woman, but a woman.

Until she came to me and held out her arms, I never thought of love. Until her face was close to mine, I never realized what love might be. Until my lips met hers in the kiss that sums up all life, I never knew what love was.

That is why, if she be not mine, she is nothing. And if I attain not to her level, I am nothing. I will win her, I will win her, though my body be lost in flame, and my perished wings flutter down the unending night.

On Good English.....Alfred Ayres.....Harper's

The fault most common, except the misuse of words, with the average speaker, is extravagance. In nothing else has simplicity a greater charm than in language, and in nothing else, perhaps, is simplicity so forceful. Nothing else is so weakening as an apparent effort to be forceful. Nothing is easier than the over-use of qualifying words. As there are ten actors and public speakers that gesticulate too much to one that gesticulates too little, so there are ten writers and talkers that use too many adjectives and adverbs to one that uses too few.

We all know—with now and then an exception—that such expressions greatly offend as: what a beautiful actor he is! what a lovely dinner we had! what a perfect love of a bonnet! if it only weren't so horribly hot! you seem to be awfully in a hurry! and so on and on. Nothing is more common than to hear even persons of culture misuse such much-used words, to cite a few only, as since, answer, reply, by, and, left, mutual, on and upon, each other and one another, perpetually, aggravate, plenty, over, balance, transpire, anticipate, hurry, anxious, though, financial, and many, many more.

There are a few words that by well-nigh everybody are very much more frequently wrongly used than they are rightly used. Among these are, for example, anticipate, anxious, financial, and hurry. Not one time in a dozen are people anxious when they say they are. They are simply desirous, and desire and anxiety are widely different things.

Only a few days ago I heard a learned man,

an LL.D., a dictionary-maker, an expert in English, say that he was anxious to finish the moving of his belongings from one room into another.

"No, you are not," said I.

"Yes, I am. How do you know?"

"I know you are not."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"There is no anxiety about it. You are simply desirous."

He thought a minute. "That's true, that's true," said he. "You are right. Nobody ever called my attention to that before."

Mastery in the use of any language is beyond the reach of all but the very few; proficiency, however, in the use of one's mother-tongue is within the reach of most of us; and that proficiency, it has always seemed to me, is beyond compare the most to be desired of all the polite accomplishments.

Sans Watch and Sans Pocketbook.....Charles Wagner.....Outlook

In ancient times no one knew the exact hour. Time was counted, "grosso modo," on sun-dials, or by means of very imperfect hour-glasses. If the sun veiled his face, or the slave charged with the turning of the hour-glass went to sleep, that hour was lost. In order to find it again, one had to go to one's neighbors, or wait for a sky without clouds, when the sun, the great regulator of chronology, fixed the time of midday for you.

To-day everybody has a watch. Watches are to be had for all prices and in all sizes. Some of them, at the end of a stout chain, could, if well slung, be used as a weapon of defense. They recall by their size the famous onions of Nuremberg. Others are so small that we could swallow them without danger.

Time treads on our heels, hurries us. Look at those men running along, consulting from time to time their watches, gazing anxiously at the clocks on buildings, in shops, each one of which—O torture!—indicates a different hour. Their train is about to start; the gate of their school to shut; the bank where they expect to get some money to close; the overseer of their factory will fine them. They are slaves of time, and not one of them can for a single instant forget the famous proverb, Time is money. Let us not be foolish enough to disown it ourselves. All the same it is permissible to own that this tyranny of time is insupportable. Have you ever taken a meal in a railway eating-room?—expedited in ten or fifteen minutes a dinner, measured by the sinister call of the head waiter, "Ten minutes more; five minutes more"? These railway dinners are the image of our hurried, harassed existences. I always have a desire to call back at this butler of

the fateful face, this Saturn of the little foot: "Go away, go away with your minutes!"

In a reunion of friends, where one is talking and relaxing one's self for an hour, if any one pulls out a watch, I think it should be confiscated. What! because we are born in the nineteenth century shall we be forced to have always over our head the threat of the hour that is going or the one that is coming? Shall the tick-tack of a clock dominate all other music? Must we be fastened to this tormenting idea of time, as insects in a collection are pinned to a cork in cases?

Well, no. It is one of the rights of man to throw off from time to time the harness of counted days, and to live forgetful of the striking hour. However numerous be the envied pleasures in the obtaining of which we make life bitter for each other, I abandon them all to you. Is there one that is worth the forgetting of the hour, while we wander at will through the forests or on the strand of some lonely beach? To the tempter who should come to me in one of these isolated spots and offer to let me read the hour on a first-class chronometer, and offer to give me the chronometer to boot, I should say, "Retro, Satanias!"

A certain watchmaker, who proved to be also a sorry jester, procured for me, for the space of a month, the advantage of not having a watch. A douse of sea-water had overtaken mine, and it stopped on the instant. Sea-baths, it seems, are fatal to these little machines. Under pretext of repairing the damage, the malicious artist to whom the watch was carried kept it for weeks. Should I ever see it again? I queried, as I began to tire of the pleasure of separation from it. But, in the meantime, I owed to the incident some exquisite impressions. I had whole days without seam or cut in them; vast days when it seemed that time had ceased to flee and was making a pause. Then, as one has sometimes to pre-occupy one's self with knowing whether it is the eating or the sleeping hour, I owed to it also the discovery of signs that served to mark time. What a commonplace, not to say foolish, way, to have to pull one's watch out of the pocket to verify that it is forty minutes past five! Nothing could be drier, more prosaic. How much more poetical and interesting to say, It is such and such an hour, because the shadows are lengthening, the flowers are closing, the rabbits commencing to leave their hiding-places, the fish coming to the surface, the moon rising, the chickens going to roost! When one has his watch, he ends by never looking for or never seeing such signs, not only charming in themselves but keep-

ing us in contact with the great universal life about us. The time becomes an abstraction, a mathematical quantity, a skeleton. It loses the hue and seal of living things.

I advise every one at times to hang his watch on a nail, unless he prefers to carry it to the pawnbroker. Moreover, to facilitate the experiment that I enjoyed, I declare my readiness to furnish the address of my watchmaker.

There are many things that benumb the heart, or harden it insensibly. One of them is the inveterate habit of having money. When this habit reaches back to ancestors, and atavism takes a hand in it, the case is all the worse for us. I look upon it as a happy chance, the passing accident that comes from time to time and cuts the thread of such a terrible habit.

The more familiar one becomes with money, the less one knows of its value and of its rôle in life. Is it going too far to say that our purse is one of those friends whom we should distrust as much as we do an enemy? Not only is it too complaisant, too ready always to settle the bill of our imprudences, our extravagances, our follies, not only does it offer a perpetual temptation to weak characters, but it is also an insulator. It prevents us from feeling keenly another's misery. From having had money at all times, one ends by thinking that it is against nature not to have it, and one runs the risk of looking upon poverty as an aberration, if not an imposition.

Happy is he who loses his pocketbook or is relieved of it by a skilful rogue. At the moment he will complain, will groan, but the trial is a salutary one, the lessons it conveys are precious. No contents of any pocketbook are so valuable.

First of all there is the agreeable side of this accident, the honey, I may say, in the calix. You have just had your pocket picked. If you are in the land of acquaintances, everybody hastens to your assistance. One pays your fare in the omnibus, another takes you off to breakfast with him; here money is loaned you, there some one even offers you his purse. Do these testimonials count for nothing? One could get on very well without them, you say. But that is not the real bottom of your thought. Whosoever has not a bad heart loves to know that some one cares for him, that, if need be, some one would deprive himself of something for him.

For all that we like to make ourselves out positive, skeptic, unfeeling men, a little kindness stirs our heart to depths where the pocketbook counts for nothing. Nevertheless, if it be written that you are to lose your pocketbook, pray that it be on a neighborly shore. On a foreign soil and amid strangers it would be so different. You

would then taste the bitter dregs in the calix. You have just been despoiled, say, of your money. From one moment to the other you are excommunicated; yes, excommunicated. There exists throughout the entire world a federation to which money associates us. Have much of it or little, you are still a part of this confraternity. You have the wherewithal to pass, to have doors opened for you, to make yourself esteemed and understood. As soon as your money fails you, your whole personality is called into question. In fact, we may take it for granted that without money no one knows you. With money you can procure lodging and food for yourself, without showing your papers. Without money, try to buy only a piece of bread, or to pass the night under a roof, and you will see surprising sights. As soon as you lack money you are exposed to the most indiscreet questions: "Who are you, sir? Where do you come from?" "Have you any recommendations? papers?" "For, after all, by what right do you ask for bread and lodging?" "Am I quite sure that I am dealing with an honest man?" . . .

And, mark you, when these unfortunate days are passed, in addition to the experience acquired, one has the benefit of interesting experiences. And just at this moment there comes to my mind, from the depths of memory, just such an experience. Why not relate it to you?

It was at Heidelberg, in July of 1875, upon a summer evening. I was coming from Göttingen and going to Strassburg. I had made a stop to enjoy one of the prettiest towns of Germany, and to hear on the following Monday some of the celebrated professors there. I had passed the evening with one of them. On leaving his house the fancy took me to count my money by moonlight. By what strange phenomenon was it that my pocketbook was found almost empty? I do not know. But the truth was, I had only enough money to pay for my ticket to Strassburg and to get a bite of breakfast the next morning; that was all. The least unforeseen outlay would reduce me to the direst extremity. What was I to do? Return to the professor, who had invited me to stay with him? I did not like to borrow or to ask for a night's lodging. Take the night train to Alsace? But I wanted to see Heidelberg and to hear Kuno Fischer, and to leave at once, that same evening, seemed, somehow, unworthy a man.

My resolution was soon taken: I would sleep in the open air, under the starlight. After all, on such a night, it would be almost a pleasure, and quite a distinction between me and all those commonplace folks who so foolishly, and by

mere routine of habit, go to sleep every night in beds.

And as I decided, so I did. But I was hardly beginning to taste the sweets of my sylvan slumber when a storm broke over me, and I was forced to seek shelter in the railway station. At two o'clock in the morning the guard shuts up the waiting-room. So he, without any form or ceremony, put me brutally out of doors as we would put out a dog. I ended by finding a shelter in an empty shed, and my night passed under the starlight showed me all but the stars.

But in the morning the sky was cleared. Bathing, at dawn, in the waters of the Neckar, I ascended to the castle; the sun was rising; upon every tree glittered diamond drops; on every branch sang birds. The air was pure; nature joyous; the solitude absolute. On the lower branches of an old oak sat a squirrel gnawing a last year's nut; he let me come up to him without fear; I could have touched him with the end of my cane. The blackbirds promenaded up to my very feet. "How trustful they are!" I said to myself; "perhaps they understand that, like themselves, I have no money." I do not know what there was in all this that inspired me with such a sense of happiness that it made me feel like singing aloud in that morning light, and made me feel all the freer in that I was at that moment all the poorer.

Concerning Flattery.... London Speaker

The flatterer, that easy butt of ancient satire, is become in our days a sort of legendary and unreal personage. It is the doom of vices monstrously scourged, as of some virtues too trivially commended, that men grow skeptical and indifferent with the iteration of the themes, concluding readily that the commonplace in letters must be a rarity in life. Flattery was besides so obvious a mark for disappointment incorruptible, that the shaft returned most frequently upon the censor, and the world wanted no true-born Englishman to teach it that

Fools out of favor grudge at knaves in place,
And every man is honest in disgrace.

The royal minion and the domestic wit are great traditional figures that linger, to be sure, in Christendom, but with their influence palpably curtailed and the lustre of their old effrontery tarnished. Indeed, the art of flattery, as it is practiced in the present age, is, let us own, a mere shadow of the ancient art, a stunted and anæmic derivative of that full-blooded, elemental vice that still flourishes, perhaps, in the unchangeable East; nevertheless, the forms, motives and signifi-

cance of modern flattery are worthy of some study. Until recent times flattery was well understood to be the art of deliberately canvassing the favor of the great by insincere attentions. Disinterested adulation was inconceivable; courtier or statesman, chaplain or parasite, the flatterer was always one who, in the pursuit of wealth or power, or the avoidance of disgrace and poverty, was ready to gratify a patron's vanity without regard for truth. There was, indeed, another accomplishment, highly esteemed in the polite ages, which that superior rusticity of ours loves to confound in the same general reproach. We have lost the skill and the taste for such compliments as the most candid and the sturdiest of our ancestors were not above elaborating; they could distinguish perfectly the exaggerations suggested by an innocent pleasure in pleasing, or an excusable fondness for displaying a neat fancy or a graceful Latinity, from a designing obsequiousness. The wits and gallants who labored thus to adorn the conventions are not to be called flatterers, unless we are willing to see flattery in the use of the most ordinary prefix, or to condemn on the same ground the whole attitude of men toward women, which (as we know) is founded upon a very pretty and necessary fiction of masculine inferiority. But, such amenities apart, every one used to understand by flattery a lying art practiced for fear or favor upon persons able to advance or to thwart others.

Now it would be easy enough to show that flattery, thus defined, survives—a little less confident and candid perhaps, and often addressed to the members of social categories that were not used to be petted, but with all its obvious and old-fashioned methods. It survives, for example, in the relations of birth to wealth, of counsel to a jury, of great ladies to Bohemianism, of newspapers to their public. But I am more concerned to point out some varieties of flattery which seem more profoundly characteristic of our generation. One may be called, briefly, disinterested flattery. Current literature and the press are full of servilities which are apparently their own reward, since they are laid at the feet of individuals or classes that can hardly be expected to repay them. The gushing personalities of the society papers, the attribution of imaginary talents or graces to royalty, the extravagant praise of literary mediocrity, can seldom be requited, and most often bear all the marks of being inspired by a genuine delight in the attitude of prostration, which is sometimes called hero-worship. To our times undoubtedly belongs the credit of the discovery that it is possible to flatter with the truth—or at least to speak the truth with intent to flatter.

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious, Queer

A Dream House....."Beta".....London Spectator

Sir—Your correspondent, "G. P. H.," in your impression of June 1st, under the heading of "A Dream House," undoubtedly alludes to a dream of my deceased wife's, and the account is (substantially) correct, although I fail to recognize your correspondent's identity. The same story, told in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's Diaries, as quoted in your article of May 25th, is not quite so correctly rendered. Some years ago my wife had repeated dreams of a house, the interior arrangements of which she described minutely, although no idea as to its locality was conveyed to her. Subsequently, in the year 1883, I hired for the autumn from Lady B—a house in the Highlands, with shooting and fishing; my son, who was in Scotland at the time, arranged the matter, neither my wife nor I having seen the place. When I went (without my wife) to make final arrangements for taking possession, Lady B—was still living in the house, and she told me that if I did not mind she purposed putting me for the night into a bedroom which she herself usually occupied, and which for some time past had been haunted by "a little lady," who continually appeared in it. As I was somewhat skeptical upon such matters, I replied that I should be delighted to make the acquaintance of her ghostly visitor, and I accordingly slept in the room, but no such visitor appeared to me. Subsequently, upon my wife's arrival at the house, she, to her great astonishment, found it to be the counterpart of her dream house, and on inspecting it from hall to attic, every detail appeared to correspond. But on descending again to the hall, she said, "No, this cannot be the house after all, as in my dream there was another suite of rooms on that side, which is missing here." She was at once told that there was such a suite of apartments, not approached from the hall, and on being taken over them she recognized every room. She, however, said that a bedroom in this suite appeared in her dream to be a sitting-room, and it appeared that this had been the case, but that the arrangement had just been altered. A day or two after, my wife and I met Lady B—, and I introduced the two ladies to each other, as they had not previously been acquainted. Instantly Lady B—exclaimed, "Why, you are the lady who haunted my bedroom!" I have no explanation to offer, nor had my wife during the rest of her life, as to what some might call a remarkable coincidence, and which would be called in the

Highlands a case of "second sight." Certainly my dear wife was the last person in the world to give undue license to her imagination, and further, I can vouch for the fact, and so can other members of my family, that she did undoubtedly describe accurately a house which had some rather remarkable arrangements, and this long before she or any other members of the family were even aware that such a house really existed. You are at liberty to give my name to any one seriously interested in psychological investigation who may be desirous of obtaining further information, and I enclose my card for that purpose.—I am, Sir, etc.

Secrets Revealed by the Camera.....London Tit-Bits

Probably no human invention has aided the course of justice to a greater extent than the snap-shot camera. It has been instrumental in condemning criminals, and has also been the means before now of saving innocent lives.

A case in point is that of Alfred Grayson, an Englishman who was living a few years ago at Rio de Janeiro. He was accused of the murder of a Brazilian named Linares, a clerk in the same office with himself. The two were known to have quarreled some days previous to the Sunday on which Linares met his death. Apparently, however, they had made up their difference, for they went out sailing that day on a small yacht which Grayson had hired.

In the evening Grayson brought the dead body of Linares home. His story was that the latter had fallen from the mast and fractured his skull. But medical evidence was of opinion the wound on the head had been made with a stick or oar. An oar was missing from the yacht's dingey. The mast-climbing story, too, sounded improbable, for the rigging was all worked from deck. Taking the recent quarrel into consideration, and Grayson's well-known violent temper, the case was black, indeed, against the Englishman. The coroner's jury had already found him guilty of murder, when a passenger on a Marseilles steamer, which had arrived in Rio on the Sunday afternoon, came forward with a new piece of evidence.

This was a snap-shot photograph taken as the vessel entered the harbor. Far away, under the cliffs, a tiny vessel was sailing, and against the white sail was a dark mark which a powerful magnifier proved to be a falling man. By an almost miraculous coincidence the camera had

been snapped just as Linares fell. The photograph turned the scale in Grayson's favor.

Almost equally curious is the way in which a photograph aided justice in the Cooper murder case. Cooper was assistant to a young blacksmith named McKenna in a Lanarkshire village. Both men were known to be fond of the same girl. One day Cooper was found dead on the floor of the smithy. He had been poisoned with carbolic acid. McKenna was suspected, but there was no proof whatever of his having ever bought or owned any carbolic acid, while Cooper was known to have purchased, as a toothache remedy, the phial found beside his dead body. "Death from misadventure" was the verdict.

Shortly afterwards McKenna was arrested. It appeared that an English tourist provided with a kodak had passed through the village on the very morning of the murder. Attracted by the quaintness of the old forge, he had taken several snapshots of it. The photographer went on to stay in an out-of-the-way part of the Highlands, and did not hear of Cooper's death for some days. Then he hastened to develop his plates. Plain in one of the pictures were three bottles on a shelf. Two were beer bottles, the third was unmistakably one of those fluted blue glass bottles in which poisons are sold. It had also a label on it, and though the wording on this could not be read, yet on the strength of this evidence the police made a thorough search of McKenna's premises. They found the remains of the bottle in question in an old well, and proved that it had contained carbolic acid. Then McKenna confessed his guilt.

The more recent developments of scientific photography must make the criminal feel less secure than he used to. One of those thieves who make a living by van-robbing got an unpleasant shock one day in March last. He had safely got off with a tub of butter which he had stolen from the tail of a wagon as it was crossing a bridge in Rochester, New York. The deadly witness against him was a photograph taken by telephotography from the top of a neighboring high building.

A biograph picture of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge over the Niagara gorge was recently taken, and, when developed, thrown upon the canvas at a music hall at Toronto. It was then noticed for the first time by the audience that a human body was tossing and spinning in the whirling waters. Search was at once made, and the body of a missing and much-advertised suicide was discovered, still caught in the furious suction of the whirlpool.

Hindu criminals succeed by long practice in forming a little bag in their throats into which they can guide jewels when they steal them. Last September a native was arrested for stealing a diamond worth 10,000 rupees from a jeweler's window in Calcutta. But as the evidence was only circumstantial, and possession unproved, he would have been liberated had it not occurred to the police to have an X-ray photograph taken of his throat. That showed the gem safely hidden in the little sac. The thief was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but he still refuses to give up the diamond.

The Röntgen-ray photography has also been instrumental in adding several thousand pounds to the Customs Revenue of Buenos Ayres within the last year. Valuable jewelry on which no duty was being paid was known to be coming into the country in letters. It is, however, illegal to open letters or stamped packages, so the law-breakers were unchecked. At last, in June, 1900, several registered letters and packages were examined under X-rays in the presence of the Argentine Postmaster-General. Sixty-six suspected packages contained £4,000 worth of jewelry, and were, of course, all confiscated.

Chinese Perversity.....Brooklyn Standard-Union

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folk are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news (this to deceive evil spirits).

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says west-north instead of northwest, and sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

Inverted Witchcraft.....London Spectator

We call it the age of doubt, but there is not a capital in Europe, especially if it is ultra-sceptical, where men and women of the world, who suppose themselves free from all superstitions, are not consulting wizards, trusting in diviners, believing that to some sort of priests of Isis knowledge denied to the remainder of mankind has been communicated. We can name half-a-

dozen new creeds, from philanthropy down to esoteric Buddhism, each of which has its worshipping devotees. There are hundreds of thousands of people in America, who believe, and admit they believe, in a kind of "white magic" by which they declare the sick can be healed without medicine or surgery, and, for aught they can tell, even the dead may be raised.

This, moreover, is no delusion of the vulgar. Every day we hear of some man of the world, or some woman of more than usual intelligence, who has been converted to the strange faith, and who henceforth becomes, for the time at least, its fervent missionary, preaching a doctrine which, so far as we can understand it at all—and we never remember a doctrine so clouded by a misuse of technical words—is a medley of Hindooism, Christianity, and what our fathers used to call "white magic." Like the Hindoo, its votaries believe that the only reality is spirit; that all things material are phenomenal; and that, consequently, the spirit can control, or disperse, or do away with external phenomena like disease, perhaps abolish death, certainly arrest it. Some of them even affirm that there is some mystical relation between sin and sickness as if when a man is run over by an omnibus his broken bones indicated in him some sort of guilt. Like Christians, they believe in the efficacy of prayer, and like the old professors of "white magic," they think that the prayer of some is more efficacious than that of others; that the aid of such persons can be evoked or even purchased; that they are, in fact, "white magicians."

That is a confused account, the reader may say, but it is not one whit more confused than the best accounts we are able to extract from devotees, and not half so confused, we venture to affirm, as the belief that thousands among them think they entertain. For it is a special note of the new superstitions of our day that vagueness attracts their devotees, that definiteness affronts and repels them, and that they wish to dwell in a borderland between reason and something which they say transcends reason, as it is certainly independent of sense. They wish to be at once religious and scientific, and to unconvinced minds, at all events, do not succeed in being either.

The use of the new creed, which does not, so far as we know, concern itself with the ancient problems of the Whence and Whither, is mainly as an instrument of healing, and the "modus operandi" appears to be this: The patient must first of all have faith, which he can produce in himself or herself by intense desire for it, and must then apply to some one who possesses, in a

special degree, the will-power or whatever the agency is which is to be employed. He or she, being rightly invoked, exerts the power he or she possesses, and in a short time the patient is better, then convalescent, and then well. In the case of children and animals, even the application is unnecessary, babies and dogs having apparently inherent capacities for being cured. At least, Lady Abinger affirms in the *Onlooker* that she has known animals thus healed. Thousands of cures, it is affirmed, have been performed in this way, just as they have been performed at Lourdes, and we should never think of disputing that some of the cures are real.

No one knows the limits of the control exercised by the mind over the limbs, nor does any one dispute that purely mental shocks, extreme fright, for example, or extreme joy, have in repeated instances restored the health natural to the body. What we do not understand is why an intermediary should be required, or on what grounds those intermediaries, who, of course, rapidly become professionals, speak of themselves as Christian Scientists. Of science there is none, for they cannot explain their "modus operandi," and where is the Christianity? They do not leave the cure to God, as the Peculiar People do; they do not rely on faith, as some Christians in all ages have been tempted to do; and they do not claim any power specially delegated to them by the Creator. They simply assert that if the patient believes sufficiently, not in God, but in them and their assurances, they will do wonderful things, which is precisely the position of the old "white magicians," the wizards and witches who blessed instead of cursing you. "Christian Science" is, in fact, inverted witchcraft, and, as it seems to us, has just as much or as little to show in demonstration of its claims as witchcraft ever had. Look at the evidence, they say, as if the whole world had not once rung with evidence that witches had power, which, nevertheless, they did not possess.

It is but a craze, and will pass, but before it passes we wish to note how sympathetic it is of two feelings of the present—the intense wish for a new creed, and the intense intolerance of bodily suffering. Because there is something, though not much, in hypnotism as a medical fact, and because it is possible that upon particular subjects external will has an affluent force, as we seem to see in a few cases of incipient mania, men jump at the deduction that the old creeds are false or imperfect, that there must be new readings of the relation of God to man, and disseminate their "views" as the dogmas of a new faith.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

A Seasonable Lay.....J. J. Montague.....Portland Oregonian

It is upward and ever onward
That the path to happiness goes;
Though dim in the shrouding darkness
The beckoning beacon glows;
There is rest from the heat of battle
Where the breeze of success blows cool;
For so says the maid who is sweetly arrayed
In a fair fetching gown of soft tulle.

There is always the hand of friendship
To grasp when the way is steep,
But we still must be toiling forward,
While our laggard comrades sleep;
We must found our castles firmly
On the staunch, unyielding rock;
We are told by the girl with the graceful curl
And the dotted Swiss muslin frock.

There's a goal in the misty future
That we ail are striving for;
We must still sail on though the breakers
Beat loud on the rock-bound shore;
By the compass of high ambition
We must steer when the stars are gone:
Who can learn all this from the dainty miss
Who looks charming in Persian lawn.

We have gathered the rose of knowledge —
'Tis a bud with its petals furled—
But under our care 'twill open,
And make fragrant all the world.
We must store away our blessings,
As honey is stored by the bee,
Or they'll all take wing, says the sweet young thing
In the filmy white organdie.

'Tis a beautiful thing, is knowledge,
For it opens the rose-strewn way,
To the rostrum that's bright with bunting
On the glad commencement day,
But beside its joyous beauty
'Tis of practical value, too,
Don't think it's not, for without it what
Would the dressmakers ever do?

If Those We Love....."Auburn 25, 231".....Star of Hope

If those we love be true
What matter if the days seem long?
Though your task is hard to do,
Within your heart will burst a song—
If those you love be true!

What matter if the day be bleak?
No sunbeams pierce the black cloud through?
Joy to your inmost soul will speak—
If those you love be true!

What if the world says things unkind,
And what it knows to be false of you?
Much happiness you still can find—
If those you love be true!

What if Dame Fortune, with a frown,
Seems even your footsteps to pursue?
Success your toil at last will crown—
If those you love be true!

What matter then what comes or goes?
If life be long, or days be few?
Life's pleasures far outrun life's woes—
If those we love be true!

Social "Gas"Frits.....London Truth

The "Oxygen Party" just now is the fad
Which is driving New Yorkers, they tell us, half
mad;

For, regardless of critical croaking,
Friends eagerly meet and their evenings pass
In inhaling, through tubes, the above-mentioned
gas,
In the way that the Turks do their smoking.

Ah! now those wild "cables" are fully explained,
Now we know why that panic in Wall Street ob-
tained,

And why now there collapse in that Mart is;
The victims who are in so parlous a state,
The jobbers and brokers—too often of late
Had been guests at those "Oxygen Parties."

So we ought over here to be cautious indeed
How we follow America's volatile lead,
And absorb what we know to be "heady."
For that "Oxygen Parties" we ought to taboo,
On account of the follies they make people do,
Proof of that has been sent us already.

Besides, sucking gas through a tube is a thing,
Which ought certainly not to go here with a
swing

Amongst those who pretend to be "classy";
For it isn't a secret we have to impart
When we say that most people who claim to be
"smart"
Are already a little too "gassy!"

Modern Sermons.....Josh Wink.....Baltimore American

The truly modern preacher
Discusses every fad
That comes to public notice,
If it be good or bad.
He speaks with graceful accent
On "Should Our Hair Be Dyed,"
Or tells his congregation
"The Proper Way to Ride."

He wails "The Curse of Checkers,"
Or "Why We Leave the Farm";
But none has used this topic,
"Turn In a Fire-Alarm."
He talks on "Modern Writers,"
Or "Can Our Votes Be Bought,"
And sometimes he's just lovely
On "Thoughtlessness of Thought."

Some day an innovation
Will suddenly be sprung—
Some conscientious preacher
Will turn his silver tongue
To words of hope and heaven,
And grace his voice will fill,
And we'll get more religion
And less of vaudeville.

J. Pierp.....S. E. Kiser.....Chicago Record-Herald

Morgan owns the coal-mines—
That is, God and he;
Morgan owns the railroads
Running to the sea;
Morgan owns the steamships
Lying at the docks;
Others do the heavy work,
Pierp. he gets the rocks.

Morgan owns the ore-mines,
Morgan owns the mills;
Things may go or not—it's
Just as Morgan wills.
If Morgan has a headache
It's bad for other men,
For Pierp. he may sit down and stop
Things from running then.

Morgan sits in Wall Street,
Pressing buttons there,
Giving other people
Heat and light and air.
What, oh! what if Morgan,
Some day, by mistake,
Pressed the wrong thing? Moses!
Wouldn't something break!

In an Old Bookstall.....Joseph Dana Miller.....Boston Pilot

Here for a song you may command
Old books, well thumbed and hoary;
Along the grimy walls they stand,
Tomes of immortal story.
And out of reach, on loftier shelves,
Beyond our small ambitions
And slender purse, dwell by themselves
The costlier "first editions."

There let them rest till Cræsus comes;
We really do not need them.
Content to banquet on the crumbs,
We buy our books—and read them!
The one that bears the marks of use,
Back-broken, worn and shattered,
Is dearer that its leaves are loose,
Its poor frame rent and tattered.

This grim old keeper of the stall
Tends these dead things in leather
And sheep and cloth and parchment—all
Close sepulchered together;
And few, alas! besides ourselves
Who prowl about the portals,
Seek out along the dusty shelves
The names of these immortals.

Here where the city's life goes by,
Where wheel and wagon rumble,
Wrapped in their cerements they lie,
The lofty and the humble.
Dust unto dust—but from their sleep
Come bright, immortal flashes;
Their spirits into being leap
From out their crumbling ashes.

They are not dead, these silent tomes;
They die not, save in seeming;
Far from these bookish catacombs
They fill the world with dreaming.
And each that some small message gives,
Or make for high endeavor,
Puts off mortality, but lives
And works its will forever!

The Maids.....New Orleans Picayune

Watch her walking down the street,
Every hair is sleek and neat:
Cheeks aglow and head held high,
Glossy boot and mannish tie;
Gown severe, gloves perfect shade—
She's the typical "tailor maid."

Up at morning with the sun,
By breakfast time her duties done;
On the links she plays with zest,
Rides, wheels and dances with the best,
In for everything, she's not staid—
She's the typical "ready maid."

Hours there are that those who know
Say she sweeter graces shows
When she puts aside the whirl
And becomes just mother's girl:
This the picture that does not fade,
Showing her best when she's plain "home-maid."

A Maiden's No.....Philadelphia item

She thought to mask her heart from me
With jest and laughter gay,
I knew she loved me by her glance,
(She looked the other way).

I sent her roses, begging she
Would wear them. The coquette
Told me she loved me by her choice
(She wore some mignonette).

And when a rival claimed my waltz,
By her capricious whim
She plainly showed she cared for me
(She gave the dance to him).

She loved me well, and one fair night
I asked her if 'twere so,
I knew it by her whispering word
(She softly whispered "no").

Her Voice.....George Birdseye.....Boston Evening Transcript

Only to hear her voice again,
Its sweet tones soft and low!
It charmed me when I heard it then
A little while ago,
And still I feel it o'er me steal—
It will not let me go.

'Tis but the echo of her song,
The shadow of the sound
Of that dear voice for which I long
That follows me around,
Yet find it well in that sweet spell
To know my heart is bound.

Only to hear her voice again,
Beside me fondly near,
In tones of tenderness as when
She held my love as dear.
When joys have left the heart bereft
How precious they appear!

My heart is now a harp held mute
Till her voice touch the strings;
If to her ear response be clear
True harmony it brings,
For, as she will, the harp is still,
Or on in joyance sings.

The Sun as a Painter*

Photography in natural colors has been a dream of experimentalists and of enthusiasts since a very early period in the history of the art—a goal which for many years appeared unattainable, so slight were the grounds for hoping that it would ever be reached. Most inventions of importance have been brought to pass through the persevering endeavors of a few great minds to develop the facts of nature for truth's own sake. It is so in the present instance. Among those most prominent in this class of research may be mentioned the names of Clerk-Maxwell, Helmholtz, and—foremost in the work of reducing light and color to an exact science—Captain (now Sir William) Abney. Without such generalizations and apparatus as those of the eminent physicist last named, the solution of the problem in its entirety must still have remained a "thing hoped for." M. Becquerel long ago found that a "curious compound" formed by the action of nascent chlorine on the surface of a plate coated with metallic silver, and which he was led to believe was violet sub-chloride of silver, "has the faculty of diffusing rays of the same refrangibility as those which have acted chemically upon it." In an article in the *Photographic News* of the year 1859, he stated that he had photographed the spectrum in its purity. This discovery, however, though a most significant one, proved of merely theoretical interest, as no means could be devised of fixing colored images so produced. After Sir Isaac Newton had demonstrated the compound nature of white light it was long held that the primary constituents of white rays were red, yellow and violet rays. This deduction has been found to be erroneous, it being determined by more exact methods of analysis and synthesis that the actual hues to be regarded as primary are a particular red, a particular green, and a particular blue-violet. The way was thus paved for experiments by which Professor Clerk-Maxwell, as far back as the year 1861, was enabled to indicate a plan (involving the employment of rays of colored light of the three primary hues) which, worked out and perfected, it was thought might lead to the power of reproducing natural colors. The photographic plates of the period were, however, far too insensitive to the red part of the spectrum to admit of perfect results. An important advance had been made, but the end was not yet. M. Lippmann's reproduction of colors,

on the "interference" principle, with a single exposure, though extremely ingenious and replete with interest from a philosophical point of view, would appear to have been not altogether and conclusively satisfactory, apart from the fact of its yielding but one positive for each exposure—an enormous drawback to commercial utility. Mr. Frederick Ives, of Philadelphia, with his *kromograms* (color-records) and *kromoskop* (color-viewer), did some good service to the cause, actually producing truthful effects on a plan identical in principle to that of Clerk-Maxwell's lantern demonstration. The instrument was a combination of mirrors designed to reflect the primary hues through three transparent positives. It well confirmed the Young-Helmholtz theory that any color effect whatever is reproducible to the eye from red, green, and blue-violet. But, apart from the cumbersomeness of a special viewing apparatus, any process directly employing colored light is seriously handicapped in respect to the brilliancy of the resulting picture. Such systems demand rays of exceptional intensity in order to sufficiently illuminate the transparencies, and, when used in connection with the triple magic-lantern, only admit of very small pictures being thrown on a screen.

Louis Ducos du Hauron, in 1869, struck the keynote of a more excellent way, and it is the full development of his idea that has at length culminated in a triumph for nature color photography. Without forsaking the "three-color" principle, he pointed out the road to ultimate success by attacking the problem in a reverse direction. The direct process consisted in printing ordinary lantern transparencies from three negatives, the densities of which resulted from the action of the three primary colors (this being the usual first step in three-color work), and through these transparent positives were poured light-rays of approximately the same color as those which had formed the negatives—each through each. Instead of "filtering out" red, blue, and green rays, and directly combining them through the three positives, this ingenious inventor printed his transparencies each in the (compound) color complementary to that which had formed its negative. In this way he obtained three transparencies, each of which absorbed (or prevented the passage of) light of the color which the original had not reflected at any particular point, the negative being obviously transparent at all such points. Du Hauron thus brought about indirectly

*Chambers's Journal.

the results of the Clerk-Maxwell and Ives systems, but his plan involved the conditions essential to commercial success. It dispensed with viewing-apparatus, or the alternative of projection by three sources of differently colored light; and, the pictures being illuminated by white light, and themselves acting as color-filters, very much greater brilliancy would result. These remarks are only intended to form a rapid sketch of the logical outcome of Du Haumont's method. Thirty years of experiment have been required to enable Messrs. Sanger, Shepherd & Co. to bring their perfected process before the world. It may be observed that the idea of printing in complementary or "minus" tints bears an exact analogy to the monochrome system, where the negative is taken by action of white light, and the print is made in black or quasi-black—that is, minus-white.

In the case of experiments like that of M. Becquerel, or in the Lippmann process—where delicate variations in the thickness of a film backed by a mercurial reflecting-surface engender colors by the interference of one light-wave with another, an effect often seen in soap-bubbles—nature is employed in creating the hues by setting up a molecular condition productive of chromatic effects. In the newest process the sun's influence is invoked to select and then to apply a manufactured color-stain, hence the title of this article; for the sun's light—and all light may be said to have originated with the sun—is now employed to paint pictures in a literal, if a modified, sense. It not only determines, first of all, in the negatives, where each of the three minus hues is to be laid and with what depth of tint—thus forming a color-record analogous to the phonograph's sound-record—but is afterward the direct agent in bringing about the depositing and permanent retention on the positive film of each complementary to the precise extent indicated by the varying transparency of the negative. The truthfulness of the resulting triune picture is thus, in the issue, made dependent upon that of the tinted stains.

In photographing natural objects by the new color-process, what takes place in practice is this: Each of the negatives—taken through the red, green, and blue-violet filters respectively—receives, when developed, an infinitely varied thickness of deposit more or less all over its surface, which in printing causes an equally varied deposit of the color-stain on the positive film. The amount of this minus-color deposit is in inverse ratio to the intensity of light of the primary color reflected into the camera through the lens and filter in the first instance. The reason for the apparent similarity of the separate transparencies, men-

tioned at the commencement, is now manifest; obviously the resemblance would be much closer in some cases than in others. These enigmatic pictures, separately unpleasing in their uniformity, being placed one over the other and looked at by transmitted white light, bring about such a balance of transmission and absorption that the details of the original object in all their original gradation of coloring reappear. No visible natural effect is beyond the scope of these minus-tints thus inimitably applied. A little reflection will show that such a result is the inevitable consequence of the preceding conditions.

The prefix "minus" attached to a primary color is to be understood as implying that this particular color is cut out of the spectrum of white light, and that the negatively-named compound is a blend of the hues remaining. "White minus red," "white minus green," and "white minus blue" would be the complete expressions; they are ordinarily termed complementary colors. The first excites a greenish-blue sensation, the second a kind of pink, and the last-named (minus blue) is a yellow. Each operates by subtracting, or preventing the passage of, one primary hue—affording, of course, a free passage to the other two. At whatever point, then, any primary color is absent in a photographed object, at that point of the picture it will be correspondingly absent, being cut out or absorbed by its complementary, or minus, color. If, for instance, blue is totally absent at any point, no blue rays will reach the eye from that point of the triple transparency; all light of that color will be barred by a full deposit of yellow stain. The same remark applies, "*mutatis mutandis*," to green or red. After what has been said, these remarks will be construed as implying, in nearly every instance, a diminution in the amount of light reaching the eye rather than a total extinction of any primary color. With the exception of those witnessed in the prismatic analysis of light, pure color effects (or hues containing not more than two of the primaries) are seldom seen; in nature such hues may be regarded as phenomenal. An overwhelming majority of colors, or shades of color, contain all three primaries in some degree, thereby becoming "impure" colors—that is, colors with which is blended more or less of white light.

We must be certain that our light-filter permits all the light from the selected portion of the spectrum to pass, and no light from any other portion. This is a condition which no unaided human eye can decide. The instrument now employed to decide the question is the ingenious and beautiful Color Sensitometer of Sir William Abney.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

A New Storage Battery.....Mining and Metallurgy

Again the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has perfected what is reported by many as not only an important but as an epoch-making discovery. This is a light-weight storage battery, one which is practically indestructible, has a large storage capacity per unit of mass, is capable of rapid discharge and recharge without perceptible change in the materials, can stand careless treatment, and, above all, is inexpensive.

Speaking of the new cell, Mr. Edison himself says:

"The battery is an iron nickel cell, or, in other words, the negative pole or positive element is iron and the positive pole or the negative element is a superoxide of nickel, believed to have the formula of NiO_2 . As contrasted with the old lead storage battery of 186 pounds per horse power hour, my battery is only 53.3 pounds per horse power hour.

"The construction of one cell is as follows:—In a steel sheet a number of holes are punched—twenty-four, in fact—and in each one of these holes is placed a steel box, thin and perforated with minute holes. The active material is made in the form of briquettes, and is contained in these little steel boxes. The briquettes are condensed under a pressure of one hundred tons, which insures their being absolutely rigid.

"The positive briquettes are composed of finely divided compound of iron obtained by a special chemical process, mixed with an equal proportion of graphite. The graphite does not enter into any of the chemical processes, but simply assists the chemical conductivity.

"The negative briquette is obtained by similarly mixing finely divided nickel, also obtained by a secret process, with an equal bulk of graphite. This is solidified in the little steel boxes as in the case of the iron. These two plates, one containing twenty-four of the iron and graphite boxes, and the other twenty-four of the nickel and graphite boxes, constitute one cell of the battery.

"Of course there can be as many of these cells as the experimenter desires to use. The two plates are placed in the vessel containing the potash solution, and the primary cell is complete.

"The operation of the battery is the following:

"When the battery is charged the current is found to deoxidize the iron to spongy metallic iron and to carry the oxygen to the nickel compound, which it changes from the peroxide to a higher oxide. In other words, the charging cur-

rent simply carries the oxygen in an opposite direction, against the forces of electrical affinity, from the iron to the nickel, and stores the energy in the reduced iron.

"On the discharge of the current in driving the motor the reverse takes place, the oxygen going back, reducing the nickel superoxide and oxidizing the spongy iron.

"Stating the conditions in other words, the cell is an oxygen lift. Charging pulls the oxygen away from the iron and delivers it temporarily to the nickel, while discharging allows the oxygen to pass back from the nickel to the iron. It is evident that there is here no deterioration, the materials being restored to the prime condition after each completed action."

To the mine owner and engineer Mr. Edison's discovery is of two-fold interest. In the first place, it places at his disposal a cheap, indestructible storage battery, which, when properly installed, is a means for cutting down his power and lighting expenses, enabling him to run his electrical generating plant at a high efficiency. The battery may be charged at periods of light load, and when charged can be utilized for the furnishing of current for power and lighting purposes, while the generating plant is entirely shut down.

It will, in the second place, open a new market for nickel, which enters largely in the manufacture of the cell.

Wireless Telephony..F. S. Livingsstone and C. M'Govern..Pearson's

Mr. Marconi's much-talked-of method of telegraphing without wires—wonderful as it is—seems almost crude when compared to the invention of Mr. A. Frederick Collins, a young electrical engineer of Philadelphia.

Mr. Collins has invented a means of telephoning—that is, of sending spoken words—from any one place in the world to any other place, without the use of intermediate wires, not through the air, but through the earth. Of course, Mr. Collins can also, like Marconi, send dots and dashes by the same apparatus; but while in the Italian's system there must be a 100-foot pole at the dispatching point, and a 100-foot pole at the point of receiving, each supplied with a 100-foot wire running from the top of the pole into the ground, the apparatus required for the American's system is so extremely small that you can fold up the whole thing in five minutes and carry it off in an ordinary dress-suit case.

Nor are the extreme simplicity and compactness of the new telephone system its only wonders. A telephone message sent by the wireless telephone can be heard more plainly than one sent by the regular "wire" telephone now in commercial use. And with the Collins invention you can telephone to places that "wire" 'phones cannot reach. That which now requires miles and miles of costly wires, thousands of costly poles, millions of dollars for land purchases, franchises, and rights of way, Mr. Collins has succeeded in coaxing the earth to do not only as well, but better, and for nothing.

Mr. Collins cannot lay claim to the discovery of any new scientific principle. What he has done is simply to take a well-known scientific fact—that the earth itself is abounding with electricity—and conceive the idea of using these currents to convey from one point to another the sound of the human voice.

To show that the new system works as well through the earth as through water, Mr. Collins extended to the writers a special invitation to his proving grounds at Narberth, Pennsylvania.

When we had picked out the spot at which to set up the sending machine, Mr. Collins placed on the ground the storage battery which had been brought from his laboratory. The only other things carried were a packed dress-suit case, a spade, and a small hand satchel.

Opening the case, Mr. Collins drew out an ordinary camera tripod. To the top he screwed a piece of board a foot square, on one side of which was elevated on a brass rod a cup-like "transmitter," such as is used in ordinary telephony. Then he took from the case and placed on this board two small "intensity coils" inclosed in hard rubber. Between these he placed three pieces of copper sheathing—"condensers." These things, with a few cents' worth of wire to connect them, were all the apparatus placed on the tripod.

A shallow hole was dug in the ground just below the tripod, and in it was placed a small zinc wire screen. After connecting this buried screen to the coils by a wire and running a second wire from the battery to the coils, all was in readiness as far as the sending of a wireless telephone message was concerned.

At a distance of about a mile a second tripod was set up, and a small box containing all the "receiving" mechanism was screwed into place. A second hole was dug, a second zinc screen buried in the ground, a short wire connected the screen with the mechanism inside the receiving box, and nothing remained for the hearing of a wireless telephone message but to turn on the power from the storage battery.

When the electricity from the battery was turned on, sounds of all kinds were sent through the transmitter and heard as distinctly at the receiving station a mile away as though through an ordinary telephone.

What made such an interesting thing possible was this: All the time that the battery was turned off there was a natural flow of electricity from machine to machine. More correctly speaking, the two machines stood above a natural current in the earth, and these currents are in evidence all over the earth's surface. But the moment the artificially generated electricity in the storage battery was turned into the coils, these coils intensified the natural currents from six to one thousand volts, and this terrific force was sent into the ground through the wire leading from the coils to the metallic screen buried in the ground.

The screen buried below the receiving machine is a duplicate of the screen in the ground below the transmitter. The electrical disturbance set in motion by the screen at the sending point is carried with the velocity of light, by the earth's natural currents, in the direction of the second screen. This second screen intercepts the disturbance, and through the short connecting wire every movement of the disturbance is recorded on a little metal diaphragm, hidden away in the inside of the receiving box.

This disturbance is of a perfectly even quality when the instruments are not being spoken into. But if some one talks into the cup-shaped object on the sending machine, or speaks in a loud voice near it, or plays a cornet or beats a drum near it, the sound creates a new commotion in the already existing disturbance. The consequence is that the disturbance heard at the receiving station is of a slightly different character. The sensitive little diaphragm at the receiving point yields to every infinitesimal variation in the commotion, and thus reproduces the words or sounds exactly as in the case of the ordinary telephone.

The New Brooklyn Bridge.....Lewis Nixon.....New York Sun

Unless in the immediate future some of the magicians of science spring a surprise upon the world the new East River Bridge, thrown from Manhattan to Brooklyn, will be the first great record breaker of the twentieth century. It will, when finished, mark the climax of achievement in bridge building.

In many respects it will be one of the most remarkable structures of its kind in the world. As a suspension bridge it will stand unrivaled; as an engineering feat only one bridge can approach it, its near neighbor, the Brooklyn Bridge. Indeed,

the latter is the only suspension bridge in the world to be compared with it, and to give some idea of the magnitude and ambition of the new bridge some comparative figures between it and the old will form the best illustration.

The greatest contrast between the two lies in their relative strength. Roughly, the new East River Bridge will be four times as strong as the Brooklyn Bridge; each of its four cables will be about twice as stout as those which support the span of the older structure, and in other respects its superiority will be maintained.

Each of the four cables will consist of thirty-seven strands, and each strand will have 282 single wires, a total of 10,434 wires in each cable. The normal pull on each cable will be about 5,000 tons, and as each will be capable of supporting 200,000 pounds to the square inch, and will have 222 square inches net, the engineers calculate that the suspension power of the bridge will be four times greater than the maximum demand upon it.

The width of the new structure will be 118 feet, as compared with the eighty-five feet of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the character and amount of its traffic accommodation will be proportionately greater. It will have six railroad tracks, two carriageways, each twenty feet wide, two footwalks, and, as concessions to the growing tastes of the public, two bicycle paths.

In actual channel span the two bridges will not present a great difference, merely a matter of four and a half feet, but in the total length of the span the new bridge will hold the record by 1,200 feet. The Brooklyn Bridge has a channel span of 1,595½ feet, and a total length of 6,000 feet. The figures of the new bridge are respectively 1,600 feet and 7,200 feet.

The steel towers of the new bridge are about fifty-nine feet taller than the masonry spires of the Brooklyn Bridge. The cap of the steel work from high water is 335 feet; similar measurements on the Brooklyn Bridge give a height of 276 feet. The minimum height of the bridge for 200 feet on either side of the centre above mean high water of spring tides is 135 feet; the Brooklyn Bridge has the same height, but only at the central point.

The stretching of the cables from tower to tower will be an affair of the greatest labor and niceness. It would be hard to present a delicacy of this operation to the lay mind, but a conception of it may be given when it is said that these enormous cables will have to be twisted, two tiny wires at a time, high in midair. The preparations for spinning these cables are now under way. To do this work a sort of minor bridge—but one which, by the way, will cost \$200,000—is

being erected, and from this the work of constructing the cables will go on.

This footbridge will consist of a suspended structure of three spans, one of 1,000 feet between the two towers, and two of nearly 600 feet each between the towers and granite anchorage. The middle span will virtually consist of two narrow parallel double-deck bridges sixty-seven feet apart, on centers, and connected by cross bridges 160 feet apart.

Making the connection between the towers for the footbridge is an interesting operation in itself. Contrary to precedent in such cases, the first bond of union is a heavy cable, weighing over twelve tons, and not a thread or light line as was used in the Brooklyn and other suspension bridges.

Here is how the connection was made: The end of the wire rope two and one-fourth inches in diameter, and 3,000 feet in length was attached firmly to the anchorage on the Manhattan side. The other end was then passed over the tower on the Manhattan side and down to a flatboat at the edge of the water. On this flatboat the free end of the cable was fixed, and a tugboat started slowly on the trip across the river, the cable being carefully reeled off so as to sink toward the bottom of the stream, between the flatboat and the side of the river on which it was attached, that it might not impede navigation during the time that the cable was being pulled across the stream.

When the cable had been stretched across the river the unattached end was passed up over the Brooklyn tower, and the line hauled from the bed of the river and drawn taut till the loose end reached the anchorage on the Brooklyn side.

With the completion of the temporary bridge will begin the stretching of the cable proper. The necessary wire for the main cables is now in the course of manufacture at Trenton, N. J., and will be three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and, as I have already said, will be capable of sustaining a strain of 200,000 pounds to the square inch. Each wire will be made 4,000 feet in length, and will be shipped to the bridge site on drums. In each cable there will be 10,434 wires laid straight and parallel to each other, which will be first grouped into strands of thirty-seven to each cable. Each strand will contain 282 wires, and will be temporarily wrapped.

When the thirty-seven strands for each cable are made, then the temporary wrapping is removed and the 10,434 wires are grouped together in a cylindrical cable. Each cable will be held in form by heavy clamps of steel weighing about 400 pounds each. These bands will be placed twenty feet apart and will secure the suspenders to the cables.

These suspenders are to consist of four strands of one-and-three-fourth-inch twisted steel wire, and to each of these suspenders the ends of the floor beams will be attached. The floor beams and the entire structure will be thus suspended from the cables proper by the suspenders. When completed, the cables will be sheeted with a casting of sheet steel about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, overlapping in order to shed the water.

The cable making will be done by machinery consisting of an endless rope, moved in both directions by an engine placed in the construction plane of each cable. This rope passing around sheaves at the anchorage will carry a bight of the cable wire across the river. The loops at both ends will be received on shoes, which will rest on legs several feet from the anchor pins. This arrangement will cause the strand during construction to hang from twelve to sixteen feet above its final position and afford an opportunity to adjust each wire separately to exact parallelism with a standard wire. As the end of one coil is reached, it will be spliced to the end of another coil, and the wire made continuous throughout the strand. The wires in each strand will be lashed together in an approximately cylindrical shape, lowered several feet, and united to form the cable, which will be built in a vertical plane and afterward moved transversely, to give it the required cradling.

It has been so arranged that two strands of each cable, or eight strands in all, can be made simultaneously, and a practically unlimited number of men can work on them simultaneously by means of the footbridges, which form the working platform under each cable for its full length. For this operation four sets of machinery will be required, and these will so expedite the work on the four cables that they will be built more rapidly than ever before thought practicable.

Pine Oil.....Enos Brown.....Scientific American

The utilization of the pine needles of the yellow Oregon pine, botanically *Pinus Ponderosa*, is becoming an industry of considerable importance on the Pacific Coast. Fifty years ago it was discovered that the extracts and products of the long, slender leaves of the pine possessed real efficacy in complaints of a pulmonary character. It is claimed that insomnia yields to the influence of the pungent odor, and asthmatics have found a real relief in partaking of the oil and in sleeping upon pillows stuffed with the elastic and fragrant fiber manufactured from the interior substance of the pine leaves. The illimitable forests of yellow pine abounding in the State of Oregon,

with their accessibility to through lines of transportation, suggested to a German from the forests of Turingia the transfer of a lucrative business to the Pacific Coast. In Germany the leaves never exceed two inches in length while in Oregon they often exceed thirty inches, and average twenty. In the former country the forest laws are extremely strict and often prohibitive, obliging the maker of the product to use the dried leaves that have fallen to the ground and thus insuring an inferior and less effective quality of goods. In the western State denuding the yellow pine of its leaves has been encouraged, the expert of the Forestry Commission having pronounced the process as beneficial. A tally kept of the weight gathered from a certain number of trees indicated that the crop taken in April weighed 650 pounds while that of the same trees in October yielded 775 pounds. Two crops are gathered yearly, the latter one being always the largest. The leaves of the young trees are preferred, yielding a better quality of oil, it is said; though this fact is doubted. The leaves are stripped from the trees by women and men, who are hired for the purpose, and who are paid 25 cents a hundred pounds for the needles. Five hundred pounds is regarded as an average day's work. The leaves are picked into sacks and hurriedly sent to the factory. Exposure to the sun causes the leaves to wilt, and impairs the quality of the product. In picking the thickest bunches of leaves are selected, and the scanty ones neglected. The vast quantity available, so far beyond any present demand, permits the picker to thus discriminate. The factory at which the essence and extracts of the needles are manufactured has a capacity for handling 2,000 pounds of leaves per day, but it is soon to be enlarged to about four times its present size.

In the extraction of pine oil, 2,000 pounds of green leaves are required to produce ten pounds of oil. The process is the ordinary one of distillation. In the manufacture of fiber the leaves pass through a process of steaming, washing, drying, etc., twelve in all, occupying four days. Two qualities are produced, first and second. The first, from which no oil has been distilled, is worth, upon the market, about ten cents per pound. The fiber is elastic, and the staple only little shorter than the green leaf from which it was made, and with strength sufficient to enable it to be spun and woven into fabrics. Mixed with hair, the fiber makes an excellent material for mattresses or pillows, and repose comes quickly when resting upon them. It is also used as a partial filling for cigars, imparting a flavor not the least disagreeable.

The Arts and Crafts

Limoges Enamels.....S. Baring-Gould.....Sunday

The art is undergoing revival. At the present time when there is such a demand for remunerative work for ladies to execute—work that need not necessarily take them from home, and need not occupy their whole time—surely enameling might well be adopted as a pursuit. I do not mean that the “cloisonné” or “champlevé” enamels should be attempted, for these belong in part to the metal-worker, but that the painted enamels should be taken in hand. The art is one that specially lends itself to the delicate handling of ladies. It is clean in its processes, and is peculiarly adapted for female ornaments. At Limoges at the present time there are several furnaces. The materials are simple. Enamel is a composition of silicious sand, oxide of lead, soda, and potash, which are rendered opaque with a little oxide of tin, and can be colored at pleasure. The powder, mixed with a little water, is applied cold to the plate that has to be ornamented, and when the painting is complete, the whole is subjected to a temperature which will fuse the enamel. It is, of course, necessary that the metal surface painted should dilate and contract at the same rate as the vitreous surface laid on it, otherwise it exhibits a cracked surface. Now, the principal use of enameling is for the ornamentation of brooches, bracelets, etc. An enameler at Limoges informed me that the demand for such things was greater than the supply. Small works, such as cost 300 to 400 francs, he could sell off as rapidly as he made them, but those that were large and costly hung on his hands.

In the Limoges Museum may be seen some very beautiful plaques and panels that have been executed in the town within the last few years. There is, unfortunately, a tendency among the artists to transparent painting over gold or silver leaf; it is, no doubt, showy, but to my mind inartistic and tawdry. Some clever effects, however, may be obtained by this means, as of a sunset gleaming between trees or glittering water. The tinsel is much affected for dresses in sacred groups. But the art has been resuscitated in Limoges only since 1875, and one must not demand too sober a taste when it is young and is trying its powers. One enameler of Limoges, who has done admirable work, is M. E. Blancher. He works in his own house with a single pupil; a small back yard contains his tiny factory—one little studio in which he paints, in which one can hardly turn round, and behind it a room in which

are his furnaces. There is no great outlay necessary for constructing everything that is required for turning out enamels. There must, of course, be a knowledge of drawing, and practice with the colors and with the furnaces. But the mechanical art is readily acquired, and the preliminary knowledge need not be great. A ready wit, an artistic eye, a delicate hand and patience are the great requisites. At present there are thousands of girls studying art in the hope of picking up a living by painting portraits or designing advertisements. The portrait painter can always reckon on human vanity being inexhaustible; but if the number of ministrants to vanity in the matter of portraits be great, the price of pictures will go down to that of photographs. The enameler can also calculate on human vanity—the love of decoration of the person—also insatiable; but hardly any girl as yet has thought of going to the enameler's studio and serving there is a brief apprenticeship in order to secure a certain income.

Japanese Brocades.....Elizabeth Emery.....House Beautiful

No Japanese art has a more interesting history than silk-weaving, and no legends are more fascinating than those that cluster about the cocoon and the mulberry-tree. The story of the silk industry is the story of Japan. Into the warp and woof was woven the life of the people. The glory of the shoguns, the power of the priesthood, and the rise and fall of dynasties were all depicted in the products of the loom. Each bit of silk and gold thread tells a tale, and were one versed in Oriental lore, he would need no books in order to trace the real and imaginary history of old Japan. The valor of her daimios, the courage of her warriors, the fame of her scholars are faithfully recorded. The myths of the dragon and the sacred phoenix, the legends of the cuckoo and the moon, of the sparrow and the bamboo, of the fox and the chrysanthemum, and the fêtes of the plum and cherry blossom, of the maple-leaf and wistaria are all revealed in the glittering textiles. A collection of old brocades is an illustrated book, and he who runs may read.

Information regarding silk-weaving is fragmentary and very unsatisfactory. Volumes have been written on porcelains, lacquers, and bronzes, but one must search diligently, and often in vain, to learn the barest facts of Japan's oldest industry. The key to the study lies in the fabrics themselves, and in time the different epochs in

art and the various schools of design are recognized.

To China belongs the honor of originating silk-weaving, and for centuries the knowledge was confined to that nation. The Empress Selingshe, according to tradition, invented the hand-loom in 2640 B. C., and cultivated the first mulberry-tree. From China the secret of the loom was carried into Korea and from Korea into Japan. Although the art of spinning plain materials was known in the province of Kozuki five hundred years before the Christian era, figured textiles were not introduced until the third century. Under the patronage of the court, pattern-weaving made rapid progress, and native spinners soon surpassed their Chinese neighbors.

The silk industry advanced and declined according to the nation's prosperity. When Japan was at peace, the happy condition of the people was reflected in her textiles, and when she was at war the art of the loom languished, and on several occasions was nearly exterminated. Briefly stated, silk-weaving reached a high degree of excellence in the fifth century, and steadily increased in importance until the year 1000, deteriorated from the eleventh to the twelfth century, regained its prestige during the Fujiwara period from 1225 to 1333, suffered during the Ashigaga dynasty from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and surpassed all former splendor during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries under the Togugawa shoguns.

The oldest brocades are preserved in the temple of Todai-yi at Nara, and are in the form of vestments and sacerdotal cloths. The date of their manufacture is placed at the twelfth century, but many distinguished writers on Japanese art doubt the age of these venerated fragments and attribute them to a later period. The designs show a European influence, and are striking examples of Oriental cleverness in adapting foreign motives.

Early silk-weaving is a matter of conjecture. It is a tradition that patterns were small and that intricate effects were gained by unique methods of weaving rather than by complicated designs. A simple geometrical figure was wrought on a plain ground. With every repeat the colors of the warp and woof were exchanged, and this process was continued through the length of the silk. This gave to the brocades a shimmering quality, especially noticeable when the threads were of the same scale. Yellow and gold, silver and gray, purple and violet, produced this result. Natural flower forms did not appeal to early weavers. Floral motives were severely conventional, and were combined with triangles, circles,

and squares. The imperial chrysanthemum, with its sixteen petals, the crest of the present emperor, is drawn by rule, and is a survival of ancient art. The first flowers depicted by the loom were the plum and cherry blossoms, and to-day there are few silks more attractive to Occidental eyes than those that show the graceful boughs of white and pink.

During the sixteenth century, when Japan was in communication with Italy, silk-weaving was temporarily influenced by Florentine designs. But the Japanese were too artistic to retain anything but the best of whatever came to their hands, and as they had learned from China and Korea, they now profited by Italy. In Kyoto may be seen some of these textiles, and it is interesting to note what the Japs discarded and what they made their own.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, brocades were marvels of beauty. It was the golden age of silk-weaving. Gold thread was used in great quantities, and designing reached a high state of perfection.

It was the custom for each daimio to have his own loom and to employ skilful weavers to execute special patterns for his use. Ceremonial robes were woven with the family crest, and were heavy with gold and silver. The men who fashioned these regal costumes were important members of the household, and their work was jealously guarded.

There is a legend of a weaver who took his revenge for some grievance by depicting in a court costume his master's downfall, and by adding the crest of a rival house. The tale is a long one, but in the end the artist of the loom lost his position and his head.

Many bits of old brocade handed down from one generation to another are carefully preserved in the private collections of Japan, and find a place beside the rarest porcelains. These pieces of early handicraft are seldom found to-day in the shops of the empire, and are growing more precious every year. While many of the new silks are rich in color and varied in design, they lack the beauty of the old. The silvery sheen, the soft luster of the early textiles are not reproduced in modern fabrics. This quality is not due alone to age, but to a more subdued color scheme and to primitive methods of weaving. Slowly Western inventions are replacing Oriental implements, and with the introduction of modern ideas much of the charm of Japanese art is vanishing. Bronzes, lacquers, wood-carvings, and embroideries have deteriorated under the influence of the foreigner, and the change is no less apparent in brocades. The difference between old Satsuma and the new

ware of that name is not greater than between the silks of the seventeenth century and the silks of to-day.

In the Josho district north of Tokyo, and in the Nishijin quarter of Kyoto, are the great centers of modern silk-weaving. But to the lover of Japanese art there is more charm in one scrap of old brocade than in yards of modern fabrics. Somehow there is a thinness about the newer colors that is not atoned for by any novel dexterity of design. The old weavers were not afraid of rich combinations, but they understood the subtle art of harmony, and they were sure, with an instinctive certainty, of what they did.

Rookwood.....Jane Long Boulden.....Art Interchange

That America has furnished so few of the highest art products, and that there is so widespread an ignorance of the facts pertaining to these few, are effects resulting from the same causes. The country is so new and so largely given over to commercial enterprises and interests that the love and strife for the beautiful has not yet taken deep root among the people. But occasionally in its struggle for supremacy among us, the art impulse does bring forth a fair creation, worthy of a place beside the finest products of older countries. It behooves us then not only to admit the triumph, but to give it careful consideration as well; by such attention will in time be developed the skilful hand and approving eye which characterize so many among the older peoples of earth.

In a field where as a nation we have little to be proud of, Rookwood takes its pre-eminent place and challenges the admiration of the world. Beneath its brilliant surface, especially in the finer pieces, is revealed the very poetry of life. It is this poetic suggestiveness which lifts this faience so far above the commonplace; the educated and the uneducated can see and feel this; although the latter have the fewer opportunities to do so. To a certain kind of people, however, a bit of Rookwood is merely a highly glazed combination of olives, russets and yellows, revealing some decorative design and bearing the stamp of the pottery as evidence of its art—and its money value. But when one has entered into the spirit with which the ware was wrought, it becomes something of so much greater worth and makes its subtle appeal to the higher nature. Any effort, then, to bring into clearer view the true beauty of an art object, any interpretation of its meaning must be, as it were, the partial unveiling of its loveliness. Not that Rookwood is lacking in outward beauty—it could not thus occupy the position it does—but all pieces are not equally attractive, nor have all the same kind of

charm, nor is the perfection of the most successful creation capable of displaying all its beauty at a glance. The varying degrees and sorts of excellence may be pointed out, and many facts of interest in connection with the ware may be given which will invest it forever after with new graces and significance.

The visitor to the Rookwood Pottery at Cincinnati must carry into the future an added enjoyment of the Rookwood from its association thereafter. The pottery is beautifully situated in Eden Park, overlooking the city; its exterior is itself a delight to the artistic eye. A certain preparation is, therefore, received before entering the place, whose rooms seem ablaze with the blending tints of autumn—the effect of innumerable pieces of the glowing Rookwood. It is this richness and warmth and brilliancy of mingling tones and colors which first impresses the onlooker as characteristic of Rookwood. But while this is the most striking it is by no means the most wonderful feature. One of the highest art values consists in the power of the backgrounds to complete the color harmony whose notes are struck by the decorations, and at the same time to give the remarkable semblance and depth of atmosphere. Moreover, upon some of the finest specimens of the ware the decorative subject is treated with rare delicacy of feeling and suggestion, and is presented with a power usually shown only in painting upon canvas—the whole thrown into full sunlight, as it were, by the exceedingly luminous quality of the glaze.

Such effects can be produced only in under-glaze decoration, which, in the case of Rookwood, is applied to the forms while the clay is yet damp, and is subjected to two firings, the glaze being added before the last firing. A knowledge of the steps and processes by which results are attained gives an added appreciation. It is interesting, therefore, to dwell upon the changes which Rookwood undergoes before it emerges perfected.

Here the artist works by faith, and those familiar with the nature of china-painting know that a double field is offered for the exercise of the imagination. For, after the mind has formed a picture of what is to appear upon the surface of porcelain the colors are applied, and, lo! nothing is as it should be; or, rather, as it will be. The colors which are most conspicuously absent from the finished pieces are the very ones which prevail in a collection of articles set apart for the firing. Strangely unfamiliar they look in their unwonted coloring. So, as has been said, the artist works by faith; and what is faith but a higher use of the imagination?

The decorator of the most rare and costly vase

has only his faith to sustain him as he works; there are countless chances against him. When the article leaves his hands, it passes through others, and no one can know how any work will come forth from the kiln. The colors may take badly; the effect needed may be wholly absent; the vase upon which was expended the greatest care may, by some blemish, be rendered well-nigh valueless; or this special treasure may be found to have broken in the firing. On the other hand, something turned out hastily, carelessly, may reveal some qualities never before seen in a piece of the ware, and its creator may be no wiser upon this point than others. Then it becomes the task of the artists to unravel the mystery by which unexpected results were achieved.

Among the highest developments of Rookwood are pieces showing dark, rich mahogany, with a golden iridescence. This is particularly beautiful in marines, where the waters seem to shimmer, and the duskier forms of sea creatures seem to make their way through the light in the water. These things especially delight the connoisseur. The Rookwood idea seems to find its fullest expression in the mahogany monochromes. It is pleasing to note this departure from the vivid and aggressive to the subdued and sombre coloring. All true artists realize that the higher note is struck when contrast gives way to harmony and when pronounced hues yield their place to the sombrous. Many a lover of the beautiful has had his enjoyment deepened from his first acceptance of this fact. When a wider recognition is given it the higher order of taste demanding the higher order of colors will doubtless make the richer, darker or more delicate specimens of Rookwood to become the common type which the brighter, showier articles now represent. All art products may reserve their rarer beauties for the most cultured, but the general demand will always have much to do with determining the character of the vaster output.

Some interesting and radical departures from the conventional Rookwood effects have been made by the production of harmonies in pale blues. These are exceedingly dainty, and are produced, in many instances, with great tenderness of feeling. They are also far removed from the commonplace, and from their very ethereal quality are certain never to be the favorite of the people. On the other hand, they show a less perfect sympathy, perhaps, with the idea which gave this ware its being. Among the exceptional pieces, marine blues shading into greens in illusive fashion, making an appropriate color-ground for fishes and sea subjects, are among the more satisfying things; their color-mingling

is perfect in its loveliness, and in its fitness for representations of water and its creatures.

Between the common type of Rookwood and these rarer ones is the happy medium of the simpler monochromes and of the darker specimens of the conventional coloring.

Rookwood is formed from clays obtained chiefly in the Ohio Valley, and, for the purpose, there is none finer in the world. The forms are gathered from all sources, ancient and modern, and are produced in the manner common to all potteries, by pouring half liquid clay into molds to harden into shape, or by turning from the solid clay upon the wheel. A lay of plaster of Paris casts is, in the first process, filled with fresh clay; the moisture is absorbed rapidly by the plaster, and the clay next to the mold takes the desired form; the liquid clay in the center is then poured out, and the outer surface of the new shape is smoothed perfectly by a skilful workman, and the stamp of the Rookwood Pottery is added. The name of the artist, even, may eventually appear upon the finished piece.

The forms having been made and stamped, they are placed in the damp-room, where moisture is always rising to keep them soft till the finishing dents, the handles, and other touches are given, and until the decorator is ready for them. After the painter has done his work upon them, they are placed in receptacles, or saggars, holding several; these saggars are arranged one on top of another in the kiln. Then the two firings are received, one before and one after the glaze is added.

The Rookwood trademark is the combined initials, RP, the R being inverted. This mark was adopted in 1886; and it is interesting to note that a ray is added above the letters for each year since that date. The rays will be added thus in a halo until they form a circle about the monogram, when a second halo of rays outside the first will be begun to mark succeeding years.

In considering this distinctively American pottery it is an interesting fact that the founder was a woman—now Mrs. Bellamy Storer—whose genius received the artistic impulse while studying the ceramic display at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. The suggestion was worked out through her own artistic ability, assisted by Mr. William Watts Taylor, the present president of the Rookwood Company. Nevertheless it is a continual growth resulting from the enthusiasm of many managers, artists and artisans. It is, as has been shown, a true faience. The decorators, with the exception of one native Japanese, are graduates of the local art school. Rookwood is always being modified.

Contemporary Celebrities

The Bishop in the 'Bus.....London Black and White

There is not so much democracy on the Episcopal bench that we can afford to be ungrateful to Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who has been to Germany to see the Empress Frederick. For sixteen years and more he has guided the ecclesiastical affairs of a diocese embracing over a million acres and over a million people, and he owes his high position in the Church, and his high reputation both in and out of it, to his innate goodness of heart and his homely, practical character. He began as a curate at Maidstone, when the town was in the grip of a terrible plague, and no man in Kent worked harder and more nobly than he in assuaging the fearful sufferings of the people. From Maidstone to Clapham, and from Clapham to Lee, were Dr. Carpenter's next steps; then came his first London appointment. For ten years he was a Holloway vicar, and for four years more he preached at Paddington. He was then forty-three, and when Dr. Bickersteth died in 1884 it was not surprising that Dr. Carpenter was asked to become Bishop of Ripon.

Dr. Carpenter is really much too fine a man to be cramped up in the ugly gaiters which seem to be part of the stock-in-trade of the Church of England's generals. He is the man whose natural impulse must be to throw off his coat and work in his shirt-sleeves. "I never address the Queen at all," he told somebody who asked him if he felt nervous when preaching before Queen Victoria. "I know that there will be present the Queen, the Princes, the household, and the servants down to the scullery-maid, and I preach to the scullery-maid." The remark is typical of the man. Dr. Carpenter has always been a royal favorite, but he is infinitely happier in the cottage than in the palace. He is not ashamed to ride in a 'bus, and he has often told the story of a penny ride from Westminster to Charing Cross. When the ticket-collector came round the bishop found, to his astonishment, that he had not a penny in his pocket, and his wife, who was with him, was in the same unhappy state of pennilessness. Dr. Carpenter made up his mind to borrow the money when he alighted at Charing Cross, but, before he reached his destination, a working-man, with a bag of tools thrown over his shoulder, turned to him as he left the 'bus, and said: "Don't you bother about that; I've made that all right." Almost before the bishop could say, "Thank you," the man with the bag was gone, and Dr. Carpenter found that he had paid his fare and that

of his wife to the end of the journey. It is perhaps the best working-man story which could be told at a dinner of all the bishops, and it has the advantage which many good bishops' stories have not, in that it is true.

The Youngest Congressman.....Collier's

Mr. John J. Feely, the youngest member-elect of the National House of Representatives, is not a political accident. The manner in which he planned his first political contest, and won a seat in Congress when only twenty-five years old, has a touch of romance about it which cannot fail to compel the respect of his colleagues in the House. Shortly before his graduation from the Yale Law School young Feely took a careful account of his inclinations and ambitions with a view to mapping out his future. This stock-taking resulted in the determination that he would become a member of the Lower House of Congress, and that with as little delay as possible. This settled, he showed his practical bent and his cool determination and foresight by making his choice of a location for a law office conform to his political plans. Having spent his boyhood on a farm not far from Joliet, he naturally concluded that Illinois was the best State in which to begin his professional and political career. He collected statistics showing the vote for Congressmen in all the districts of his native State for the preceding ten years. These figures were studied and analyzed from every possible viewpoint, but with this question always foremost: "What district offers the best chance for a young, unknown Democrat to secure the Congressional nomination of his party, and at the same time offers a fair opportunity for him to win out at the polls?" Careful study indicated that the Second Congressional District, embracing a large section of the South Side of Chicago, most nearly met these requirements. Mr. Feely concluded that this district was normally Democratic and that it offered the best "fighting chance" of any in the State. Therefore he located there and at once became popular.

Steadily working out the plan formulated in his scantily furnished room at college, he extended and solidified the circle of his influence. In the campaign of 1900 he was nominated for Congress. Even Mr. Feely's closest friends believed this an empty honor, and plainly told him he was "marked for the slaughter." Mr. Feely's first aim was to push to a high degree of development the

political organization which he had begun to build on his first day in the district. When the election was over Chicago was astonished to learn that the election had been won by a boyish-looking young man only three years out of college, only twenty-five years old, and lacking the "sinews of war."

M. Berthelot.....Scientific American

In spite of his seventy-four years, M. Berthelot is still pursuing at his home the long series of observations that he has been engaged in for half a century.

He shows at a glance that he is a scientist. His typical physiognomy well corresponds to the special vocation which has made of him one of the greatest chemists of modern times. He began in 1851 as simple preparator to Balard, at the College of France, of which he was to become one of the pillars and glories. Promoted to be master in his turn, he revolutionized the science to which he had devoted himself, and upset and demolished the old theories that had been accepted up to Berzelius, and according to which it was believed that, in living nature the elements obeyed distinct laws, and a mysterious force called "vital." In reconstituting organized bodies by methodical and rational methods, through the intervention of physical and mechanical forces, he demonstrated that the same laws govern all matter, animate and inanimate, and thus, upon the positive basis of synthesis, he solidly built up organic chemistry.

When we think of the amount of work that such an undertaking represents, and of the number of meditations, calculations and experiments that it must have cost, we can scarcely imagine M. Berthelot anywhere else than in his laboratory, surrounded with his apparatus, and tête-à-tête with the material of which he is unveiling the secrets; and if perchance he momentarily leaves this post of observation and combat, it is doubtless only to deliver his magistral lectures at the College of France, at the School of Pharmacy and at the High School, or to address communications to the Academy of Sciences, of which he was elected a member in 1873, or to some other of the innumerable societies that have the honor of reckoning him among their associates. To think thus would be an error. To pretend to confine M. Berthelot to the limits of his specialty would be to forget the complex character of his personality, which is itself the "synthesis" of several different elements, constituting a single Berthelot in three persons.

Along with the great chemist, there is the philosopher and the public man. Berthelot the phi-

losopher announced himself at an early period, since upon the benches of the Lyceum of Henri IV. he obtained a prize of honor at the general competition of 1846. He kept up a friendly communication with Renan, and despite notable divergencies of doctrine, exchanged with him quite a spicy correspondence, which was published in 1898.

But the absolute cellular regime would not have agreed with the third element, which in M. Berthelot manifests its existence by an imperious need of expansion. Endowed with wonderful activity, and realizing almost the miracle of ubiquity, M. Berthelot, between two experiments, between two meditations, has always been able to spare time to go out in order to get fresh air.

In 1881 he went to take his seat at the Luxembourg, having been elected perpetual senator by the Upper Assembly.

Mr. Balfour Shows Emotion.....London M. A. P.

I have rarely seen Mr. Balfour show strong emotion; so rarely, indeed, that I have felt inclined now and then to believe that he was incapable of emotions, and that he looked on all things with the Olympian calm of the apathetic and the languid. But I found I was wrong, and I found it all in a moment the other night in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour was replying on the whole debate with reference to the army scheme of Mr. Brodrick. It was a scheme which, as is known, has been somewhat severely criticized by some of Mr. Balfour's own followers; and at one time there was the idea for which, as it turned out, there was no foundation, that it might go hard with the Government in the division.

Now, Mr. Balfour is not at his best in making a speech on the army; it is not a subject that he understands, and probably he would have found it impossible to pass an examination in even the elements of Mr. Brodrick's scheme. But it is the decree of tradition—which is as irresistible as fate—that the leader of the House shall wind up debates on big Government measures—whether he knows or cares anything about them or not; and poor Mr. Balfour had to submit to destiny. I did not think his speech a good one; and yet it was at one moment in it that I caught—almost for the first time—that glimpse into the unseen and well concealed depths, which lie somewhere below the superficial flippancy and insouciance of Mr. Balfour.

Suddenly, in the midst of observations—commonplace enough, and not very telling—Mr. Balfour appeared to me to become strangely changed in look, manner, and, above all, voice, from his

usual appearance. The face grew a curious gray white—almost pathetic and affrighting to see; the voice became slow and almost broken, and, indeed, I felt so startled by the sight myself that I felt as if Mr. Balfour must be about to burst into a fit of hysterical tears. The painful moments went on—slowly, slowly, and the gray pallor deepened and the voice became more subdued and broken, and for the time Mr. Balfour got that strange look of a man who is looking back on some abyss—as of the jaws of horror and of death—into which he had looked with affrighted eyes, and under the influence of whose freezing terror and narrowly escaped mouth he was still staggering and unnerved.

At last he got out the words which described this inner vision. He declared that a few weeks after the opening of the war he had been brought into personal familiarity with the terrible fact that the number of cartridges in the country for use by its soldiery was 3,300. Just think of what all that meant! For there ought to have been nearly as many millions as there were single cartridges; and if the country had been invaded at that moment, and if an enemy had got through the fleet, there was practically no ammunition, and therefore no army to meet it! It was a revelation of past peril—of terrible unpreparedness—which was so awful that many people have wondered whether Mr. Balfour was justified in making it.

With that point I have nothing to do here; the thing I wish to notice, is the extraordinary evidence it gave of profound and almost intolerable emotion on the part of Mr. Balfour. It carries out the theory I have heard propounded by more than one of Mr. Balfour's intimates—that no man felt so deeply as he did the anxieties and horrors of the Transvaal War, especially in the dark months of disaster in which it opened.

And yet here is a curious fact: I don't think the House even saw that Mr. Balfour was moved. It is not the first time I have seen a great moment escape all attention even in that supernaturally sharp and quick audience.

Father John.....Woman's Home Companion

During the Baltic cruise, when our yacht was lying below St. Petersburg, some of the party visited the Czar's country palace at Peterhof. There being no regular boats back that night, they were in some worriment, until a message came that a private launch lying at the wharf was at their service. Going aboard, they were met by a Russian priest of singularly benign countenance and gentle ways. It was Ivan Ilyitch Sergieff, the world-famous head (next to the

Czar) of the most ancient church in Christendom, and a man of reputed power in the working of miracles. "Father John" had spent a heavy day among the sick and needy in the capital, and was passing back to his Kronstadt home in his own private launch, the Charming; but he was not too hurried to come aboard our boat to greet and bless the American and English visitors to his country.

A few days later I enjoyed a private audience with the saint of Kronstadt. When my Russian interpreter and I alighted from our droschky, the entrance to his residence was held by the always waiting group of people coveting the sight and blessing of the holy man. We were shown through an untidy courtyard largely occupied with piles of fagots, and after a due delay the eminent priest was ready to receive us. The entrance to his rooms was up a back stairway and through the kitchen, where an old-fashioned country dinner was boiling away and filling the neighborhood with its substantial suggestions. His greeting was warm, and during my stay Father John twice kissed me upon the forehead, and thrice blessed me, although I was a heretic in orthodox Greek eyes. His face is a benediction in itself.

It is, of course, as a worker of miracles that this Christian father enjoys in the popular mind the widest fame, of which America has heard vague reports from time to time. Here, seemingly, is a seer and a true healer. There is no posing and no theatrical effect. Before they are asked, he often answers questions. He knows when the earthly end to a life is at hand, and then he comforts and soothes the dying, without attempting a cure. Those to whom he speaks of recovery are almost sure to get well; but when he is silent they die, often in his arms, in peace. By our cold calculation of the West we shall not ascribe to Father John virtues and power which he has not; but, as the London Times says, "this wonderful man seems to approach in these days to the first apostles . . . and the spiritual and bodily cures effected by his earnest consolation and prayerful aid are attested on all sides by many sorts and conditions of men. To those who believe in Father John—and their name is legion—the age of miracles is not past."

It were idle to say that he always cures, as is stoutly alleged by his blindly devoted legions in Russia. But there are hundreds, if not thousands, of authenticated cases.

He is always surrounded by people, and during Lent he is thronged from six in the evening until two o'clock in the morning by those who have come from afar to pour out to him their inmost

thoughts. It is a curious and pathetic spectacle, the interest being divided between the never tiring energy of the confessor and the people's boundless patience. Those unable to gain admission, after waiting the night almost through, often hold their places until the next night in order to get the coveted word and blessing. Some bring their sick on litters, to await patiently the coming and the touch of the great healer.

Father John asks not a *kopek* for himself, and so is not popular in the secret hearts of many of his avaricious brethren of the church. This has been his policy from the first, and as a natural result millions of rubles have passed through his hands, while for himself he has sometimes lacked the bare comforts of life. By reason of his unbounded generosity, working on the impulse of the moment, it has been feared that Father John might fall a prey to professional beggars. But his human insight is keen, and unworthy mendicants shun his stinging words of rebuke. One of the popular stories is that Father John was once walking along the street with a wealthy man who had just given him a large amount in an envelope. They were met by a poor girl, to whom the wise prelate listened in compassion as she told her heavy miseries. Placing his hand upon the head of the unhappy one, he gave her a blessing and the envelope. "Stop!" cried the distressed doner; "there are a thousand rubles in that!" "It is only the more her good fortune," calmly answered the serene consoler; and the abashed rich man subsided to thoughtful silence. Father John often gives deserved alms where it is not asked for, so sensitive is he to inarticulate human want. A daily dole is given out in Kronstadt to all the needy who apply.

If Father John were to walk he would hardly arrive anywhere, and so in Kronstadt he rides about in a poor old droschky behind an indifferent bay horse. I have seen the fervent people follow him down the streets, and thousands gather at a railway-station or before a house where he was expected. The police keep his movements as secret as possible, to prevent public excitement; but a faint whisper gets abroad somehow, and a press rapidly forms. In order to prevent accidents the Moscow and St. Petersburg police sometimes stop or deflect traffic. His spell extends beyond the connection of the Eastern church, for blessings are craved by Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans. In the multitude are found not alone the poor, but the noble and learned. At the passing of Father John all ordinary business is put aside, and every untoward noise is hushed in the reverence and love which his saintly presence inspires.

When he alights to enter a home to visit or to treat the sick, it seems as if advance were impossible, in spite of the burly efforts of the police and porters, who push the common crowds about like cattle. The throng presses upon him sorely, but Father John's sad, sweet countenance holds only kindness, as he stretches forth his hands in blessing, and for tearful kisses to be pressed upon them. Then the fortunate ones generously struggle out of the mass, to make room for others. When he emerges from the visit the same scenes are repeated. It seems as if the people's fervor increased with each year. When Father John enters his carriage it cannot move for a time, despite the heroic defense it enjoys. The exultant people become frenzied and utterly reckless. They clamber upon the steps to reach through the windows, and try to mount the vehicle; some are flung about by the wheels in the struggling starts, others clutch at the horses, and more than one worshiper has been trampled to death.

On my visit to Father John, after we had conversed for a few minutes, he led me into his private chamber—the holy of holies in Russian eyes—where this great physician to human hearts gains strength in meditation. His habits are the simplest. Even in the fierce nip of winter he sleeps with raised windows, and rises from his short repose when the early morning darkness is still upon the sluggard world without. Taking a cold bath, he spends at least the first half hour in prayer and meditation, when the earth is left, with all its thoughts.

It was a curious room into which this earthly saint conducted me. He pointed to a large square of ikons, gold-framed and jewel-studded, presented to him by some of the great names of the day, and which make up his personal shrine. Priestly robes and shoes were tossed about, a few volumes were pitched into a library-case, which also held a pell-mell of cheap, paper-covered books of no special note. Literature evidently has but a remote interest to this man. An iron bedstead with a hard mattress, a plain table and lounge, both badly littered, a wooden chair or two, and a few decorations in the blue, which is so dear to the Greek faith. Father John's entire suite of rooms numbers three and a kitchen, for himself and wife. Such are the appointments of the one whose voluntary revenues might run a little kingdom, whom the richest and proudest are enjoyed to receive in their palaces, who is honored by kings with their highest orders, and who was sent for clear across Russia by special train in 1894, that the Czar, Alexander III., might die in his comforting arms.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

Laurelled.....Zona Gale.....Bookman

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me.
He is my son, grown brown, with strange scarred hands;
The months of blood and death in alien lands
Are in his face; his boyish will to be
Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to see
The trodden meadow blackened with the bands
Of bearded, marching men whom he commands.
With being rearranged he comes to me.
I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;
I, honored for the laurels that he wears!
God knows, God knows I stand with empty hands,
And lonesome heart no meed of praises warms.
I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I miss
The soft-mouthed baby I can never kiss!

Suspense.....Charles Henry Webb.....Outlook

So little a light,
Can it live?
Just a flicker in the night,
Angels give
It shield with your wings,
Lest a breath—
Your white robes' rustlings—
Should be death.

So little the spark,
So immense
The great world; and the dark
Is so dense,
I dare not to pray,
But, lips hushed with fear,
In my soul's depths I say,
"God is near."

Satisfied.....Margaret E. Sangster.....Lippincott's

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.
Love wielded pick and carried pack,
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager-fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage Love ever asked—
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle-light.

At the Railway Station....Clinton Scollard....N. O. Times-Democrat

I sat at dusk and waited for the train;
The gaslights sputtered, flared, and then burned low.
Casting about the room a gloomy glow;
Without swept past the gusty evening rain.
Near by stood one with longing look astrain
Upon the adjacent window which would show
The first far headlight-glimmer. To and fro
Roved other eyes; her's hung upon that pane.

Soon came the expected flash. I saw the rose
Kindle the sudden June on cheek and brow,
Her half-uplifted lips part flutteringly,
And then her eager hands unclasp and close. . . .
Ah, sweet! ah, sweet! could I but think that thou
With that rapt air would one day wait for me!

Ad Matrem Mortuam.....John Henderson.....Chambers's Journal

Dear Mother-eyes
That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to weep—
Are ye now looking from the starry skies,
With clearer spirit-vision, love more deep,
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil keep:
Dear Mother-eyes?

Dear Mother-hands
That toiled when other hands inactive were,
That, clasping mine, constrained me oft to prayer
For grace to run the way of God's commands—
Are ye now resting, or in realms more fair
Still find ye some sweet mode to minister:
Dear Mother-hands?

Dear Mother-heart
That felt the good where others found the ill,
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,
And charmed his soul to choose the better part;
Farewell! a moment's fleeting space until
God reunites us when it be His will:
Dear Mother-heart.

*Fragment**.....Frederick Lawrence Knowles

It takes two for a kiss,
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one.

Unchangeable....Frank W. Hutt.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

Safe in Love's hand I placed my own
Ere the first buds of June had blown;
Then, in broad summer fields astray,
We watched, through sunny days and gray,
At length the fair wild rose full blown.

We lingered till its joy had flown;
And, when its sweets were wayward thrown,
My pledge unharmed, unsundered, lay
Safe in Love's hand.

The winds reaped what the winds had sown;
But the brief season hath foreshown
No likeness to Love's endless day:
I trust my troth, and well I may,
Henceforth, through paths unseen, unknown,
Safe in Love's hand.

Old Lace.....James Buckham.....Lippincott's

Fold upon fold,
Yellow as gold,
Woven by delicate fingers of old,
Here in its place
Grandmother's lace
Lies like a dream of her maidenhood's grace.

*On Life's Stairway, Frederick Lawrence Knowles. John Lane, New York.

Fragrance of rose
 Out of it flows,
 Leaves of the past that its meshes enclose;
 Sweets of old days,
 Lavender sprays,
 All that a maid in her treasure-chest lays.
 Fair as her head,
 Thread over thread,
 Sleeps the old lace that she wore when she wed.
 Beautiful day!—
 But fold it away,
 Grandmother's lace, and the rose, and the spray!

Sheep-Herding.....Shariot M. Hall... ..Land of Sunshine

A gray, slow-moving, dust-bepowdered wave,
 That on the edges breaks to scattering spray;
 'Round which my faithful collies wheel and park
 To scurry-in the laggard feet that stray;
 A babel of complaining tongues that make
 The still air weary with their ceaseless fret;
 Brown hills akin to those of Galilee,
 On which the shepherds tend their charges yet
 The long, hot days, the stark, wind-beaten nights;
 No human presence, human sight or sound;
 Grim, silent land of wasted hopes, where they
 Who came for gold oft-times have madness
 found;
 A bleating horror that foregathers speech,
 Freezing the word that from the lip would pass,
 And sends the herdsman grovelling with his sheep,
 Face down and beast-like on the trampled grass.
 The collies halt, the slow herd sways and reels,
 Huddled in fright above the low ravine,
 Where wild with thirst a herd unshepherded
 Beat up and down—with something dark
 between:
 A narrow circle that they will not cross,
 A thing that stops the maddest in their run,
 A guarding dog too weak to lift his head
 Who licks a still hand shriveled in the sun.

The Old Sword on the Wall...Joe Lincoln...Saturday Evening Post

Where the warm spring sunlight, streaming,
 Through the window, sets its gleaming,
 With a softened silver sparkle in the dim and
 dusky hall,
 With its tassel torn and tattered,
 And its blade deep-bruised and battered,
 Like a veteran, scarred and weary, hangs the old
 sword on the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,
 None can sing its deeds of glory,
 None can say which cause it struck for, or from
 what limp hand it fell;
 On the battlefield they found it,
 Where the dead lay thick around it,
 Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and torn
 by shot and shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,
 Was its stricken soldier bearer?
 Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and
 straight and brave and true?
 Dusky locks and lashes had he?
 Or was he some Northern laddie,
 Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes
 and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,
 Or from Dixie's bowered mazes,
 Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I
 wonder, was his name?
 Did some sister, wife or mother
 Mourn a husband, son or brother?
 Did some sweetheart look with longing for a love
 who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever
 Keeps its secret, answering never,
 But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild
 Memorial Day;
 I will wreath its hilt with roses
 For the soldier who reposes
 Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his
 garb of blue or gray.
 May the flowers be fair above him,
 May the bright buds bend and love him.
 May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last
 great bugle call;
 And may North and South be nearer
 To each other's heart, and dearer,
 For the memory of their heroes and the old
 swords on the wall.

Death in the Desert.....Hamlin Garland.....Munsey

He died and we buried him there—
 In the sound of an unnamed stream;
 The poison plants around him flare,
 And the silence is deep as death.
 There we left him in wordless dream
 With a "God speed" spoken underbreath.

I laid a flower on the dead man's breast,
 While the eaglets whistled in shrill dismay—
 Nothing could then disturb his rest;
 I gave him the rose, and we covered him up
 With the cold, black earth, and rode away.
 My heart was bitter—I could not weep.

He was so young to die so soon—
 He was so gay to lie alone
 Burned by sun and chilled by the moon,
 There where the waters are cold and gray,
 There by the slimy ledges of stone—
 But there he must sleep till the sun is gray.

*The Superseded.....Thomas Hardy**

As newer comers crowd the fore
 We drop behind;
 We who have labored long and sore
 Times out of mind,
 And keen are yet, must not regret
 To drop behind.

Yet there are of us some who grieve
 To go behind;
 Stanch, strenuous souls who scarce believe
 Their fires declined,
 And know none cares, remembers, spares
 Who go behind.

'Tis not that we have unforgett'd
 The drop behind;
 We feel the new must oust the old
 In every kind,
 But yet, we think, must we, must WE,
 Too, drop behind?

*The May Book. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

The Chase.....J. A. Wharton.....Boston Transcript

It is a bright September morning, and the warm sun is just driving the mists from around the highest peaks on the mountain. An old buck stands in the thicket which borders a little grassy meadow lying close under the rocky cliffs of the main divide. Cautiously he stretches his graceful neck and gazes over the tops of the hazels that conceal him. His nostrils quiver as he sniffs the air, but only the fragrance of the cedars and the myrtles reaches his keen scent. After another careful survey of the woods about him with his large dark eyes, he steps warily forth, his little hoofs making not the slightest sound as he walks through the grass. Satisfied there is no danger, he bends his neck and nibbles a bunch of tender grass. Walking from place to place he finds the choicest pickings, and now and then raises his head and looks off down the cañon to where a sea of white fog marks the course of the river. Above him are the rocky cliffs where, during the warm days in August, when the velvet which has covered his horns since they began growing in February was just beginning to rub off, he lay all day in the hot sun till his horns had become as hard as steel. Their long brown points gleam in the sun as he stands with his head raised gazing at the beautiful scene below him. On either side of the cañon, which begins with the little grassy swale under the rocks, where a tiny spring coming out of the rocks trickles through the grass and late flowers, he sees a long ridge, dropping gradually down until it is lost in the fog. Along the top there are a few scattering sugar-pines, giants of the forest; here is a thicket of dark firs, there, a long bare stretch of brown dry grass; a little farther down is a tangled growth of manzanitas, through which he would have a hard time to force his way. Again a stretch of barren rocky soil, with white grease wool scattered in patches over it; lower down a grove of live oak and madrones, then a grove of black and white oaks where he will soon go to pick up acorns which fall to the ground with the first frosts, and wax fat on them. In the deep cañons are the maples, their large leaves showing brilliant patches of color in contrast with the dark evergreens growing beside them; some are bright scarlet, others a dark blood red, and here and there a vine maple gleaming in the sun like gold. The myrtles, their dark green foliage such a sombre contrast to their gray companions, stand in graceful groups along the little stream. When

the maples have lost their gaudy robes, their long bare limbs tossing about in the air, they will still be dressed in their soft green garments, and the birds and squirrels will find a cozy shelter in their arms when the storms are abroad in the hills.

The deer stands motionless awhile, looking at the lovely view before him. As he gazes, the sea of fog along the river begins to lift and seems to melt away in the air. The river itself, a silver thread in the distance, soon appears, winding in and out around the foot of the hills. Many times, when the savage hounds have given him a hard chase, he has plunged into the clear cold waters, and swimming down the stream for a way, thrown the dogs off the scent; when all is quiet again he returns to his home under the rocks. Now he turns and walks to the spring, puts his nose in the cool water and takes a long deep drink.

A little breeze passes over the meadow; when it reaches him where he stands, he suddenly starts, throws up his head and with dilating nostrils sharply sniffs the air. He begins to quiver with excitement and alarm; his heart beats fast, his eyes flash, and stamping the ground with his little forefeet, he gives a snort. With a shake of his head he clears the stream and goes bounding off through the woods. A moment later, a large hound comes into the clearing, his great silky ears hanging about his face. He trots along until he comes to the place where the deer had walked and then he stops, his nose close to the ground, and smells eagerly about. Backward and forward he goes, making a little whining noise until he comes to the edge of the pool where the deer stood to drink. There he finds the fresh sign, and with a deep bay, which wakens the echoes in the woods around, leaps onward in pursuit. The deer has a good start, and after the first few long jumps he makes for his usual trail around the high point. He makes a circle of perhaps a mile and again passes through the little grassy swale. Crossing the stream he finds his old tracks and follows them once more. Over the same course he goes and once more passes through the meadow and takes the old course. This time, when he reaches the place where the ridge puts off toward the river, he makes a tremendous bound off to one side, landing on the ground several rods from the old trail, and then he goes springing down the ridge to the river. When a long way down he leaves the ridge and

goes down into the deep cañon on one side, where he finds the little stream he left up in the meadow now grown to a brawling brook. Getting into the water, he runs down the bed of the stream, stopping at last in a little pool and listens. Away up on the mountain he hears the savage baying of the hound. Sometimes it comes loud and clear and again it becomes fainter and fainter as the dog goes around the point, still on the old track. But when the old hound comes around again to the place where the deer jumped off, he slows down and seems to be thinking the matter over. Soon he begins to circle around, the circles growing larger each time. After a while he crosses the fresh trail and, taking the track once more, he follows swiftly down the ridge. Down into the cañon he goes, and when he comes to where the deer entered the little stream he is again puzzled. He noses round and catching the scent of the deer where he has stepped on a little patch of gravel he remembers the trick. Silently and swiftly he follows the course of the stream until, coming suddenly around a large rock he sees the deer standing in the pool but a short distance away. With low savage growl he dashes forward; the buck, after one frightened look, has gone bounding off up the hill. Running up the hill until he comes to the top of the ridge, he once more makes for the river. But the hound, keeping the quarry in sight, gains little by little. Down the hot dry ridge they go, the deer finding his breath comes short and thick. He will not be able to stand it very long and at a little opening he suddenly wheels and makes a dash at the dog.

The hound springs nimbly out of the way, and as the deer rushes past, springs at his throat. Quick as a flash the deer turns and the dog misses his hold. The deer charges him again and this time, as the dog makes a spring, a trailing vine catches his leg and he rolls over. Before he can get to his feet again, the buck is upon him; one sharp point of the antlers catches him in the flank and tears a deep wound. With a howl of agony the dog struggles to get away, but again the sharp horn enters his side, ripping a long gash. With tongue hanging out and eyes flashing fire, the old buck stamps the dog with his sharp hoofs, breaking the bones and cutting holes through his hide. When life is stamped out and the body lies still, the deer stands over it, his sides panting and the foam dropping from his lips. He has vanquished his enemy, but as he stands there, he hears a sound which fills his heart with terror. Two other dogs have crossed his track and are now bearing down upon him. Again he must run for his life. If he can only

reach the river he will be safe. A short run and he comes out on the bluff over the river. Far below him he sees the clear cool water flowing calmly and peacefully along. Behind him he hears the dogs; they have reached the scene of the fight. Their baying ceases for a moment as they find the body. But again it reaches his ears, louder and nearer than before. He sees the dogs coming down the point, and, turning, he leaps over the edge of the bluff and strikes the water far below with a great splash. Down out of sight into the deep bosom of the river he goes, to appear a few yards below, puffing and blowing the water from his nostrils. He swims along until he reaches a bar extending far out into the water, and then he leaves the river and runs along the bar, intending to take to the water again below.

Just as he leaves the water's edge, a man steps out from behind a thicket of brush where he has been hiding, and, dropping down on one knee, glances for an instant along the shining barrel of a rifle. The buck is coming straight toward him, heeding nothing but the terrible dogs behind. There is a snapping report, a sharp pain shoots through the deer's breast, he staggers and almost falls; with an effort he plunges madly on, the hot blood pouring from a hole in his side. He knows he is mortally wounded, and will make a desperate effort to escape to some quiet place to die. He reaches the river and plunges in, the red blood dying the water behind him. The man has thrown down his gun and plunged into the river after him. Just as the buck reaches the other bank he feels a firm grip on one of his hind legs; he plunges and kicks with all his waning strength, and the man calls to some one to come and help him. Another man swims across and seizes the deer by the horns, and together they drag him out on the sand. A keen knife is passed quickly around his throat; there is a fresh spurt of red blood, a few more weak struggles, a feeble gasp, and the noble buck is dead.

Balloon Racing.....Walter Wellmann.....McClure's

Even more interesting is the story which the winner has to tell. Much of the narrative is found in the log-book of the Centaure. A note says: "We are in a mountainous country, Bavaria, without doubt?" The entry ends with a mark of interrogation, nevertheless. "This," said de la Vaulx, descanting upon the joys of ballooning, "is the charm of the whole thing. The balloonist becomes an explorer. Say you are a young man who would like to roam a little; you want adventures; you want to penetrate the unknown. But you art tied down at home by family, busi-

ness, what-not. Well, you take to ballooning. At noon you have luncheon with your family. At two o'clock you ascend. Fifteen minutes later you are no longer a commonplace denizen of the easy-going town—you are an adventurer into the unknown, an explorer as surely as any who melt in Africa or freeze in the Arctic. You do not know any too well where you are at any given moment, and as for knowing where you are going or when you are to get there, why, that is all a guess. See how amusing it may be! It is principally chance and the winds. Yet you have something to say about it, too—something depends upon you, your skill, your nerve, your wisdom, your experience. You must choose where to seek your equilibrium, whether to accept this current or that, whether to scud low or mount high, whether to mount above the clouds and suffer with the cold and be compelled to breathe oxygen from your tubes, or to cling by your guide-rope to the earth. Then, when you decide to come down, it is really jolly to speculate upon what country it may chance to be, what language the people speak there, and how they will receive you. There is also a bit of curiosity as to what sort of pranks the wind may play with you when you first touch the earth, whether it will suffer you to drop gently upon her bosom, or angrily drag you along from bush to stone, and from stone to forest, fence, field, barn, or church. Ah, there is nothing like the zest that comes of this uncertainty!"

This mad race through the clouds continued all day. The two ships of the air were flying, neck and neck, over southern Germany and Bohemia. In the early morning the rivals began a series of competitive manoeuvres—the yachtsmanship of the atmospheric ocean. When the Centaure threw out ballast and rose above the mist-clouds, the Saint Louis followed suit. When the Centaure let out a little gas and descended nearer earth, the Saint Louis lost no time in executing a similar movement. So near together were the racers at one moment, that de la Vaulx and Godard were able to make out the identity of their competitor. At nine o'clock they passed over a large city, but they could not guess its name. In an hour they passed another town, also a wide river, and still they did not know where they were. "Balsan is always mounting," says the Centaure's log-book observations; "he has passed in front of us, and is working more toward the south. This continual mounting," it is recorded in a vein of satisfaction, "will doubtless shorten his trip." At two o'clock in the afternoon the sun was clouded over, and the balloon suffered such a great condensation that

they were compelled to throw out several sacks of ballast, and even at that fell near enough to the earth to have a good view of a large city, which they thought was Posen. "Our rival has also descended from the high altitudes," says the log, "and appears to be going with his guide-rope." Later in the afternoon the wind became more violent; there were only six sacks of ballast remaining, but as the country appeared to be one of plains, they decided to pass the second night in the air. "Our rival has disappeared!" notes the log-book of the Centaure triumphantly.

"That was the last entry in the log-record," said de la Vaulx. "During the night, cold and sleepiness discouraged us from continuing it. We took alternate watches of a quarter-hour each. Twice we shot up again to more than 5,000 metres altitude, and there found Arctic cold. Above 4,000 metres we invariably began breathing the oxygen, whether we felt the need of it or not. Its exhilarating effects enabled us to endure the cold and the fatigue. During the night we used very little ballast, but were continually pulling the valve. Otherwise we should have been carried above 7,000 metres, where it is almost impossible to breathe, and we were already too much exhausted to dare risk anything of that sort. Shortly after daylight we decided to descend, satisfied that we had broken all records and surpassed all our rivals. We could have kept on some time longer, as we had two and a half sacks of ballast, much of our provisions, our extra cordage, and our oxygen apparatus, to spare. But we were content with what we had done. Besides, what appeared to be interminable forests were to be seen in the distance; so we descended. It was the prettiest landing I ever made. We never budged from the spot where the basket first struck the ground, the anchor having 'bitten' in marvelous fashion."

"And of course you are well satisfied with your voyage?"

"It was a splendid trip. I never enjoyed anything so much as that dizzy flight through the clouds at fifty miles an hour; this was our speed for some time during the gale of that second night out. Yet we felt no wind, no jarring, no motion, nothing! It is one of the peculiarities of travel by balloon that you do not feel anything; all is still with you, no matter how fast you may be going. You see, you are riding with the wind; you move as fast as it moves; you are part and parcel of it, whether you wish to be or not. It takes you in its embrace so firmly, yet so softly, you do not know it is there. You may be in the teeth of a hurricane, but you never know it; all is calm and placid with you. If there is light, and

you are not above dense clouds, of course you can see the earth and discern how fast you are flying. You note how quickly you pass over a field, a forest, a village, a city.

"But at night, when sailing far above a sparsely inhabited region, you seem to be a part not only of the wind, but of the darkness; you are almost without sensation, life, motion, noise; blackness, stillness everywhere—above you, below you, all round you. One wonders if he has not ceased to be a human being and shrunk to a molecule of black; one feels how infinitesimal he is in the scheme of the physical universe—a silent mite floating through a world of dark that is without shape, substance, contrast, form, sound, anything. 'And the earth was void.' One falls to thinking that perhaps he has shaken off the material world and all its belongings, has ceased to be physical and become ethereal; then he rouses from this with a feeling of exultation because man's ingenuity has thus enabled him to triumph over nature, to penetrate her mysteries, to ride straight through them, to soar in space like the gods. One cries out for joy, and his voice is a roar which startles him; the popping of a champagne cork is like a cannon-shot.

"By this time, perhaps, we have floated over the forest, past the still wilds, and have reached the zone of habitation again. Sounds come from the earth below, sounds which we know are made by man or his works, and we are glad; these proofs that we are still in the neighborhood of the orb to which we belong, and that we are not drifting off into space and approaching the stars, are welcomed with a satisfaction which would seem childish were it not so real. No matter how high we are, the noises of the earth come up to us—if only there are noises to come. There is no solitude like that of a flight over a country which sends no greeting, no sounds of man or beast or anything earthly. Even at great altitudes the earth's sound-waves reach our ears. They come, too, with strange vividness. At 5,000 metres we are three miles high; yet we hear the bleating of a lamb, the lowing of a cow, as distinctly as if we were in the farm-yard itself. The crowing of a cock two-and-a-half miles below wakened me from a doze in the early morning. The whistle of a locomotive is like the shriek of a fiend. We hear the market wagons rumbling along the roads before the break of day; we can even distinguish the hum of the voices of their drivers.

"Then there are the lights. At night we see a luminous point far ahead. As we rapidly approach it slowly expands; instead of one blaze, there are innumerable bright spots. In the center,

usually, there is a brilliant cluster, and from it run clearly defined radial lines of dots of light. We know all this to be a city—a city with a market place or plaza, and boulevards or avenues running thence in all directions. Our ears catch the hum of the streets—for a city is never still—of the engines, the factories, the stray carts and human footfalls upon the pavements. For a brief moment or two we are poised directly above the town; we can trace out its topography by the lines of shimmering lights. Sometimes we can, in this way, tell one town from another. With regret, we pass on to the lonely country once more, where only a faint lamp-glow meets the eye here and there, and where sound ceases. When the moon comes out a little we see a winding, curling line of gray, down in the well of blackness which lies below us. It is a river with the light falling upon its waters. We see a lurid flash and hear a mighty roar—it is a railway train, and the stoker's fire has illumined the steam and smoke issuing from the locomotive's nozzle. Now we throw out a little ballast and rise once more to the great altitudes, into the perfect calm, the dense black, the void space, the noiseless abyss, but we are cheered by this brief contact, through our alert senses, with the world which we hail from and to which we hope to return; at any rate, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is still there."

"But is it not dangerous?"

"No, no! There are no dangers. It is false and 'cabotin' to tell tales of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes of a sport that is as calm and peaceful as it is fascinating—a sport which stirs the soul of man and makes little appeal to his physical prowess or courage. In four years, let me tell you, we have sent up five hundred balloons without one accident. Compare that with automobiling, or any other sport in the world! People who talk of the hazards of ballooning have never made an ascent. It is the unknown that frightens them. We who do go up with our *aërostats*, knowing their powers, conscious of our ability to control them, at least in part—to ascend, descend, scud low, fly high, land, or trail with guide-rope out, at our pleasure—are like the traditional sailor in a storm, who thanked his lucky stars he was not among the poor wretches on land, in danger of having the chimney-pots fall on his head. Oh, yes, you must know your business. You must know what to do in an emergency. You must have 'sang froid.' You must know your balloon. You must have had experience. You should have steady practice—make an ascent once a month, at least. A balloon is like a horse—yes, just like a horse. If

you ride him every day, if you study his temper, his moods, his peculiarities, you have him under your hand. You tame and train him till he responds to your will. You must not strike or spur him 'nal apropos' or he breaks and runs away; you must not pull him up too short or he bolts;—that is to say, you must not throw out ballast in too great quantity or at the wrong moment—ballast is the spur which you apply to your aërial steed. Nor must you let out too much gas at once, for that is the bit you have in his mouth. Do you know how we throw out ballast? No, not by the sackful; it is only the tyro who does that. We use a half-pint dipper, and one dipper of sand will often check the downward course of our steed."

"And letting out gas?"

"Letting out gas is like taking the life, the 'bottom' out of your horse. You must watch it, treasure it every moment of your voyage. Of course, you must let out a little gas if you are rising too high and are in danger of going exploring among other worlds than ours, but the aeronaut who goes into a funk when he sees the tree-tops or the roofs of the houses unpleasantly near him, and excitedly throws out a sackful of sand, must, a little later, sacrifice more gas, because he has spurred his charger too high. It all comes back to the management of the ballast—and to 'sang froid,' always 'sang froid!'"

The Completed Bicycle.....Independent

The bicycle is here again. For both the rider and the manufacturer the situation to-day is more satisfactory that it has been at any time of the wheel's existence. The trying period of costly experiments has been passed for the manufacturer, and the rider has the advantage of all that long experience has developed and proved to be advantageous and practical. In a word, the maker has now eliminated nearly all the bicycle's dangers and defects, and the rider has passed beyond the uncertain period of both the faddists who rode the bicycle because it was a new idea, and the fashion-followers who had to "keep up with the procession." We must not, however, belittle the antecedent eras of "fad" and "fashion." They were invaluable, because in catering to them the manufacturer was enabled more or less profitably to employ the inventiveness which eliminated the "bone-shaker" and developed the "safety," to adopt the rubber-tire, to provide the chainless gear and ball-bearings, and to devise a brake giving absolute control; in fact, to develop the masterpiece of mechanism which the bicycle to-day is, for there is no likelihood that there will be any further radical changes in the style or con-

struction of the bicycle. The thing is now fully invented.

Nor were the years of probation less valuable to the rider. Familiarity and use have produced a new generation, who are able to manage the wheel with an ease entirely impossible years ago. Children seem born with the faculty of riding, and it is rare to see the struggle of the early novice. The wheel is now permanently established as a personal and commercial necessity—an indisputable factor of modern life. Its future now rests on its widely recognized utility. What will it save in money or time? What aid will it bring in business? These are now the important considerations. In this respect never were conditions more favorable. Many of our cities are asphalted or have special strips of asphalt on paved streets. This enables a greater number of bicyclists for a longer number of months each year to ride to and from the suburbs to the centers of trade. Mechanical contrivances, also, carefully designed for receptacles, enable the cyclist to provide against rain, to carry food, parcels, and a kit that makes him largely independent of the professional repairer.

What is true of the city is equally true of the country. Better roads and cycle sidepaths are covering the land with a network that every year widens the area of the bicycle's usefulness, and brings the joys of touring to thousands and thousands who previously knew very little, from personal experience, of their neighborhood, county or State.

The Matter of the Catch.....A. Whitehead.....Field and Stream

It was May day in the morning. The dogwood bush just at the edge of the water was clothed in such a mass of snow-white bloom that it resembled a belated snowbank with the background of oak forest just budding forth with leaflets as large as a squirrel's tail, the legendary Indian time for planting corn. There came a flash of scarlet and a redbird with his more modestly garbed little mate continued their springtime courting among the snowy blossoms; the purple violets beneath; the intensely blue spring sky overhead and all this carnival of color mirrored in the glassy surface of the lake. The robins were telling of fair days and sunny weather to come and the blackbirds among the cattails were busy with their preparations for the summer housekeeping. Ah, well! I was lost in the charm of the scene, the blessed warmth of the sun, the vibrant happiness of the birdlife, the springtime fullness of joyful existence about me, when my friend in the other boat nearby called:

"There's our old friend, the bald eagle that

you wouldn't let me shoot last summer!" and sure enough, the majestic emblem of all that is dear to American hearts was slowly winging his way toward the upper end of the lake. And I was glad in my heart that I had stayed the hand that had drawn a bead on the big fellow in the treetop one day in the late summer of the preceding year.

The crows were holding a caucus on the woody shores; a partridge drummed in the distance; a silvery-white herring floated, dead, upon the unruffled water and the real business of the day—the securing of a nice string of bass to commence the season with—was farthest from our minds as we reveled in the environment of the woods and the fields and the water, when there came a jerk at the rod lying across the seat and the reel hummed the merriest tune an angler can listen to. The dominant principle of the fisherman's nature came flashing back as I felt the rush of the goodly fish and the yank which always reminds one of a bucking broncho, and a fine large-mouth black bass as he left the water with an angry shake of the head made predictions of a certain amount of trouble ahead.

"Look at him! just look!" yelled my friend from the other boat—and of course I thought he meant my bass—when a great splash, as if a man had jumped overboard for a header in the lake, made me look indeed, and there was a sight worth a trip across the continent. The eagle had returned from his little trip up the lake and from his towering height at least two hundred feet above the water had espied the floating herring and with a mighty rush from almost straight above, had hurled himself upon the prey. As I paused in the playing of the bass, he stretched the mighty wings to their fullest extent, loitered an instant as if to give us a full appreciation of his kingly character, and slowly rose from amid the widening ripples, mounted up into the blue sky above us and leisurely departed in triumph with a bountiful repast, to the fastnesses of the home nest somewhere over there in the swampy solitudes of Gerundegut Bay.

What matter that, when I came back to earth again and returned to the business in hand, the loose, lifeless line told in language not to be mistaken that the first strike of the season, my beautiful bass, had taken due and timely advantage of the slack and had made good his golden opportunity? I inwardly rejoiced that there was indelibly impressed upon my memory as long as life shall last, a picture of the sublime moment when that royal bird had spread the big wings while his talons were making sure of the prize for which he had risked so much.

What matter if I have already forgotten the actual number of bass we landed that day? When we feel, and see, and hear such things, is it a wonder that the matter of the catch is forgotten? The man who, coming home after such a day as this, even if his creel be empty and his legs weary and his appetite such as only an angler knows, can say with a weary but satisfied sigh as he kicks off the wet and muddy boots, "Well, well! but we did have a most delightful day," is the true angler after all.

When you go abroad among nature's treasures, whether with dog and gun or rod and reel, don't let your anxiety to make a big record overcome the enjoyment of the pearls which she casts before you with so lavish a hand. Listen to the birds; watch the lambs frisking on the hillside under the watchful eye of the fond mothers of the flock; consider the lilies of the field, the conversation of the crows, the merry whistle of bob-white, the drumming of the partridge. Drink in the sweetness of the surroundings with the welcome draught from the woodland spring—and get a good string or a full game bag if you can. But if you fish and hunt after the manner in which you chase the fickle goddess Fortune in your everyday life, you are missing the chief benefits vouchsafed to all true disciples of Thoreau and Walton and fall far and away short of the true results which you should derive from your too brief outing.

Listen to that thrush as he fills the aisles of the woodland with his inimitable notes, imitating all the others and putting in a few extras on his own account. No high priced seat at the opera brings you such music. Melba or Nordica or any of the rest are but very poor imitators of this which dear, good Mother Nature proffers to us all, free and hearty.

I watched a muskrat the other afternoon as he made a wedge-like ripple along the edge of the rushes across the little lake where I was fishing and wondered what his business was. About twenty rods down the shore he made a sudden dive toward the rushy shore and a moment after there was a splash and there were two of them, frisking and gamboling about, having the best time imaginable; he had been making an evening call upon his own beloved, and the little love story was more to me than the string of bass hanging over the side, the result of the day's work. "Simple-minded old fellow," you will say. Well, perhaps, but I wouldn't trade my appreciation of simple things for all the fish I have ever caught. And so I say to all my brother anglers, our smallest concern should be the matter of the catch.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

The Parrot.....C. Fred Kenyon.....London Academy

He was distinctly a bird of a decadent turn of mind. Life to him was one long, all-absorbing pose—a pose that never deceived any one, least of all himself. It was his desire to be thought dangerous, the kind of bird that should not be permitted to mix freely with younger members of the same species, for fear lest he should corrupt their morals. He was “blasé”—oh! so dreadfully tired of existence that he never moved except to wink dolefully and say: “I’ve no morals at all. I’m a social outcast. The vicar never calls on me!” And then, with a subtly-refined gesture of the right foot, he clearly indicated that his wickedness was to be taken for granted, and that polite protestations of disbelief could not possibly be accepted. He had one day heard these words from the lips of a chance visitor, who had related them in connection with a humorous anecdote, and for some occult reason they had remained on his tongue ever since. “I’ve no morals at all!” This was his hourly exclamation, and the dirty condition of his newly-cleaned cage gave color to the truth of this remark.

After an absence of three weeks, during which the immoral parrot was left in the hands of a caretaker, we discovered him asleep. His cage was beautifully clean, and his feathers in correct and conventional order. We looked on amazed. Was this our parrot? Surely not. He awoke with a start, and eyed us for one second, and one second only; then swiftly he dived his foot into the pot in which his food was placed, and scattered the contents in all directions. With ruffled feathers, he shrilly insisted: “I’m a social outcast! I’ve no morals at all!” The “poseur” had been discovered.

Butterflies for Parks.....London Spectator

The Parks Committee of the London County Council has under its consideration a very pretty suggestion. It is proposed that the Council should encourage the butterflies to increase and multiply in our public gardens by providing beds of the food plants on which the larvæ feed. The recognition of the charm which these bright-winged creatures, the real flower fairies, add to a garden, and especially to an English garden, with their long paths of velvet grass setting off the hues of the insects as they cross and recross to taste the blossoms, shows a very pretty taste in the analysis of natural beauty. Whoever thought of it deserves a tablet in the garden temples,

where, though Flora is the reigning goddess, Pysche, the butterfly, may come to be honored as a minor but adorable divinity. The idea suggests that butterflies are or can be made part of the actual decoration of a garden, one of the lightest and most airy sort, combining color and movement. To minds attuned to the niceties of natural beauty, as the Japanese see it in certain forms of pebbles, which they pick out and take home, to reset in cisterns of clear water in their houses, there is no doubt that the butterflies would add greatly to the enjoyment of gardens and flowers.

It is, perhaps, rather clumsy of us not to have recognized and made this part of our stated pleasures in the art. But certain it is that no one has yet done so. The finest English butterflies, unlike those of the tropics, where they may be seen massed on some damp river-bed like a mass of gorgeous flowers, are not often seen in such numbers as to suggest more than the delighted survey of one single and exquisite insect at a time. But a time may be coming when every good garden will have a butterfly rearing house, like that at the “Zoo,” and flights of peacocks, red admirals, swallow-tails, and hawk-moths will be turned out just before a garden party, “like flocks to feed in air” or on the flowers. We can picture the Miss Ormerods of the future engaged, not like that eminent lady, whose retirement is so generally regretted by agriculturists, in showing us how to extirpate insect pests, but as public advisers in papilio culture, the Miss Jekylls of butterfly gardening, ready with counsel as to how to bring on late second broods of tortoiseshells to grace the autumn borders. Then will the inquiry as to “How are your brimstones and holly blues doing this year?” or “Can I exchange a strong-flying bedding-out stock of Glanville fritillaries?” be seen in the correspondence columns of gardening papers, and moon-moths and exotic butterflies, rich and strange, will be “raised under glass” with the orchids and azaleas.

There is no insuperable difficulty in the way of butterfly life in London such as prevents the increase of many birds. All their “larvæ” (no one properly in the “fancy” calls them caterpillars) feed on the leaves of plants, and there is not only a great quantity of plant life in London, but also a vast variety, for the London flora fills an enormous list. But the trouble is that no one ever lets the weeds grow in London, and it is on the weeds of all sorts that the future butterfly grows fat, and hurries on to the gay life in front of him.

Hundreds of thousands of beautifully kept suburban gardens are absolutely weedless. The gardeners take good care of that, and the only places where the butterflies grow are the waste places, mostly the gardens and grounds of houses shut up pending their being pulled down for building sites. These grow a most astonishing number of plants, for the ground is rich, and for some reason or other seems to hold an endless supply of seeds. The ground which for a long time remained waste between the back of the Natural History Museum and the Imperial Institute was for years a preserve of every kind of indigenous weed, from nettles to sheep's parsley, and of a curious collection of foreign plants, grown from seeds shaken from the packing in which specimens were brought to the museum. In little patches of deserted garden the whole surface is often covered in the same way with coltsfoot, mallows, nettles, cabbage and wild carrot, and dustheaps and old brickyards are also prolific in rank weeds. Such places are at present the main, and almost the only, source of our wild stock of London butterflies. It is there that all the vanessas, the most brilliant and the largest of garden-haunting butterflies, pass from the egg to the caterpillar, and ultimately turn into chrysalides. The three finest are the peacocks, the red admirals, and the tortoiseshells, all of which love garden flowers to sit on when playing, and feed greedily on the decaying juices of rotten fruit. It would be quite easy to provide food for them when they are butterflies, for a few cartloads of overripe Covent Garden grapes and plums distributed among the parks would feed a hundred thousand of these brilliant creatures for a week. The peacocks and red admirals are absolutely, and not relatively, the most beautiful indigenous living creatures in this country. Yet both, when larvæ, feed upon the common stinging-nettle. It is well known that the nettle always grows with peculiar luxuriance wherever man has been, and springs up in places where it was never seen before, where he had not set his foot, round little shelter huts in the high Alps, or on the sites of camps and ruins of temporary houses. So the peacock and red admiral are the natural followers of men and inhabitants of all but the trimmest of cities, where nettles are never found. Even the famous Camberwell beauty's larva feeds on nettles, though it prefers the willow leaves. The painted lady, another of these vanessas, feeds on thistles, especially the common field thistle, which is rare near London—which causes the butterfly to be rare too. But the large tortoiseshell, which stands third on the list of brilliant garden-haunting butterflies, has as its food plant the leaf of the elm and

of certain willows and aspens. The pretty comma butterfly also feeds on elm and stinging nettle, as well as on the hop and the red currant, and like the other vanessas, is particularly fond of the juices of fruits and flowers, and prefers the former fermented. The leaves of trees are more commonly the food of moths than of butterflies, or rather of their larvæ. Lime hawk moths are probably the commonest of all the larger insects of London. The plane, lime, and elm, the most numerous of London trees, have few butterfly guests, and the willows, the favorite food of very many moths and several butterflies, are not encouraged as they ought to be round our ornamental waters. Many very pretty butterflies are naturally absent from London because they do not feed either on the vegetables of gardens, or on common and rank weeds like nettles. Such is the orange-tip, one of the gayest of the whites, and among the commonest in the country. The orange-tip's larva feeds on water-side cresses, the cuckoo flower, the bitter cress, the watercress, hedge mustard, and wild mustard. As these are just the kind of plants which disappear utterly near a great city, because the brooks and ditches are all converted into conduits, the swift and airy flight of the orange-tip is almost unknown to London children. The clouded yellow is reared on the clovers, lucernes, and trefoils, and is, therefore, wholly a creature of the open fields. The splendid brimstone butterfly, once only common near the sea-coast, does now appear in London occasionally. The change is due to the modern taste for hardy flowering shrubs. The brimstone is only reared on the two kinds of buckthorn, one being a thorny, low shrub growing on sandhills near the sea. It is now a favorite in rock-gardens and wild borders, and thrives in London. Consequently, its associated butterfly is appearing in the parks and in Kew Gardens. The "common blue" is sometimes seen in the parks, though not the dainty little chalk-blue which swarms on the downs, because its tiny larvæ feed only on the little yellow crowsfoot leaves, whose yellow flowers are commoner on the chalk turf than are the butterflies themselves. The holly blue is often seen in the suburbs, because its early food is the flower of the holly, and in autumn the flower of ivy, which blossoms well among our brick walls. The fritillaries and the heaths and browns do not enter the ring of bricks and mortar, for their food grows on Hampstead Heath and Wimbledon; neither do the hairstreaks or the brilliant small copper, commonly, for most of the hairstreaks feed on the blackthorn, which is utterly destroyed near the metropolis, and the small copper, one of the brightest of all butter-

flies, is bred on the leaves of the dock and sorrel, which, though common in every hayfield, never grow their leaves properly either in the parks or anywhere inside the outer suburbs.

Animals That Hang Up to Sleep.....Pearson's

There is one animal which lives entirely in trees, but is able to maintain its position during slumber without the least exercise of muscular force. This is the sloth, common in the forests of tropical America. Its long claws are so bent that they hook over the branches and allow the creature to hang upside down like an animated hammock. Curiously enough, the hammock appears to be a South American invention, and is universally employed by all the Indian tribes of the Amazons. Perhaps the primitive human dwellers in this region took to sleeping in hammocks after observing the habits of the sloth.

The great ant-eater, which is both a kinsman and fellow-countryman of the sloth, has an enormous tail which it uses in a very remarkable manner. I recently saw two of these strange animals lying together asleep, and they had arranged their tails so cleverly that their whole bodies were hidden from view. Moreover it was evident that this caudal coverlet would afford excellent protection from the weather, for the central solid part of the tails acted as a kind of ridge-pole over the highest part of the sleepers' bodies, so that the long fringes of hair sloped downward on each side like the thatch upon a roof.

Like the sloths, many kinds of bats sleep suspended by their hooked claws without any muscular exertion whatever. Some of the large fruit-eating bats of the tropics, which do not sleep in holes like the species common in southern latitudes, but which hang suspended to the branches of trees in the open air, adopt a position which it would be difficult to beat for economy and comfort. Gould's fruit-eating bat, common to the warmer parts of Australia, suspends itself upside down by one hind foot, and wraps its body in the tent-like folds of its wing membranes which extend right down to the ankles. Its shoulders, to which the membrane is attached, are humped up so as to act as eaves to shoot off the rain, and when asleep it draws its head under their shelter and nestles its nose under the warm fur of its chest.

The Camel Comedy....Helen T. Griswold....New York Evening Post

A few lines in the telegraphic news of the daily press the other day concerning the killing of a camel on the Colorado desert in western Arizona by a Southern Pacific Railroad train, was the first intimation to millions of Americans

that a herd of genuine "ships of the desert" ever ran at will anywhere within the domain of Uncle Sam. Indeed, there are thousands of people who have made their home for years in California, who have never heard that camels from Arabia and Egypt have been wandering over the sandy wastes of the extreme southern part of their own State.

The history of the camels of western Arizona and along the Colorado River is very interesting, and forms one of the comedies that may once in a while be found in even the dullest and most ponderous volumes of public records from the Government Printing Office at Washington. In some ways the procurement of the beasts in the Orient, and their establishment on the deserts of the Southwest, resemble scenes and plots in the opera-bouffe of the day. Some half-dozen of names of the persons who were interested in the scheme to domesticate camels upon the American deserts have since become famous in our national history. A homely, black, cloth-covered volume of almost 300 pages, bearing the title Senate Executive Document, No. 62, of the Thirty-fourth Congress, tells the early story of Uncle Sam's camels.

The old-time residents of western Texas and of Arizona have some vivid recollections of the effort to make the burden-bearer of the Orient useful in the military service of the Southwest, and of the laughable failure it proved to be. From Indianola, Texas, the camels were moved overland at the rate of forty and fifty miles a day, carrying Government stores to the weight of 1,000 to 1,500 pounds each, to interior points in Texas. Almost from the first there was much difficulty in grooming and feeding the camels. In a few weeks several died of unknown diseases, and others languished and became unfit for work. The military officers found it hard to get any hostler to attend to the camels, toward which all the cavalymen and troopers took a violent dislike. The horses became restive and ugly when stabled or corralled with the strange beasts. There were frequent reports that a camel or two had broken away during the night and wandered away across the sandy plains, and it has been suspected that extraordinary zeal was not always put forth to find the animals and bring them back for military service.

From May 5, 1857, until early in 1861, some thirty of the camels that had become habituated to American ways and the climate of the Southwest were kept at the United States fort at El Paso and Bowie. The troopers and teamsters could not be persuaded to use the beasts instead of horses or mules—partly because of the clumsi-

ness of the camel harness and the unusual labor of packing and preparing a "ship of the desert" for service. In the last year or two of their stay at the garrisons they were merely pensioners upon Uncle Sam's bounty, and were never brought into service. In 1861 the herd had increased to forty-four head. Then the civil war came on, and in the stir and wild excitement of those days in every army fort in the South, the camels were forgotten, and wandered away at will. They traveled in pairs, and sometimes in bunches of fours and sixes, across the deserts and into the mountains. Some lived for years in the "Panhandle" of Texas, and a few made their way as far west as the Colorado River in southern California. In some instances the camels multiplied, but in twenty years most of them died among the mountains or were killed by the Indians.

At intervals in the last decade the soldiers at the garrisons in New Mexico and Arizona have seen stray remnants or descendants of the original herd running about on the alkali plains, or amid the sage brush and cactus. Now and then a passenger on the Southern Pacific Railroad trains has had a sight of some gaunt, bony and decrepit old camel in the distance, plodding his way across the Territories. All reports are that the animals have grown white with age, become as wild and intractable as any mustang, and acquired hard, horny hoofs unlike the cushion-like pedal extremities of the well-kept camel, and that their hide has assumed a hard, leathery appearance. It is likely that there are very few of these "ships of the desert" left in America. They have not been seen in either New Mexico or Arizona in several years.

Curious Birds.....New York Sun

Birds without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kiwi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat, which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well-trained bird of the United States, and it has no song.

A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is the penguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg.

The largest of flight birds is the California vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip

nine and a half to ten feet, and exceeding considerably in size the true condor of South America. The bird lays but one egg each season—large, oval, ashy green in color, and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appearance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction, and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only one in captivity.

Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird, which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the Southwest. Its aliases are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In northern Mexico, western Texas and southern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs, nor hounds, nor electric pacing machines are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing or tailor birds of India—little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf onto a green one hanging from the tree, the sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

Many a regiment cannot compare in perfection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida, winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines, in unbroken perfection. The curlews are dainty and charming birds to see—some pink, some white.

All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear, until they are able to fly. The reason of the delayed development of fear is that being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can fly.

It is always a source of wonder to Arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberry ripen in the northern swamps accounts for the presence of the birds.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT

A love of plants, if genuine, cannot fail to arouse in us a desire to know all that can be learnt about their life-history, their structure, classification and habits. The subject, however, is a vast one, and may well alarm the tyro. In fact, a grasp, other than general, of the whole range of botany may at once be set down as beyond the scope of any except those who make a professional study of it. Nevertheless, it does not follow that the labors of those who find in botany a delightful recreation need be lost to the science. Indeed there is great need of the work of such in the immense field of the North American flora—a flora that must be ever increasing in the number of identified species as new territory is explored by careful and experienced observers. Much good might be done, if those who find pleasure in collecting and identifying wild flowers would take up as a special study some single group or genus, and carefully ransack the whole of the district in which they live for specimens. The importance of making a specialty of some particular branch of our flora may be gathered from the preface to Gray's fifth edition of his *Manual of Botany*. The arguments in favor of it grow stronger every year, as the country becomes more settled and persons flock more and more to the rural districts during the heated season. What a boon it would be if we had a list of North American plants, corresponding to the "London Catalogue" of British plants, procurable for a few cents, in which we could mark off the plants that we meet with in our summer rambles! There can be little doubt that such a convenience would result in greater interest in the floras of districts, and doubtless, not only would new localities be discovered and recorded, but even new species might reward the keen-sighted observer. As an instance of the desirability of persons critically examining the plants they may meet with in their daily walks, the following passage is given:

Our Riches in Hawthorn.....Boston Evening Transcript

One of the most interesting and useful tasks to which American botanical science has ever addressed itself is the systematic study of our American hawthorns which has been carried on during the last few years, centering at the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, of which Professor Charles S. Sargent is director. The result of the investigation, so far, has been to show that instead of being weak in hawthorns, as for years has been taken for granted, our American flora is exceptionally rich in them, with, indeed, more species, in all probability, than all the rest of the world put together.

Everybody, however little acquainted with botany or horticulture, has read at least of the hawthorn, celebrated by every generation of English poets, and the typical tree, one may almost call it, of the typical English garden. It charms

in May with its beautiful white flowers, and makes the autumn gay with its brilliant fruits. The genus to which it belongs is called by botanists *Crataegus*, the classical Latin name for hawthorn, and is widely scattered over the countries of the northern temperate zone. The best-known species is the English hawthorn, of course, which has been a favorite inhabitant of gardens for many centuries, and is described and praised in all books about gardening. Some of the American hawthorns, too, attracted the attention of the first Europeans who reached this country, and hawthorns were among the first North American plants sent back to Europe.

The *Silva* of North America, published in 1891, recognized fourteen North American species. With one or two exceptions, they had all been known to botanists for nearly a century. These fourteen species were known to grow naturally in the forests, but in European gardens cultivated plants of other species which had been raised in Europe from seeds sent from America had been studied and described by European botanists. Little attention, however, had been paid to these European garden plants by American botanists; and since several of them had not been found among the hawthorns growing naturally in America, there was a general belief in this country that they were merely hybrids or seminal varieties which were not to be considered as a genuine part of North American flora. The American botanists had certain preconceived ideas based on the descriptions of earlier botanists, and when they found plants which would not fit any of these descriptions, they were inclined to pass them by as mere variations, not separate species. In other words, the belief was prevalent that the species described fifty or sixty years ago represented all the hawthorns that were to be found in the eastern States, and that other forms were hardly worth consideration. Of recent years, however, as the study of American trees has become more general and critical, American botanists begin to realize that many forms of hawthorns have been entirely overlooked, and that others can no longer be referred to already described species, or considered as mere varieties or hybrids, and that the genus *Crataegus* as it appears in America will have to be entirely restudied in the light of modern methods, and with the aid of observations on living plants growing in all parts of the United States, if we are to

have anything like a comprehensive or scientific idea of the subject.

The results which have already been obtained are astonishing. Ninety-five species, all of which have been described and are already fairly well known, are recognized; and, besides these, the collection of dried specimens in the Arboretum herbarium show indications—often accompanied by sufficient evidence to make possible the “publication” of the species—of not less than 150 others. But even this number by no means represents, in all probability, all the North American species; for there are great regions still to be critically explored which there is reason to believe contain many additional forms. It will surprise most persons to learn how carefully and comprehensively this study of our hawthorns is being carried on. With the Arboretum as the central office, so to speak, the country is divided into districts, with a trained collector in each, gathering specimens and making critical notes. From the principal botanical gardens abroad specimens of such American species as have been cultivated in Europe are constantly sent to the Arboretum for study and comparison with the specimens collected on this side of the water; and, in addition, a year ago, Professor Sargent visited London especially to examine the types of the old species of Linnæus and other early botanists which are preserved in the Linnæan Herbarium and in the British Museum. Remarkable results have already been obtained from this widespread activity. But Professor Sargent believes that several years of careful and sustained field work will be necessary before it is possible to prepare anything like a comprehensive monograph of these numerous forms.

The above passage is of great interest, and those who study the wild plants around them will hail the undertaking with satisfaction. Nothing can be more certain than that the number of native species of even our common flowers will be found to be greater than is commonly supposed, when the country has been systematically explored. There are, however, two dangers which have to be guarded against. These are, to use the phraseology employed in England under similar circumstances, “splitting” and “lumping.” Some observers have a tendency to see a new species whenever they come across a plant that does not exactly correspond to the type, forgetting that species have “accidents” as well as “properties.” Others again overlook differences which are organic, supposing them to be merely varietal. The former class multiplies species by the bushel; the latter lumps them together until the type may well be said to be almost generic rather than specific. Careful and trained observation is most necessary in botanical study, but fortunately it is easily acquired by one who really loves the objects of his researches. Let

me give an extract that well illustrates the value and interest of accurate observation:

Concerning Leaves.....Knowledge

The stems of plants are the framework on which the leaves and flowers are spread out to catch the light and air, and we find definite relations existing between the form, position, and strength of stems, and the shape, weight and function of the organs which the stems support. The branches of an apple or pear tree have to be sufficiently strong not only to withstand the stress of winter gales, and the burden of the wealth of blossom and foliage of early summer, but also the weight of the abundant fruit of autumn. It is interesting to note that among our cultivated fruits, strength of stem has not kept pace with the increase in the weight of fruit due to artificial selection, so that in gardens our artificial fruits must needs, in a season of abundance, be supported by artificial stems—by props and crutches, lest, like the legs of the prize turkey in the Christmas carol, the branches might snap like sticks of sealing-wax. In evergreen trees, the weight of snow is a serious contingency that must not be neglected. Nor must the chance of accident owing to wandering animals be left out of account. The young ash saplings, a few feet in height, are as pliable as willow wands, and spring back into their places as we force our way through them; but the knobly twigs of an old ash tree, which swing clear in the air high overhead, are brittle and snap across if we attempt to bend them; the elasticity of the whole bough is sufficient to bring them safely through the heaviest storm.

Between the form of a twig and that of the leaves which it bears we can generally at once perceive a relation. The little leaves of the birch are borne on twigs slender as a piece of twine. The oak and elm, with larger leaves, require a stouter twig for their support. The sycamore and ash have twigs which are stouter still. The large leaves of the horse-chestnut are borne on very thick twigs, in which the principle of the hollow column is introduced. The arrangement of the leaves on the stem, or “phyllotaxis,” is a question of the first importance. The leaves must be so grouped that all may receive as much light as possible. So far as can be arranged, there should be no overlapping, nor should any of the available space be wasted. On the stem of the ash, or sycamore, or teazel, the large leaves are arranged in alternate pairs, the direction of the axis of each pair being at right angles to that of the next. Thus two spaces, or “internodes,” separate any pair of leaves from the nearest pair which, being placed in the same position, might overshadow it. This is a very simple case, which we shall find

to be the rule when we examine plants in which the leaves are borne in opposite pairs. When leaves are borne in whorls of three a similar rule will be found to hold good. The position of the leaves of any whorl is such that they are vertically below or above the spaces between the leaves of the next whorl. It will be seen at once that the amount of light received by each leaf is materially increased by this arrangement. If in a theatre we can look between the heads of two people in the row immediately in front of us, the head of a person in the next row beyond, even though directly before us, does not much interfere with our view of the stage. In most cases, however, the arrangement of the leaves on the stem is much more complicated than this. The leaves usually emerge singly. If we join by a line the point of emergence of a leaf with that of the next leaf above it on a stem, and that again with the next, a spiral will be the result, along which at equal intervals we reach the "nodes," or points where leaves are borne. And the distance between these nodes will always be found to bear some definite relation to the total length of the spiral line in making one complete revolution round the stem. If the distance from node to node is one-half of this whole distance, it signifies that the leaves are borne alternately on opposite sides of the stem, each leaf being vertically below the second one higher up the stem—a very common arrangement. Or the leaves may be borne three to each spiral revolution, so that the position of each leaf shifts one-third way round the stem as compared with the preceding leaf. If we look along such a stem, the leaves will appear to be borne in three vertical rows, with an equal angle between each. Examining some other plant, we may find that we have to go as far as the fifth leaf before we find one vertically above the one from which we started, and if we measure the horizontal distance from any leaf to the next above or below it, it will be found to equal two-fifths of the total circumference, so that we shall have to go five times two-fifths way round the stem, or two complete revolutions, before completing the cycle. This is called a two-fifths' phyllotaxis. In many other cases the arrangement is immensely more complicated, and need not be entered upon here. What is important for us to note at present is that by means of this orderly mathematical arrangement the leaves are so distributed that each fulfills its functions to the best advantage.

The shape of leaves offers an almost inexhaustible field for observation and scientific speculation. The size of leaves will naturally vary

inversely as their number. A plant of a certain size—say a tree—will require a certain total area of leaf for the manufacture of the requisite amount of plant-food. If we cut the branch of a horse-chestnut and of a beech where each had exactly a diameter of one inch, or two, or six inches, and counted and measured the leaves on each, while the number of beech leaves would immensely exceed the number of chestnut leaves, the total leaf-area would be about the same in each case. The area of green leaf, then, must be spread out to the best advantage. The shape of the leaves and the intervals at which they are borne are so related that an almost continuous expanse of green is offered to the sunlight. In plants which have a very short axis—which have, in popular language, "no stem"—a difficulty arises as to how all the leaves shall receive a due amount of light, since all arise from the same point. This is met in several ways. The leaves are often placed at different angles, the outer leaves, which are the lowest and oldest, spreading horizontally on the ground, the newest rising almost vertically in the center, the intermediate being disposed at various angles between these extremes. Another solution of the difficulty is effected by a continued growth of the leaf-stalks, each leaf steadily pushing itself outward so that the whole form a slowly expanding circle, in which each leaf-blade successively occupies a position commencing at the center, ending at the circumference. Such leaf-blades, it is almost needless to say, are widest at the extremity, since that is the portion which receives most light; often the blade is roundish, and placed at the end of a bare leaf-stalk, which pushes it further and further from the center, as other leaves arise. Such arrangements are well seen in many of our biennial plants. During their first season they form a close leaf-rosette of this kind, which manufactures during the summer and winter a supply of plant-food to be stored for the building up of the tall flowering stem of the succeeding year.

The preceding quotations from a lengthy and able article show what an immense amount of interesting information may be gathered from a careful observation of the trees and herbs around us. There seems to be a feeling that such minute study of plants is the peculiar field of the professional botanist; but only those who have added it to the ordinary pleasures of a garden know what a valuable phase it lends to the possession of that source of enjoyment. Let us add such observation to the "garden spirit" so charmingly treated in the following short excerpt, and we shall find a stronger argument even than that set forth by the writer for the more general pursuit of gardening:

The Garden Spirit.....Cosmopolitan

When solitude is looked for, the garden is the place to which we naturally turn. Let it have cool shaded places, where out of the summer sun one may steal to sit, and, with the sound of dripping water near by, see the brilliant flowerbeds in their masses of gorgeous color, standing out in the full sunlight, with the bees at their work among them and the blue sky overhead. And let the garden be just near enough the house to be a part of the life of its inmates, where they may go without effort, in the day or the evening. Does everyone know the garden in the half evening light—when all sharp outline is blended into one luxuriant, growing mass of a green that is unlike that of the day? And do we all know it by moonlight, when all green is gone and distant corners are lost in darkness, while perhaps a white evening primrose opens its bloom to the summer night and stands pale and cool with the moonlight upon it, and its long shadow cast across the pathway? It is at these moments that our gardens are of unspeakable worth to us, and we begrudge no small care that has gone to their making.

With the sense of the possession of a spot, however small, of this earth's surface, should naturally come the desire to make it as beautiful as one can for the pleasure and inspiration of all who see it, as well as for what it will give the owner daily. A garden is the smallest kind of a luxury that anyone can allow himself; the right things, being once established, bloom year after year in their proper seasons, growing better all the time and spreading with such rapidity that there is enough to make the garden larger before long. The expense of it may be made to fit any purse, for a garden is a garden, be it the modest front-yard with its rose-bush about the doorway and its borders of sweet alyssum and stocks on each side of the path, or the more intricate flowered spot laid out with parterres and flights of steps and high walls, with fountains, and vistas cut through the borders of dark trees. It is all garden—but the truer touch of personal interest is always found in the smaller place where the garden has grown under one's own hand, where the association of the blending of friendly interests is everywhere to be met with, and where, as it were, the garden stands as a beautiful expression of the love that has been given to it in the ceaseless care and interest of the owner.

I remember a little garden in Normandy about the home of an old Frenchwoman which gave me the feeling that it was the real setting of this little woman's life. On high plaster walls, which had made a perfect background for the flowering

elder outside, the peach trees were carefully trained, their tiny green fruit the smallest kind of a promise of the mellow peaches yet to come; and the rose-bushes, in the true French way, were clipped up the length of the stem and left to burst forth in all their unchecked beauty at the top of the plant. At regular intervals they bordered the path with low flowers growing in profusion under them, as a boundary to her regularly planted vegetable garden, which we found was her means of support. It was full of the light-green leaves of lettuce, and tall white onion blossoms with their long stems, and near by the bright radishes she had been tying in bunches for the market lent a decorative bit of usefulness to the quiet place. She was a perfectly happy, self-supporting woman, and I have never forgotten her look of delight as we admired her flowers and fruit. She bustled about in her white cap and sabots, making us taste her lettuce and peas, in which she seemed to take especial pride. We went away with large bunches of roses in our arms, and the garden spirit in our hearts.

In addition to the calm and solitude-loving "Garden Spirit," however, there is a restless one that is ever on the look-out for novelty; and to this we owe the many changes in wild plants brought about by cultivation. One of these changes is alluded to in the following passage:

Developing Odor in Flowers.....Boston Transcript

Accounts from St. Louis inform us that an enthusiastic lover of flowers has succeeded in breeding an odoriferous race of tulips, and that he is now engaged in experiments with the chrysanthemum, to which he expects eventually to impart the fragrance of the rose. We can only say, in reply to an inquiry, that nothing has come to hand throwing any light on these related successes and experiments. From a theoretical point of view it seems impossible. Odor comes from the excretion of minute particles of oil. To change the odor, the character of the oil would have to be altered. When this can be done by the cultivator, we may expect turpentine from the sugar cane, and get the fragrance of the violet from Ailantus flowers.

An odoriferous race of tulips is not astonishing, for tulips have themselves developed scent. *Tulipa sylvestris*, common in the South of France, and thought by many botanists to be only a wild variety of *Gesneriana*, from which our many cultivated tulips have sprung, is very pleasantly fragrant. The truth is that man can only take advantage of some tendency that nature has first originated. He cannot develop new organs of secretion, and in the matter of color he can only ring the changes on those colors which the flower he experiments with has passed through in the scale from primitive yellow to aesthetic blue.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

Langley Lane.....Robert Buchanan

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three—
Why should we hold one another so dear—
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?—
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray; just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear!
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny, my little one, always near!
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear.
And the pleasure that only one can see.

To the Gnat.....Samuel Rogers

When by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing eye;
And fairy scenes, that fancy loves to weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy;
'Tis thine to roam in busy quest of prey,
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
And all is solitude and all is night!
—Ah, now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air;
The guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering
spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whirling wings,
Thy dragon scales still wet with human gore.
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!

Lord William and Edmund.....Robert Southey

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, has thou kept thy charge?
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear—
He only heard the storm of night—
'Twas music to his ear!

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appalls—
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste—beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemmed him round—'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy! for now
A boat approached the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay."

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;—
Sudden Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's dying scream!

The boatman paused—"Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
"Twas but the howling winds of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haste—haste—ply swift and strong the oar;
Haste—haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's dying scream!

"I heard a child's distressful scream,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain."

"O God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou, without pity, hear
A child's expiring cry?"

"How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream:
To stretch the powerless arms in vain!
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud.
That instant o'er the flood, the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approached his resting place;
The moonbeam shone upon the child
And showed how pale his face!

"Now reach thy hand," the boatman cried,
"Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretched forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked;—the hand he touched
Was cold and damp and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms—
A heavier weight than lead!

"Help! help! for mercy, help!" he cried,
"The waters round me flow."
"No—William—to an infant's cries
No mercy didst thou show."

The boat sunk down—the murderer sunk
Beneath th' avenging stream;
He rose—he screamed—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

*The Last Leaf.....Oliver Wendell Holmes**

I saw him once before,
As he pass'd by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

A Song of Love.....Sidney Lanier

Hey, rose, just born
Twin to a thorn;
Was't so with you, O Love and Scorn?

Sweet eyes that smiled,
Now wet and wild;
O Eye and Tear—mother and child.

Well: Love and Pain
Be kinsfolk twain:
Yet would, oh! would I could love again!

*Printed by request.

Vanity Fair: Fads, Foibles and Fashions

The Umbrella..... New York Evening Post

As a study the umbrella is deeply interesting. It has its place in history, mythology and religion. In the sculptured remains of Nineveh and Egypt there are representations of kings and occasionally of lesser potentates, riding in state or going in procession with umbrellas over their heads. This would seem as if in those early days umbrellas were more of a mark of distinction than for either use or ornamental purposes. And, indeed, many of the writers persuade us that this is so.

It has been quite solemnly averred that the very first suggestion of the umbrella was in the humble mushroom and toadstool, and to this day the Parisians call the erections set up in the Bois de Boulogne as shelters for their pedestrians "champignons." The shape is certainly in a crude way similar. In spite of our present humorous attitude, we are told by those well up in umbrella lore that in the early times, because of its royal significance, proof of this, the Mahratta princes of India had among their august titles "lord of the umbrella."

In China the umbrella has always played a prominent part. In the second invasion of China by the Tartars the emperor's son was taken prisoner by the Tartar chief and made to carry his umbrella while out hunting. In religious ceremonies the ancients regarded it seriously, their gods being frequently shaded by umbrellas and canopies. In Hindu mythology we find that Vishnu once paid a visit to the infernal regions with his umbrella over his head. We can hardly imagine what usefulness or protection the thing afforded in those shady quarters, and to the question why he could not carry it there as well as elsewhere we should be inclined to reply the same as to the conundrum, Why can't the devil shade? But possibly Vishnu had some private reason of his own for carrying his sunshade in hades. The baldachins erected over ecclesiastical chairs and altars and the canopies of thrones, pulpits and portals are in their original closely related to umbrellas and have the same symbolical meaning. In each of the basilican churches of Rome there still hangs a large umbrella.

In Greece during the feast of Athene Sciras a white parasol was borne as a symbol by each of the priestesses of the goddess from the Acropolis to the Phaerum. In the Panathenaea the daughters of foreign residents carried parasols over the heads of Athenian women as a mark

of inferiority. In the Roman classics also we find that it was a post of honor for maid servants to carry the umbrella over their mistresses. In more modern times, however, it was considered the greatest effeminacy for men to carry a parasol or umbrella. Those who ventured to do so were looked upon probably as we should now look upon a man who carried a powder puff or a vinaigrette, though Ovid in his advice to a lover did suggest to him to make himself agreeable by holding his lady's parasol: "Ipse tene distenta suis umbracula virgis."

It is strange to think that the fair sex alone required protection from the elements, and we learn with no little surprise that the traveler Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, is said to be the first Englishman who habitually carried an umbrella. It is said that his persistent employment of the article almost gave rise to a revolution. He was derided, mocked and laughed at. Everyone had some quip for him, but his particular tormentors were hackmen and chairmen, who considered that he was depriving them of their vested rights.

It was a practice of the coffee-houses early in the eighteenth century to keep an umbrella on the premises, but its use cannot have been very well known or appreciated, for Colonel Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, mentions the carrying of them there as a defense against both rain and sun, and wonders that the custom has not been introduced into England.

We see from fragments, culled at random, that the umbrella has always been a subject for the writers. Ovid speaks of it more than once. There occurs a line in a fragment of Anacreon: "He carries his ivory parasol as women do." M. De La Loubere, who wrote a historical account of Siam in 1687, describes at length the umbrella and its importance in the court of the king. Beaumont and Fletcher alluded to it, so also did Ben Jonson, and in later times probably all our writers have had something to say of it. So why speak lightly of an article that has shaded kings, gods, priestesses; that has taken part in royal pageants, served to keep the rain off the unjust as well as the just and even in its temerity descended into the lower regions unscathed?

Americans Crest Hunting.....Curtis Brown.....Kansas City Star

They have a vague impression at the quaint old College of Arms that almost every well-to-do family in the United States must be displaying by

this time some outward and visible sign of descent from an English ancestor who was entitled to "bear arms."

Of course any man whose wife concludes that her note paper would look better with a crest on it has only to go to the stationer and order some nice little thing in that line, have it stamped—and there he is. But it appears that there is an extraordinary number of citizens who believe they had real ancestors in England who sported real coats of arms, and the descendants want the official authority of England, signed, sealed and delivered to them, to show they have a right to use these tokens of aristocratic blood. Although the College of Heralds is a quiet institution, our ambitious fellow-citizens have discovered it somehow, and their correspondence has increased until to-day more than a fifth of its mail comes from the United States.

Usually the preliminary step for the American who believes his ancestors are especially worth cultivating is to consult Burke's Peerage, and it seemed likely that information on the American rush for noble grandfathers could be had at the London offices of this solemn book of reference. One might suppose that the actual Burke belonged to some generation of long ago, and it was rather a surprise to find a real flesh-and-blood Burke—A. J. Burke—sitting in the sanctum in Pall Mall.

"I am acting all the time," he said, "in behalf of people in America who wish permission to use family arms, and I know that the College of Arms is constantly investigating the representations of many more and that the number of applications is increasing to a really surprising extent. At first I always felt more or less chary of these cases, but it has become a rare thing when one of my correspondents has not a solid foundation for his claims. Of course nearly all our applicants are persons of means—one doesn't look up arms for his carriage door if he hasn't any carriage—and naturally most of the clients are Southerners."

"Just what entitles an American citizen to use the arms of an English family?"

"Well, of course, an American citizen being an alien, could receive what we call an 'original grant' of arms, that is, have a crest got up for his use as is done when an Englishman receives a title or certain rank; but heraldry is international, and any American who can trace his male descent from a family possessing a coat of arms will receive permission to use it if he makes formal application. To show you how many are doing so I will simply say that I am now receiving more applications from the United States than from England. And to use arms it is not always

essential that the family from which one is descended be a noble one, for many of the oldest families in England had no title whatever. Coats of arms were originally used simply to distinguish their owner when in armor on the battlefield."

A visit to the College of Arms, down in Queen Victoria street, not far from the Bank of England, proved well worth while. The "college" is a sort of honorable committee which dates back almost to William the Conqueror, and in whose hands is the power of granting permission for the use of coats of arms and other insignia of lineage.

The building itself, which dates back to 1682, stands in the middle of a block of modern structures, most of them the London offices of manufacturing houses. You go back 200 years as you enter the paved courtyard and look up at the windows of the place, each bearing a coat of arms.

Mounting the steps you can look through the window into the old court of honor, where cases involving questions of heraldry were formerly tried. The queerest thing about it is that it has not been used for 150 years—yet it is swept, dusted and put in order every morning. The furniture of the court consists of long oaken benches and a great throne of state. From the walls hang banners that were used at the coronation of King George IV. There are many oil paintings, as well as coats of arms, among them those of Charles II., and some antique helmets.

The rest of this building is given up to offices in which the tracings of ancestries and other matters are carried on in a business-like way. All the officials retain their historic titles and have the richest sort of robes of office to wear on great occasions, such as a coronation or a royal funeral. These officials are not on salary, but divide the fees of the college between them after turning a certain portion over to the crown. No public statement of the affairs of the college is ever made. Its official head is the Duke of Norfolk, who holds the rank of earl marshal and has the oldest title of any English duke. The college stands on the site of the house of the Earl of Derby, who was disgraced in Queen Mary's reign. The first college was destroyed by the great fire, which could be seen approaching for a fortnight before it reached the building. At this time a chain of men was formed from the college to St. Paul's cathedral—about a quarter of a mile—and the priceless records of the English nobility passed from hand to hand until finally they were deposited in the old crypt of the cathedral without one being lost.

According to one of the "pursuivants" at the college, the American who feels pretty sure of

his family tree and of his title to a crest on his note paper and arms on his carriage door and his silver can get the official permission without much difficulty. He should write to the college, whose address is simply Queen Victoria street, London. He should address one of the officers, of whom there are thirteen, three kings of arms, six heralds and four "pursuivants," any one of which reverend company will take the matter up. If possible the applicant should tell what arms he believes himself entitled to use, but, at any rate, he should state who founded his family on American soil, and give as much of his subsequent pedigree as he can. Usually he can give a good deal, for as a general thing the scions of old English stock in America have their ancestors well in hand.

In reply to his letter, the American applicant will get from the College of Arms a set of questions covering points of ancestry, and this he must fill out as far as he can and return it. This document reveals to the officials in Queen Victoria street just how much they will have to do in the way of hunting up "missing links"—a task that is accomplished by turning up all sorts of musty records and parish registers and the like. The college can estimate now about how much this will cost, and they write to the American asking for a check to cover such expenses as can be foreseen—say \$100 or \$150. After they have used up the money sent, if their search is not completed, they ask for more.

Such a quest is almost always a matter of some months at any rate, and the great difficulty generally lies, so they tell me at the College of Arms, in finding what part of England the original settler in the States came from. An uncommon name simplifies the search a lot, while one like Brown makes it a thing to dread. "Most of the earliest settlers in America were younger sons of the aristocracy," said my informant at the College of Arms, "they were the only ones in those days with pluck enough to make the ocean voyage. The middle class were no better than serfs, and had no idea of going ten miles away from their native village."

When the pedigree is complete, it is copied out with infinite care and many flourishes on a great roll of parchment, with the family crest in colors at the top. For the writing of this scroll the college makes a charge of one guinea per generation, which may console the applicant whose pedigree is shorter than could be desired. This scroll is signed and attested by the "Garter King," as the official is called; is formally registered in the records of the College of Arms, and a copy of it sent to the applicant, so that he may frame it for the edification of his friends, or make any

use of it that pleases his fancy. But the certified pedigree on record at the college is the important thing, and the privileged one can get a copy of it whenever he pleases.

At the Court of St. James.....Joanna E. Wood.....Criterion

The diplomatic set in London form a family by themselves; a great family, with many ramifications, numerous collateral branches and endless foreign affiliations, yet all bound together by the intangible but very real things of a common destiny and a common training, and environed by a distinctive social atmosphere in which they live, move, and have their being. Like all families of spirit they have quarrels among themselves, quarrels into which it is impolitic in the extreme for an outsider to enter—for he will of a certainty obtrude his opinions unasked. Like other well-bred families they keep their quarrels to themselves.

Their tact in conversation is a thing to marvel at—the very poetry of politeness—a poetry which may be scanned in vain for false feet. It is only an outsider, for example, who would ask pressingly how the son of the house was, and where? when, as it happened, he was for a fault or misfortune on the "disponibilité" list.

A diplomatic "party" is most interesting. We will say for example that very popular form of evening party—a dinner of eighteen or twenty with "people coming in afterward." Now the dinner party proper is a thing joyful to behold, so delicately but perfectly is the order of precedence kept, so accurately is the balance held between official position and private rank. The "after people" arrange to "come in" about half past ten or eleven, in time for coffee and liquors, or claret and miniature sandwiches, or ice or some other enticing vanity of the appetite. So you may dine at home, be very well amused by the first act of a play, and drive leisurely to the reception. If you are going, for instance, to a certain house which is known as a very favorite and special rallying-place of the whole diplomatic set, you will find awaiting you upon the steps a very gorgeous person, the apotheosis of a person, all calves and gold buttons and scarlet, item silk stockings, item cords with spiky ends crossing the chest and falling in festoons from the opposite shoulder. You pass between several pairs of men and are delivered into the care of an elderly and grave woman attendant who takes your cloaks; then preceded by your name you enter the drawing-room, which the dining guests have already reached, and, after being charmingly greeted by your hostess, you are more or less left to your own devices. It is no longer the thing to

introduce two people and set them down to talk as two cocks are set down to fight it out. Of course you know some people. You speak to them, looking about for the striking personalities.

It is very possible the first person you see will be the Baron Hayashi, the Minister from Japan to England. Unlike the Chinese representative, Sir Chichen Lofêngluh, Baron Hayashi has entirely adopted European dress. He is a fluent conversationalist, and very popular in London. He has a grave, strong face, with a secretive brow indicative at once of intellect and caution. Baroness Hayashi is wholly charming. Unlike her husband, who speaks English, the Baroness converses in French, which, of course, is used in all diplomatic houses quite indifferently and interchangeably with English. Of course you will have been at the Japanese Legation, and after being ushered up the broad, crimson-carpeted stairs, you will remember how cordially the Baroness rose to greet you from her sofa in the corner; how patiently she endured your platitudinous remarks about the weather and the doings of the world.

It is incongruous to think of this slim, erect, young-looking woman as a grandmother, but her grandchild lives at the legation in London with her, an interesting child of eight or ten. Madame la Baronne dresses in very French style. The last time I saw her she wore a gown of ruby velvet embroidered in gold, with a wonderful garland of roses in every shade of red crossing the bosom and depending at the back down to the very train of her gown. She had pearls about her neck and exquisite bracelets. Nothing can be more musical than the voice of an aristocratic Japanese lady speaking her native tongue; it is but a ripple of sound, its syllables seemingly only modulations of a melody. The master of the house where I last saw Baroness Hayashi is a retired diplomat; his father was a diplomat before him, and his son is a "charge d'affaires" in an important post. The drawing-room is hung with paintings of the monarchs the family has so faithfully served; the royal crowns surmounting the frames seemed the official sign and seal of the assemblage.

Talking to the Baroness Hayashi is a blond and charming Swedish court lady, and near her, talking to the wearer of one of the oldest titles in Europe, is a prince of the Church, upon his breast a large pendent cross of gold, on his finger a splendid ecclesiastical ring. The Church has her diplomatists, and this dignified, scholarly-looking man is one. You will remember to courtesy to him instead of bowing, and, if you are of the

Old Faith, you will kiss his ring when he says adieu.

Perhaps, as caught in the gentle current of conversation, you drift from one to the other, you find yourself talking to the German military attaché. His appointment is now a diplomatic permanency, though he came at first "pro tem," to take the place of him who was sent to South Africa as Germany's privileged spectator of the course of events. The latter was expected back in London, but he has been summoned to Berlin "to have his brain picked 'à propos' of South Africa," as an undiplomatic, but knowing, person cleverly said. The present military attaché, confirmed in his post, has been house-hunting and tells his experience with great glee. He is devoted to his wife and his four children. He is having his house in "London, S. W." fitted up with the huge tiled stoves beloved by all Germans, high or low. He was for a time in the United States, which made a great impression upon him.

The fluidity of social customs in the United States is a matter of endless puzzlement to visiting foreigners. The social fabric of a republic must of necessity be homespun, its woof and weft the will of the people, its design blurred by individual caprice. In Europe, in all questions of social usage, one knows what to do, and when and how to do it. All foreign representatives, save perhaps the British, murmur despairingly to themselves that the "mœurs" of the Americans are "bien difficile"—these foreigners accustomed to courts find the simplicity of a republic distracting.

Diplomatists' wives, to be successes, must be born, for the question of temperament and adaptability is not one of making. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava was an ideal ambassadress. Suave, dignified, tactful, and of infinite conversational resource, she had, too, that plasticity of temperament which saved her from much wear and tear, the inevitable accompaniment of continual change of scene. The first time I met her was in Paris in the Convent of Notre Dame de Petits Champs, the occasion being the taking of the black veil by certain young sisters. Some half dozen guests besides the girls' relatives had been asked to the chapel. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava was that morning so simple, so unassumingly the great lady, so gentle when, after the solemn ceremony, we went down to greet the newly made nuns in the great bare convent salon, that it was difficult to believe her the same woman when that night she stood, blazing with jewels, representative of her Queen and her country receiving in their name the "haut monde" of Europe.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Jeremiah Curtin, translator of Sienkiewicz, now in Russia, sends word that the Polish novelist's life-work dealing with Sobieski is progressing. After its completion, Sienkiewicz will enter upon a ten-volume series in which Napoleon will be the central figure.

A correspondent of the London Daily News has interviewed Sienkiewicz and sends the most interesting account of the author that has been given.

Faultlessly dressed, and for his age—he is fifty-three years old—remarkably well-preserved, Henryk Sienkiewicz presents the perfect type of the Polish gentleman, of that aristocracy which is inferior to none in Europe. His manner is languid; he speaks slowly and without volubility, and though he has done most of the things which this world offers for a rich man to do, he seems to take little interest in anything outside of literature. This languor and indifference may possibly result in some degree from the state of his health—a fever which he contracted during a six months' hunting expedition in Africa in 1891 has left him with chronic dyspepsia—as well as from his habit of constantly smoking the strongest cigars. There has also been a great grief in his life.

Sienkiewicz began to write, and has written ever since, purely from love of the art. Indeed, in Poland, authorship, unless combined with journalism, is a luxury which none but the rich can afford. Authors there are the hacks of the book-sellers, and the payment for a sheet of sixteen pages falls below what even a moderately popular author in England receives for his thousand words. Fortunately for modern literature, Sienkiewicz is a man of fortune.

"I began to write," he said, "when I was 20 years old. At that time I was a student of history at the University of Warsaw. My first book was a novel called 'In Vain.' It was accepted and printed. That is all that I can say as to its success. I work with great regularity, and am at my writing table every day from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m. After that hour I do not write any more, but spend much time in reading. When I was preparing for 'Quo Vadis' I read a quantity of books of all kinds and in various languages. My daily output is most irregular. Zola, I understand, produces a fixed daily quantum. I often on one day write more pages than I write lines on another day."

Referring to Daudet's practice of correcting his manuscripts over and over again, Sienkiewicz said: "That is hardly my practice. I correct enormously in my head, but little on the text. I am a great walker. I correct as I walk." A curious particularity about Sienkiewicz's method of work is that he invariably uses red ink. His red ink is as much his fetish as the golden drying sand in Zola's or the little Nuremberg figurines are Ibsen's. He has no sympathy with the novel "a these," the didactic novel. "The novel," he said, "should above all things be a work of art." His favorite English novel is "David Copperfield." Renan appeared to be his favorite French author. Among the novel-

ists, he spoke mainly about Daudet, whose "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné" he considers by far his best work. "It gets so near to nature," he said.

He is a great traveler and a lover of sport and adventure. He has held his own against pirates, he has shot lions, he has fought with crocodiles on the banks of the Kingarzi Wami, and has been attacked by an infuriated hippopotamus. "I organized an expedition," he said, "in 1891. Count Tyshexicz was my companion. We went via Zanzibar and thence into the German possessions. We traveled on foot, of course, camping in tents. No literary work was possible. But we had many adventures, the most exciting of which was, perhaps, when a hippopotamus attacked our boat and tried to upset it. The boat, however, was too big. It was all very pleasant until the fever took me. I had two bad attacks, and so determined to return home and avoid a third attack, which would have been fatal. As I lay in my tent one night and listened to the roaring of the lions, the scenes in the amphitheatre in 'Quo Vadis' rose up before my eyes. This," he added, "confirmed me in a resolution I had made many years previously—to write a book about Rome. I have always loved Rome. I have visited Rome nine times. I know it very well. It was as quite a little boy that the ambition first took me to write a book about Rome. I was reading Tacitus at the time with great enjoyment. He has always interested me—particularly his annals. There is so much of the gentleman, of the aristocrat, about Tacitus.

"I began 'Quo Vadis' in Warsaw, at my house, in Ulica Spolna. The actual writing of it took me one year. But I had made great preparations and had filled many note-books from the pile of books I had read. Tacitus was my great source of inspiration. He gave me my Nero. Suetonius's gossip was useful. Details were gleaned here and there. Thus, it was in Sallust that I found the description of the eyeglass made of an emerald. I read up the 'Early Days of Christianity,' by Dean Farrar, whom I consider a man of great science. I studied Baumeister and Mommsen, and I found Renan's 'Anti-Christ' most useful."

Although millions of copies of "Quo Vadis" have been sold in the United States, the author, we are informed, has received little in the shape of royalties from this country. It is a circumstance which leaves him calm. "I know nothing about business. I don't admire business," he said, when speaking of a nine months' tour which he took in America in 1877. Much of this time was spent in California, and, apropos of this, he said: "What I most admire in America is the scenery, the splendid nature. This is what so pleased me in California. The people in the country there are delightful, so different from the people in San Francisco, all business men. And I don't admire business."

His American tour is described in his "Lettres de Voyage," "Listy z Podróży."

Madam Sarah Grand was born in Ireland, though her parents are English, her father being an officer of the navy. She was married very

young to Lieutenant Colonel McFall. The first five years after her marriage she traveled in the East, visiting China, India and Japan. Young as she was, the agony of woman's lot in the East, as she saw it with her own eyes, deeply affected her, and this experience in the Orient has always colored her views on the position of woman in the Occident. It was the galling sense of outrage induced by the sight of the sufferings of the women of the East rather than any unhappiness in her own marriage that gave her earlier work its vehement and vindictive character. More recently Madam Grand's sense of humor has come to her rescue.

The author of the Heavenly Twins and of Bab gained fame only through hard work, long eating out her soul in weary expectation. She is a lady to the finger tips—accomplished, clever and charming. She talks brilliantly, is a delightful musician and lectures with easy grace. Madam Grand lives in her country house at Langton, near Tunbridge Wells. She goes only occasionally to London, though she is a member of the Pioneer, the principle woman's club in London. She takes a keen delight in country life, enjoys the wheel, and is vice-president of a cycling association.

The room in which General Lew Wallace does his work is probably one of the most finely-appointed "author's dens" in the world. General Wallace has built near his residence in Crawfordsville, Indiana, a rather unique, and in some respects a magnificent, structure of brick and stone, with a tower and dome, and surrounded by a moat. The interior is one great room; the light enters through glasses in the dome; at night scores of electric lamps of rich design shed brilliant illumination. The ceiling of the dome is frescoed in ivory; the walls down to the book-cases in silver-green. In the center stands a great table littered with books, manuscripts and letters, and about the room are statuary, engravings, paintings and Oriental relics. A huge fireplace occupies one end of the study. General Wallace thus describes his working methods:

I begin to write at about 9 a. m., keep at work till noon, resume about 1.30 p. m., and leave my studio at about four. I then take exercise for two hours. I walk, or ride, according to the weather. When it rains, I put on a pair of heavy boots, and trudge five or seven miles across the country. I usually ride a dozen miles. To this habit of taking regular exercise I attribute my good health. I eat just what I want, and as much as I want. When night comes I lie down and sleep like a child, never once waking till morning. I usually retire at 9.30 and rise at 7.30, aiming to secure nine hours' sleep. I smoke at pleasure a pipe or cigar, but never a

cigarette, which I consider the deadliest thing a person can put into his mouth. The amount of work I produce daily varies greatly. What I write today in the rough, to-morrow morning I will revise; perhaps reducing it to twenty words, or perhaps striking out all the day's work and beginning at the same point once more. That constitutes my second copy. When the proofs come from the publisher another revision takes place. It consists chiefly of condensation and expurgation.

The new Canadian writer, Ralph Connor by signature, the Reverend Charles W. Gordon by name, is the pastor of a church in Winnipeg. He was born in 1860 in the heart of the Canadian woods and schooled at Toronto University.

The author of *The Habitant*, Doctor William Henry Drummond, though master of the most intimate knowledge of French Canada, was born in Ireland, County Leitrim, going to Montreal when he was ten years old.

Mr. H. W. Bell, writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, gives an unpublished chapter in the life of Stevenson:

Late in December (1879) Stevenson arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring of the following year he was given a "job"—the transaction did not even rise to the dignity of "obtaining a position"—in the city department of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. With this he began a brief but hardly promising career, which was to be numbered by days. His first assignment was to "cover" a holiday jollification arranged by the Salvation Army for the entertainment of the very poor and their children. Stevenson wrote a gorgeous story, in which all the information bearing on the local aspect of the festival was carefully ignored. It treated of the theory of giving and of the blessedness of giving to children, it was a special pleading for the virtue of unselfishness, it was a rhapsody on the Beatitudes, it was everything desirable, but it was not "a newspaper story." It was a hopeless tissue of platitudes, so far as the requirements of the city editor were concerned; and that proverbially fretful person acrimoniously asked his new reporter, who stood before him, long, gangling, ill-dressed, starved-looking, if he knew where the festival had been held, who the committee men in charge were, and if he had a list of the merchants who had provided the presents for the children. To these reasonable questions Stevenson replied that he had not thought such details at all worth while. A brisk young police reporter was hurriedly sent out for a few facts concerning the matter, and Stevenson was told that his "copy" would probably prove available for a Sunday special.

The first literary work of Mr. Edward W. Townsend, whose book, *Days Like These*, we reviewed last month, was done for the *San Francisco Argonaut*. Mr. Townsend is a native of Cleveland; he went to California when his school days were ended, with the purpose of becoming

a mining engineer. But writing possessed a greater attraction for him, and after a year in the mines he took up newspaper work in San Francisco, and in 1892 came to New York for a place on the Sun.

Charles Hemstreet has resigned as night manager of the New York Society Press Bureau, and will devote his time to literature. He is beginning with an historical novel.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is at work upon a new novel concerning which great secrecy is observed as to title, scenes and purpose. Mr. Barrie began writing when he was a school boy at Dumfries Academy; at Edinburgh University he remained an unrecognized genius, making very little impression on his fellow-students, who in point of fact voted him dull. Barrie is still very shy and nervous; he speaks hesitatingly, and with a strong Scotch accent. He may usually be seen with his hands buried in his trouser pockets. His wife, who was Miss Mary Anstey, an actress, is a perfect complement to her husband, being a vivacious conversationalist and fond of society.

The St. Petersburg Gazette publishes the decree by which the Holy Synod excommunicates Count Leo Tolstoi from the Russian Orthodox Church. Its wording is as follows:

In his works and letters, which are circulated by himself and his disciples all over the world, but especially within the borders of our dear Fatherland, he preaches with the zeal of a fanatic the abrogation of all dogmas of the Orthodox Church and of the real existence of the Christian faith, of a personal God, who is worshiped in the Holy Trinity, the Creator and Upholder of the universe, denies the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-Man, the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who suffered for us men and for our salvation and rose from the dead, denies the immaculate conception at the incarnation of Christ the Lord and the pure virginity of the holy mother of God, the Holy Virgin Mary, before and after birth, does not believe in the life after death and in a judgment, rejects all the sacraments of the Church and the abundantly blessed operation of the Holy Spirit in them, and has not feared, since he has scorned the most holy articles of the belief of orthodox people, to take upon himself to mock at the greatest of sacraments, the holy sacrament of the Mass. All this Count Leo Tolstoi continually preaches in words and writings to the scandal and abhorrence of the whole Orthodox world; and has thereby not secretly but openly before all knowingly and purposely fallen away from all communion with the Orthodox Church. Attempts that have been made for his conversion remained without effect. Therefore the Church does not recognize him as a member and cannot recognize him as such until he repents and renews his membership.

Joseph Conrad, author of *Lord Jim*, and part-author of *The Inheritors*, is a master in the English merchant service. When in England he lives at Kent Farm, Sanford near Hythe, Kent.

Maud Howard Peterson, author of *The Potter* and the *Clay*, comes of good literary stock. Her grandfather was Charles J. Peterson, editor and chief owner in the '50's and '60's of *Peterson's Magazine*, and the patron of the literary lights of that period.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck's new book, *The Life of the Bee*, an advance chapter of which appeared in *Current Literature* for May, is attracting the widest and most favorable notice of the critics in Europe.

Katharine de Forest has contributed to *Harper's Bazar* the report of an interview with M. Maeterlinck, from which the following excerpts may be of interest:

Going in to see M. Maurice Maeterlinck the other day, I found him absorbed in his bees, which were apparently just beginning to wake from their winter sleep. M. Maeterlinck lives the life of a recluse in Paris, or rather in Passy, for his habitation is a pavilion looking out over the lovely old gardens of the Rue Reynouard, with the beautiful Florentine view out towards Mount Valerien beyond. "Under my window a nightingale sings every night," said M. Maeterlinck, as he opened wide the windows of his den, to show me the exquisite panorama outside. No one could give you the impression of being a more simple, healthy, out-of-door sort of person than M. Maeterlinck. He does not like to talk about his books, he is fond of bicycling and all sorts of out-door exercise, he hates pose, and particularly objects to most of the things which are written about him, in general by people he has never seen.

The proof-sheets of *The Bees*, Maeterlinck's latest book, lay scattered over his work table; a great, solid table that he had made himself, with beams and supports painted leaf green, and a top of the purest, brightest scarlet, with a slight glaze. "It is only made of oil-cloth," said its owner, "and painted red by me." "How did you get this sort of austere Belgian quaintness into this old eighteenth-century French hotel?" I asked.

"By bringing everything I have put into it from my own country," was the answer; and as a matter of fact, even the paint on the cream walls, that on the green blinds, and the touches of scarlet here and there in the bookcases, or a bit of wood-work, were brought from Holland.

Maeterlinck's study with its light, its austerity, its simple tones, seems a place for clear, lofty thought. The exquisite neatness of a Dutch interior reigns there. There are only three colors in the room, leaf green, pure red, and a note of mauve in batiste curtains hanging full over the windows. Between the two long French windows is a hanging Dutch bookcase painted red, filled entirely with volumes bound in red leather of the same shade.

Across the top is a row of little scarlet flower-pots, each containing a tiny cactus. In one corner a quaint cupboard has been set in, with doors made of diamond-shaped panes of glass, the leads of which are painted green. There is a break between the top and bottom, before which hangs a scarlet curtain. The floor of polished wood shines so that it might reflect your face. There are no ornaments in the room save books, and, the other day, a single plant of purple heather. On the mantel-piece are exquisite bits of old Dutch glass. The only pictures are framed photographs, which make harmonious spots of gray in the general color scheme of scarlet, green, and mauve. Just outside the window Maeterlinck places his beehive, made with glass sides, where he watches with the absorption of the apiarist that marvellous world from which he has drawn, in his latest book, reflections of such a lofty philosophy that one volume alone would reveal him one of the greatest minds of this earth.

No one could know, without talking with its author, what endless detail of observation, for one thing, the book has involved. "I knew that bees could communicate with each other," Maeterlinck said to me. "I knew that one bee could say to another, 'In such and such a place I have found honey. Come with me and I will take you there.' But what I wanted to find out was whether one bee could relate a connected story to another, could say, 'In such and such a place there is honey; to reach it you must first go to the right, then the left, then go along the corridor.' Eh bien! I have found two or three bees who could do that."

The following is an outline of the life of Frank Norris, whose work is receiving increased attention. He was born in Chicago in 1870; removed to California in '84; was educated at the University of California and Harvard; from '88-'91, studied art in Paris; from '91-'93 was associate editor of the *Weekly Wave*; went as a correspondent to South Africa where he was at the time of the Jameson Raid; nearly died of fever there, and got into disfavor with the officials who gave him twenty-four hours to leave; in '98 was war correspondent in Cuba; since then he has been engaged upon his *Wheat Trilogy*.

Miss Jean B. Mason has contributed to the press a biography of the Reverend Charles Ferguson, and a study of his life and work, from which we make the following excerpts:

One afternoon we found Mr. Ferguson at home in an adobe house which had once been honored by the presence of President Hayes. We entered through a small court shaded by the graceful pepper tree, in the branches of which innumerable blackbirds kept up a loud and constant chatter, the only noise to break the stillness of the place. We had come from Boston with messages from mutual friends and received a cordial welcome. The mesquite-wood fire which burned in one corner of the living-room where we sat revealed the slight boyish figure and illumined the face of the man. Mr. Ferguson's personality, shown so strongly throughout his book, has the charm and strength of one who

has thought and lived, who is "not afraid to die in his working clothes as a common man"; of one who has loved and experienced all that loving implies of suffering and sorrow—one of the "fearless, free spirits that dare everything for love."

Mr. Ferguson is of Scotch parentage far removed. He was educated as a lawyer, and after spending two years at the University of Michigan was admitted to the bar in Buffalo.

He afterward went to Germany to fit himself for a consular position, which he had some idea of filling. While in Berlin there befell him that which altered the whole tenor of his thought and life—he met his future wife. It was one of those chance meetings we never understand. Mr. Ferguson had given some little thought to social questions and economics. Mrs. Ferguson had given them her intensest interest, having watched with many questionings the gradual encroachment of the submerged tenth upon the old aristocratic quarter of New York. The socialistic fever was aroused within her. Under her influence Mr. Ferguson was imbued with the spirit of philanthropy. The Church seemed to him to be the medium through which social conditions could be reached and alleviated. He was ordained to the ministry after studying in New York and Buffalo. He filled various clerical offices until with his family he removed to a farm in Scituate, wishing to get away from things to think out the mysteries of life, still feeling that through the Church was to come the solution of economic problems. The farming experiment had its failures—Mr. Ferguson was not a farmer. It had its successes, too, and what was of greater importance than the pursuit of husbandry was the close and lasting friendships formed with the people. There was also a church in Nebraska, and now Mr. Ferguson holds the position of rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Tucson.

Undoubtedly Mr. Ferguson finds much inspiration in this desert land, with nothing between him and the eternal sky, cut off from the world on every side by rugged mountains that answer to all the varying moods of men, now intimate, now far removed, now swathed in an exquisite sapphire hue that reveals every crack and crevice—the beauty that only age and battles and cataclysms can give.

According to Miss Mason's account the chapters of *The Religion of Democracy* were written in several places.

The foreword or symbol was written in the Library of Congress at Washington; the first chapter, "The Return to the Concrete," in the Boston Public Library; the second, "The Man of the Modern Spirit," on the farm at Scituate in 1897 and 1898; the third, "The Revolution Absolute," at Washington in 1899; chapter four, "The Discovery of America," at Washington one afternoon, in a field where he had a distant view of the dome of the Capitol; chapter five, "The Discount of Glory," at Washington during the summer of 1898, after the victory in Manila harbor; chapter six, "The Sovereignty of the People," chapter seven, "The World of News," and chapter eight, "The Gate of Goodness," in a Canadian cottage in 1898; chapter nine, "The Rise of a Democratic Catholic Demand," in Nebraska, while riding on a broncho, in the summer of 1899. The last chapter, "The Last Day of the Machine Age," was reprinted from *Mind*, where it appeared in November 1900.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—The report that the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady has left the ministry is incorrect. Mr. Brady has been over-working himself, and has felt it best to resign his parish at Overbrook, Pennsylvania, but he retains his orders.

—The quintet of books of music which Messrs. Scribner's Sons have been publishing will be complete with the publication in the fall of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's *The Pianoforte and Its Music*.

—Lafcadio Hearn has been made an honorary member of the London Japan Society.

—Mr. Howard C. Hillegas' book, *With the Boer Forces*, has been suppressed by the English authorities in South Africa.

—A book from Ellsworth Kelly may be expected soon. Mr. Kelly is a writer of short stories possessing some remarkable characteristics; the sketch, "Pardners," printed in *Current Literature* for April, is one of his best. Though now a resident of Kansas, where he is a member of the bar and superintendent of the schools of Woodson County, Mr. Kelly had the distinction of being born in Indiana, and his new book will deal with the life of the Wabash Valley.

—Those who have read anything from the pen of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Peoria, will hear with pleasure that a volume collected from his writings and addresses may be expected soon. *Aphorisms and Reflections* is the title; the publishers will be Messrs. McClurg & Company. Bishop Spalding's writing is made unique by a singular elevation of tone, a noble vein of meditation, a ripe aphoristic wisdom and charming literary grace.

—Mr. Hall Caine's current novel, *The Eternal City*, running simultaneously in *Collier's Weekly* and the *Ladies' Magazine*, has been withdrawn from the English publication. The explanation is that a certain instalment contained matter which Messrs. Pearson were unwilling to lay before their readers. The Pearsons paid ten thousand dollars for the English serial rights of *The Eternal City*, and have now brought suit against Mr. Caine for the return of this sum and other damages. Signor Salvatore Cortesi, writing from Rome to a Venetian newspaper, *L'Adriatico*, thus speaks of the pains which Hall Caine took gathering the material for *The Eternal City*:

It will not be uninteresting to you that I should tell you something about Hall Caine, one of the most interesting and genial personalities, as a thinker, a literary man, and a student of the social

question. Besides, he deserves our attention because since 1897 he has passed five or six months of each year in Rome—coming in December and staying until the heat compels him to go north again—to study our country in its multifarious aspects, the sentiments, desires, and passions of our people, not in a superficial or incomplete way, but deeply, making himself master of all the details concerning them. How different he is in this from certain other foreign writers who, after having been only for a few weeks among us, and often surrounded by persons interested in showing only one side of our life, and that not always the best, have afterward given opinions and judgment on men and things with a gravity only to be exceeded by their ignorance!

But with Hall Caine it is the reverse. I believe that there is not a corner of Rome that he has not explored, or a class of our citizens with whom he has not mixed, seeking to understand all their most intimate thoughts and aspirations. He has frequented our law courts and the House of Parliament, succeeding by the power of his genius in assimilating even those things which for a stranger must be difficult to understand. He has visited the Vatican and the prisons; he has taken part in the carnival feasts as well as in the miseries of the poor; he has mixed with the highest aristocracy, with the nobility, with the learned, with those who are struggling for a political ideal and the conquest of humanity.

—A young lady of Venice and her father recently had a difference of notion as to the propriety of her reading a book by M. Zola. Her father wrote to Zola asking for his advice, "to which the contending parties (father and daughter) would bow." Zola made this reply to the question:

I do not write for young ladies, and I do not think that every kind of reading is good for brains which are still in the process of development. You are perfectly right to guide the education and culture of your children as you think right, and they owe you obedience. When they grow older and mix with the world, they will read what they please.

—"Basil King," as the author of *Griselda* signs himself, is believed to be the Rev. William B. King, lately rector of Christ church, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

—A clever English literary agent is out with a new plan for booming books. He has not yet put it into actual operation, but perhaps now the idea is conceived its realization is not so remote. "Practical demonstration," says our man, in *London Black and White*, "seems to be one of the things which the public likes." He remembers shop windows showing cigar-makers at work, rug-weavers at their looms, cobblers repairing boots while you wait, hair dressers plying their

artistic profession. Why not novel-writing while you wait? Suppose the popular novelist takes a shop in Regent street or Broadway, has his window tastefully decorated in art muslins, copies of his books reposing on mahogany shelves about him, and himself seated in a beautiful swinging chair at a lovely writing desk scribbling away for his life—a devil running off with his copy directly each sheet be finished—or even in a neighboring window compositors setting the immortal stuff dashed off by the popular writer. Think of the crowds! The increased sales! What possibilities!

—Mr. D. Sidney Appleton, second vice-president of D. Appleton and Company, has sailed for England to take charge of the London branch of that house. The Appletons have maintained a London office for nearly seventy years, but are apparently to enter more actively than ever into competition for the work of foreign writers, and the increase of the circulation of their own books especially in England.

—The author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*—Maxwell Gray—has finished a new novel which the Appletons will shortly publish under the title of *Four Leaved Clover*.

—Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is engaged upon a biography of Alexander Hamilton.

—Sir George Russell declares that he once asked Dickens what he regarded as the greatest work of fiction. "Without doubt," answered Dickens, "Don Quixote, and if that had never been written, the best would have been *Gil Blas*." About a year before the novelist's death Sir George asked him which he considered the best of his own works. The reply was "*David Copperfield*."

—A realistic biography of Heine, by Georg Karpeles, has been brought out in Leipsic. It represents Heine as a constant falsifier, a victim of ignoble hate and degrading prejudice, as a political traitor and commercial speculator.

—One of the last literary undertakings of the late Sir Walter Besant was a popular history of King Alfred. The Appletons publish it in this country.

—Peter Newell is finding work for his facile and funny brush in the illustration of an edition of *Alice in Wonderland* which the Harpers are to publish.

—Neil Munro, whose style the *London Spectator* holds to be one of the best since Stevenson, did not know a word of English until he was ten years old. He was born and brought up in a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland, the son of a race of hunters and flock-masters who spoke only Gaelic. Mr. Munro's new novel, *Doom Castle*, is said to have some weird and

mysterious elements which may be traced to the wild childhood of the author.

—The current epistolary literature of English papers is just now largely concerned with a public matter of interest to all who value the charm of English scenery—no less than the impending destruction of the view from Richmond Hill. The whole river bank from Richmond Bridge to Twickenham Ferry, with the adjacent meadows, is threatened. The charm of the tow-path is to be ruined by rows of brick houses. The prospect from Richmond Hill, one of the glories of England, will be lost if the scheme is carried out. The wide green distances that have given joy to so many travelers, the fame of which is in many lands, in the celebration of which poetry and art have vied—if they are to be saved it will be only through the popular movement for their protection, headed by such men as Mr. Henry Newbolt.

—Paul Sabatier, whose life of St. Francis Assisi was read with so much admiration by thousands, has recently unearthed a manuscript containing the text of the rule of the lay order of Franciscans, drawn up by St. Francis himself. This rule was superseded by that of Pope Nicholas IV. because its tendencies were socialistic.

—Albert Chevalier, whose fame at present rest upon the coster songs which he sings so realistically, is about to come out with the book which is apparently to be one of reminiscence, to judge from the title, *Before I Forget*.

—The title of Mrs. Craigie's next novel will be *The Worm That God Prepared*.

—Although the heroic and pathetic story of Nathan Hale is vivid in the recollection of the patriotic societies and, it is to be hoped, of the people generally, singularly enough no biography of the Martyr Spy has been published since the inadequate attempt of Stuart. Now, however, Prof. H. B. Johnston, who has for some time made the Revolutionary period his particular study, has in press a biography of Captain Hale.

—The following paid advertisements, taken from the last number of the *London Spectator*—they may be paralleled to any number of English publications of this class—are calculated to tickle the American fancy:

SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF VIVI-SECTION.

Offices: 2 Strand, W. C.

The majority of contributors to the Hospital Sunday Fund presumably desire to relieve human suffering—not to inflict pain on helpless animals. Yet to a number of those hospitals which benefit by this fund laboratories are attached, where at a great expense vast hordes of animals are daily and painfully experimented on.

The indifference to suffering which such experi-

ments occasion in the minds of those performing them has, moreover, been clearly established by vivisectioners themselves (see their evidence on this subject before the Royal Commission).

Persons who place humanity before science and who desire to relieve suffering and not occasion it, should therefore withhold their gifts on Sunday from the following leading hospitals which have laboratories (i. e., torture chambers for animals) attached to them: ————

Further information and suggestions on this painful subject will be gladly supplied by the secretary of the above society.—Address, etc.

A HUMANE APPEAL TO BICYCLISTS.

Bicyclists are earnestly desired to be on guard against overtaking the strength of their dogs when running with bicycles at high speed. Some dogs would rather die than stop when following their masters, and this has actually happened without the knowledge of owners at the time. Dogs are frequently lost in country places consequent on bicycle riders outrunning them on roads, many of them more or less distressed when found.

The law protecting animals makes it an offence to cause dogs and other animals to be cruelly ill-treated. A word to the wise is enough; to thoughtful dog owners unnecessary; but callous riders need this caution.

John Colam,
Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals.

105 Jermyn Street, London.

—The proprietors of the *London Sphere* are arranging to bring out weekly an illustrated journal of society and the stage, to be called *The Tatler*. Mr. Clement Shorter will edit it; Mr. Shorter has made a great success of the *Sphere*.

—Mr. Henry Murray has already nearly completed a book on Mr. Robert Buchanan.

—Gabriel Rossetti, in 1850, feeling that his life was drawing to a close, wrote his autobiography in verse. His son, William Michael Rossetti, has paraphrased this in blank verse, added some parts of his own and appended an account of the last four years of his father's life, and the whole is about to be published.

—The spirit in which Aaron Burr is viewed by the author of *Blennerhassett* is certainly in contrast with that in which the foe of Hamilton has been generally regarded. In the preface to his forthcoming novel Mr. Pidgin will speak of Burr as—

a man who fought bravely to secure the independence of the Colonies; a man who rose to the highest position at the bar, and who was offered a seat upon the bench; a man who was elected to the highest position in the gift of the American people, and who filled the second place with a dignity and grace that have never been equalled; a man who revenged the wrongs inflicted upon him, during a period of thirty years, on the fatal field at Weehawken; a man who contemplated a conquest, and who was tried for high treason by the members of the party which afterwards carried out exactly the programme of conquest that he had outlined; a man who bore his downfall with patience

and dignity; a man whom neither political persecution, nor poverty, nor the perfidy of his friends could force to speak one word of recrimination or complaint; a man who bore the loss of daughter and grandson, the dearest ties that bound him to the human race, with resignation; a man who for twenty-five years thereafter toiled on without complaint to supply the means for an humble living; a man who, although he killed his foe according to the rules of the code of honor then in force, had been called either assassin or murderer by the makers of school books.

—Mr. H. G. Hales, war correspondent, himself a stirring example of the turgid and overwrought style of writing, apparently nevertheless enjoys aphorism when he meets with it. He reports a set of somewhat bitter sayings picked up around the camp fire. They run like this:

You cannot always judge a man by his company: it is the vermin that go to the dog, not the dog to the vermin.

Out of power, the politician panders to the mob; in power, the mob panders to the politician.

When a politician saith, "I am not as other men are; my hands are clean," stand back and give him room to fall. Ananias was killed for less than that.

A millionaire may have eccentricities, but no faults. A poor man may have many faults: he has no eccentricities.

I notice that most of the great, good, and pretty women we hear about in the Press have big banking accounts.

Never hit a foe when he is falling: wait until he is down and then kick him.

A callow boy loves a maid for her good looks, a prudent man loves a damsel for her good manners: perhaps that is why so few prudent men marry.

—This is not the first time upon which we have had occasion to remark upon the ingenuous character of contemporary book-booming notices. How altogether delightful, for example, is this glimpse into the home life of a popular author of the day, which we get from "literary" notes sent out by his publishers.

Mr. H— has a strong predilection for roast goose, and one Saturday provided an extra fine fowl of this kind for his Sunday dinner. His appetite was well attuned to do justice to this favorite dish, and shortly before the fowl was to be served he was horrified to catch the odor of burning meat.

Instantly there was a rush to the kitchen, where the cook was found in tears and the goose burned almost to cinders. When the penitent domestic regained sufficient control of herself to speak she confessed that she had become so engrossed in a story that she had entirely forgotten the roasting fowl. In proof of the extenuating circumstances she drew from under her apron a paper containing an installment of Mr. H—'s serial, "———."

A few quick questions established the fact that she had not noticed the name of the author. Before this discovery the dismissal of the cook had been a sealed verdict, but, in justice to the force and delicacy of the compliment thus paid Mr. H—'s powers as a narrator, the verdict was set aside,

and the cook escaped with a warning that her literary tastes must thereafter be held in subjection until the family dinner was safe on the table.

—Among the new Hoosier books great claims are made for *An Indiana Girl*, by Fred S. Lincoln, from the Neale Publishing Company, Washington.

—A notorious quality of Englishmen is exemplified in the reception which a recent joke of the American Ambassador has received. At the dinner of the Dante Society the other day Mr. Choate playfully remarked that he owed his knowledge of diplomatic duties and usages to the play, *The Ambassador*, by his fellow-guest, Mrs. Craigie. The English public took the statement with deadly seriousness, and the ambassador has been reminded from all quarters that he has made what to Englishmen appear to be many and inconceivable diplomatic blunders.

—A pathetic interest is added to a book which Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company are about to publish, by the hard struggle and unhappy fate of its young author—who died before he had seen a page of proof. *The Road to Ridgeby's* is a story of the prairies of Iowa. Its author, Frank B. Harris, a young man desperately intent upon a literary career, spent many weeks tramping or journeying in a movers' wagon from farm to farm through the country. His health broke down through the hard work, but he continued writing and revising and at last laid the book down completed—and died.

—The following note sent out by an enterprising publishing house seems very personal in character but is of some interest in throwing light upon the question of the relations of the drama and the novel.

It was during the winter of 1897, Mr. L. C. Page, of the publishing house of L. C. Page & Company, happened to attend a performance of Sothern's play, *"An Enemy to the King."* He realized that the drama contained elements which would make a strong romantic historical novel, discerning at that time that this class of book was about to reach a popular vogue. Mr. Page was not then acquainted with Mr. Stephens, but, noticing that his name was on the theatre program, he wrote the author, and the following day had a meeting with him at his club. That afternoon, publisher and author signed a contract for a book, *"An Enemy to the King,"* to be based on the play. The success of this venture started Mr. Stephens as a novelist, and he now devotes his entire time to literature as a profession, having given up his dramatic career altogether.

—Perhaps the most quoted item from our recent columns has been an extract from an interview given by Mr. Guy Boothby. This has been a little surprising—it was not supposed that Mr. Boothby's name had any interest in this country. His popularity in England is phenomenal. Mr.

Boothby came to England from Australia and had the fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to whose encouragement he owes much. Since his advent in England he has written an enormous number of novels, all of which have been popular successes. Mr. Boothby's first book was well received by the critics, but lately of course he has had no standing as an author of literature. *The Mystery of the Clapsed Hands* is the title of his last novel—a title indicative of the spirit of work he is now doing.

—The Russian writer, Maxim Gorky, whose name has suddenly become familiar in the West, is hailed at home as the successor of Tolstoi and is already the favorite of young Russia. Gorky is now barely thirty-two years old. His father was a working-man and died when the boy was very young. Gorky as a youth worked in a shoe shop, at wood carving, was a cook, a gardener; he peddled apples, was a dock hand, sawed wood, worked as a railway porter. Practically he has been, and is, a tramp. He tramped to Tiflis where, working for a little while in the railroad shop, he published his first novel in a local paper. Then he wandered back to the Volga and at Nishni Novgorod met Vladimir Korolenko—who ought to be known in this country as the author of *The Blind Musician*, which was translated ten years ago—who encouraged him to keep on writing. Prince Krapotkin has lately written of the immense popularity which the young writer has attained. His work is realistic in the extreme. His most important work so far, *Forná Gordyéeff*, is being translated and will be published early in the fall in this country. The story is concerned with the middle class merchant life along the Volga.

—There are two Andrew Langs, two Robert Bridges and two Winston Churchills. The middle class English public absolutely refuses to understand that Richard Carvel and *The Crisis* were not written by an Englishman, and the exquisite verses of the Assistant Editor of Scribner's Magazine are constantly, and even in publications that ought to be better informed, attributed to the English Robert Bridges.

—Writing on the Hall Caine-Pearson dispute, Mr. Andrew Lang facetiously suggests that the chapter to which the Pearsons object be omitted in the serial publication and that a competition be inaugurated, competitors to send in chapters of their own composition, giving their ideas as to what the moral author was going to say when the editor drew the line. By this means the modesty of the publishers would be preserved, the circulation of the magazine probably increased and interest be gained for the book publication.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

Bret Harte's Reappearance More than once of late years as the stream of stories by Bret Harte has flowed in an apparently inexhaustible supply, it has seemed as if the spring were losing a little of its purity and truth, as if a graceful flow of words were more and more depended upon to supply a lack of ideas. This impression is not altogether removed by the appearance of *Under the Redwoods*.¹ Just as Mr. Bret Harte himself is without a rival in his special sphere, so *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *M'liss* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp* are unrivaled by his later work. Still, such tales as *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad*, and *Jim's Big Brother* from California, are extremely strong and characteristic work, and the whole book is, of course, one of the most noteworthy volumes of stories recently published.

Penelope in Ireland Mrs. Riggs winds up² the travels in Great Britain of that famous trio in the most satisfactory and happy manner. Penelope is married this time, but neither she nor either of her companions has lost anything of that delightful drollery which has kept in constant good humor the increasing party whom they had already personally conducted through England and Scotland.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on the Servant Question The Successors of Mary the First³ is not what a long-suffering public might fear. Mrs. Ward is writing a discussion of the servant question. With the most delicious satire she narrates the experiences of an unpretentious family who have to struggle with this tremendous domestic problem. If to any the subject appear a light and humorous one, if it be thought that such a theme afford opportunity for uninterrupted comedy, a few pages will show that to Mrs. Ward the subject is a depressingly serious one. Through these pages pass a procession of servants of various degrees of stupidity, obduracy, incompetency and carelessness, and in them are recorded the tribulations of a mistress, her wrestlings with densely unintelligent intelligence offices and various societies for improving servants and protecting housekeepers.

¹*Under the Redwoods*. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

²*Penelope's Irish Experiences*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

³*The Successors of Mary the First*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Historical Romance The House of de Mailly,¹ like Miss Potter's earlier book, *Uncanonized*, exhibits an unusual mastery of material and the most painstaking construction. The introduction of a heroine who makes a study of drugs and poisons, and uses her knowledge in saving the hero's life, is a daring and questionable feature of a book which is singularly well contrived and considerably above the average of the historical novel in vivacity and interest. Primarily the story is of the period of Louis XV. and *Madam de Chateauroux*, and the American excursus takes the hero to Maryland and finds him a bride.

A new scene for the romantic novel is seized by Mr. Altsheler in his story² of St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory. One arises from the perusal of the book with a keener sense of the heroic conflict which was the Winning of the West. The Indian characters are finely drawn. The settlers and soldiers, scouts and woodsmen, are true citizens in those early days of the woods and valleys of the Miami and the Maumee.

Messrs. Page & Company have published for Mrs. James L. Belden a little book³—it is a story of New Amsterdam—which is very pleasing in the uniqueness of its binding and its typographical character.

People who like the sort of tale of which *Monseigneur Beauclaire* is at present the familiar type ought to be quite carried away with the Brilliant and Diverting Romance of the Rakish Days of Beau Brummell's London and Bath.⁴ The villain is a Frenchman, and his interference between the hero and his lady-love is broken up through a glorious turmoil of clashing steel.

Of the Brighter Sort Miss Fowler's new book⁵ of short stories displays an unfamiliar feature in the mental make-up of the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, and *The*

¹*The House of de Mailly*. A Romance by Margaret Horton Potter. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

²*The Wilderness Road*. By Joseph A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

³*Antonia*. By Jessie Van Zile Belden. Illustrated by Amy M. Sacker. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

⁴*The Curious Courtship of Kate Pains: A Romance of the Regency*. By Louis Evan Shipman. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

⁵*Sirius: A Volume of Fiction*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Farringdons, namely: a tendency toward mysticism. Miss Fowler's epigrammatic style, her brilliant and incisive method are as fresh as ever; they go not quite naturally, however, with the new and singular mystical strain in which she dwells upon visions and miracles.

Mrs. Cruger contributes to the flood of love-letters a series of amatory epistles¹ supposed to be those of a brilliant Hubert Thornton to a woman—an artist, one of whose pictures has impressed him. Had these made the first book of the kind, the novelty of their passionate phrases would have been attractive.

Without a Warrant² is one of the most lively stories published of recent days. It begins in tragedy, runs on into scenes of high comedy, has plenty of adventure, some little mystery, and the whole is set forth in the most highly entertaining and surprising style conceivable. Its plot is so full, so cleverly constructed, and so swift-moving that the merest outline of it here is out of the question, but it is all that could be desired to make a good story.

The author of Dodo appears again with a strong romance of modern life,³ characterized by intense dramatic quality and a suspense which accumulates almost painfully up to the climax of the last vivid pages.

A Pathological Fiction There can be but one of two most decided opinions regarding Mrs. Voynich's latest novel.⁴ In *The Gadfly* this author raised a great deal of discussion. In Jack Raymond she provokes either the warmest admiration for her realistic hardihood, her uncompromising and relentless depiction of human nature at its worst, or a dislike which approximates loathing. The crude power of the book cannot be evaded nor denied, but while all themes may be lawful when handled with decency, and this horrible tale might if true have appeared with propriety in a criminal record or a pathological journal, as a novel it is a disgusting affront to respectable readers.

From Foreign Sources It would be difficult to say too much in praise of most of the fifteen short stories⁵ by Selma Lagerlöf, now published in America. We have been accus-

tomed to think of modern Scandinavian fiction as characterized by hard realism—a reaction against the ancient mythical romance. In the work of a school of the younger northern writers appears again a vein of fantastic invention. Reading Lagerlöf, one thinks of Andersen, but feels a deeper spirit, a wider ranging emotion. Here are quiet pensive tales; here is a novelette of an insane man won back to health by love; here is the legend of King Olaf, the Saint; here is a fable for simple minds so naïve that by some it will be labeled irreverent; here appears the forest queen who bears away weary warriors on an elk's back; old Agnete, for whom no one on earth mourns, but at whose death the northern lights gleam as candles in her honor; spangled acrobats and their old horse, so used to work a merry-go-round that he will not draw a cart except to the accompaniment of a Jew's harp; an old man saved from freezing by a bear, who afterward ungratefully hunts his saviour, and at his death, for his ingratitude, is refused Christian burial. Seldom has a book of such primitive charm come as a fresh contribution to human delight.

*The Fourth Estate*¹ is by no means the best of Senor Valdès' books, lacking the large and dramatic qualities of some of the Spanish author's later work. It is, however, a delightful comedy of manners, vivid in its delineation of the foibles of provincial society and in trenchant satire of the corrupt influence of the press.

Indifferent Ralph Marlowe² is another local celebrity story. Its interest is supposed to be derived from the whimsicalities of a gallery made up of the eccentric village physician, the reminiscent man-of-all-work, the cheerful drummer, the obliging telegraph operator and the usual supply of village maidens. The hero is a drug clerk and his little secret furnishes what little plot there is to hold together these character sketches of the uninteresting people of a stagnant Ohio village.

When you get a book with a verse from the Rubiyat of Omar on the title page and a hero named Trevelyan, you know pretty well what to expect. That is about what you get in Miss Peterson's *The Potter and the Clay*,³ the work of an immature writer who takes things very seriously indeed.

¹His Letters. By Julien Gordon. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

²Without a Warrant. By Hildegard Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

³The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

⁴Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich, author of *The Gadfly*. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

⁵From A Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Brochner. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

¹The Fourth Estate. Authorized translation from the original of A. Palacio Valdès, author of *The Joy of Captain Ribot*, Jose, etc. By Rachel Chalice. Brentano's, New York.

²Ralph Marlowe. By James Ball Naylor. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. \$1.50.

³The Potter and the Clay. By Maud Howard Peterson. Illustrated by Charlotte Harding. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Child Verse

The Martyr.....Catharine Young Glen.....Harper's Baby Thoughts.....Mabel Cronise Jones.....Leslie's Weekly

One night (when Meg was in her bed
A-dreaming dreams with Moll)
The dolls of all the neighbors called
To visit Peg and Poll.
On every chair there perched and sat,
On every stool, a doll.
Their curls were brushed, their sashes tied,
Their faces fair and clean;
They carried fans and handkerchiefs,
The cutest ever seen;
And some had come in China silk
And some in velveteen.
And all of them, yes, every one
Had brought a tale to tell
About the "horrid little girl"
Who hadn't used her well;
Who'd treated her with cruelties
Beyond a parallel!
Who'd washed her twenty times a day
And dressed her twenty more,
Who'd lost her socks and mussed her frocks
And dropped her on the floor,
And tagged her every minute since
She left the dolly-store!

From all around the room at once
Arose a deaf'ning din,
And Peg, abetting, told how Meg
Had struck her with a pin;
And Poll, how Moll had combed her hair
Until 'twas fairly thin.

Now, as it came about, the while
That little Meg and Moll
Were being thus outrageously
Abused by Peg and Poll,
There sat in that fair company
An awful-looking doll—

Her eyes and nose were battered in,
Her cheeks were wan and worn,
Her head was bare of hair as though
It had been shaved and shorn;
The clothes she wore were rent to rags,
And e'en the rags were torn;

Her legs were broken at the knees
As in some mortal fray;
One arm was hanging by a thread,
And one was off to stay,
While through a hole within her side
Her sawdust ebbed away.

She listened to the discontent,
And then, in voice that broke
For want of language to express
Her state of feeling, spoke:
"Your ignorance, my friends," she said
"Would very tears provoke!

"I did not come to tell my past
To any living toy,
But I beseech you—look at me,
And bless your lot of joy!
Oh, dwell upon your mercies—I
Was given to a Boy!"

There are lots of things I wonder,
I want to know them all—
Whose carriage makes the thunder
And why I am not tall;
What the robins all are saying;
Whose tears the raindrops are;
If my dolly likes obeying;
If heaven is very fair;
If that tiny cloud's a feather
Just blown up in the sky,
And what makes all our weather,
And why I cannot fly;
Where the great bright sun is hiding
When it has gone away,
Where the stars are all abiding
When there dawns the happy day;
Why all the plants are growing;
Whose lamps the lightnings are;
Whence all the winds are blowing,
And if they travel far;
Why sometimes 'tis much colder,
And why my roses fall—
When I am ten times older
I s'pose I'll know it all.

Indian Cradle Song.....New York Press

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep, as a papoose should;
For safe is your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owl hoots in the tree,
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the lime-leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest,
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

A Song for Bedtime.....Eben E. Rexford.....Milwaukee Sentinel

"Oh mamma, p'ease sing me sumfin',"
Pleads the little one, with a kiss,
"For I's dest, oh, dest so s'eeepy,"
And mother tries, at this,
To think of "sumfin'" to sing to
The wee one on her breast,
And this is the drowsy ditty
With which she woos it rest:
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear,
The little sleep-angel is somewhere near.
I hear the sound of his snowy wings,
As rock-a-by, rock-a-by, mother sings,
Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

"At's a pitty song," she tells me,
 As her eyelids waver and fall,
 And hide the sweet blue blossoms
 That are fairest flowers of all.
 "It's dest as pitty—pitty—"
 With a yawn—"as it tan be,
 Sing it adin', p'ease, mamma,"
 Pleads the little one on my knee.
 Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear.
 The little sleep-angel is hovering near.
 I hear the flutter of his white wings,
 As rock-a-by, rock-a-by, mother sings—
 Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

Once only the lids are lifted
 From the eyes that are dim with sleep,
 As I bend and give my darling
 One long, last kiss to keep.
 She half wakes up to whisper—
 "And her words sound faint and far—
 "Sing it adin', p'ease, mamma,"—
 And she's gone where the dream-elves are.
 Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear,
 The little sleep-angel is here, is here.
 Dream-feathers fall from his wide, white wings,
 And sweet and deep is the peace he brings,—
 Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

Jim Has His Doubts.....Elizabeth Jamison.....New York Press

My Aunt Meliss is awful good:
 She goes to church each Sunday,
 And never cracks a joke or laughs
 From Saturday till Monday.
 Now I am eight and old enough
 To know a thing or two:
 I'm sure some things that Auntie tells
 Can't possibly be true,
 And yet she says, and shakes her head,
 "Might happen, Jim, to you."

She says there is a Crust Man,
 A giant big and black,
 Who gathers up both crusts and boys
 In one tremendous sack
 And carries them away, 'way off,
 To his old castle grim,
 Where he eats boys up with the crusts!
 "So do be careful, Jim—
 Don't leave your crusts behind your plate
 If you'd escape from him!"

She told me of a little boy
 Who when he went in swimmin'
 Stayed in the water hours and hours
 And frightened all the women.
 They punished him, but every day
 He went and did the same;
 But once he swam away, 'way out,
 And an old sea witch came,
 Who tied him fast unto a rock
 (He was his mother's joy)
 And turned him into—only think!
 A painted wooden buoy!
 "So just remember," Auntie says,
 "If you should take a swim,
 Don't stay too long, for who can say
 Just what might happen, Jim?"

If tellin' fibs is very wrong,
 I'd like to know, I should,
 How Aunt Meliss can tell such yarns
 Yet be so awful good.

The Ten Workers.....Emile Poulsson.....Kindergarten Review

Said the Farmer, the Miller, the Baker:
 "We'll give the dear Baby his food."
 Said the Carpenter, Mason, and Glazier:
 "We'll build him a house strong and good."
 Said the Weaver, the Tailor, the Cobbler:
 "We'll make him his warm, pretty clothes."
 Said the Blacksmith: "And I'll shoe his horses
 When off on a journey he goes."

Yes! these, and more workers, each in his own way,
 Do something for Baby, while he can but play.
 But when the small Baby has grown to a Man
 Why, he'll be a worker and do what he can!

The Baby's Song.....San Francisco Chronicle

They tell me that I'll be arrested
 For pulling my grandpapa's curl.
 Don't you think it is dreadfully cruel
 To 'rest such a wee baby girl?

So when I sit in grandpapa's lap
 I cannot resist, don't you know,
 Pulling the curls on his dear old head—
 They are white as the whitest snow.

Then he says that I'll be arrested;
 He'll 'rest me himself, says he;
 So his arms are a great big prison,
 And then I am punished—poor me!

For I'm almost smothered in kisses
 From the top of my head to my feet;
 Because I left my curls behind me
 To make some new baby look sweet.

A Cruise.....Edmund Vance Cooke.....Harper's Bazar

Do you know the ocean called Nurseyfloor?
 You think it a safe sea, like as not,
 But the Rug-Reef lies in a dangerous spot,
 And the Table-Leg and the Open-Door
 Are perilous rocks for the "Little Tot";
 Unbuoyed, unbelled, and unmarked by a light
 To pilot the venturesome mariner right.

Yet the "Little Tot" bravely prepares to start,
 And weighing anchor at Papa's Knee,
 And pointing a course to take the lee
 Of Bedside Ledges, she studies her chart,
 And to Mamma's Lap Harbor forth sails she.
 And it's yo ho ho, and all hands stand by!
 And it's steer by the light in the Harbor eye.
 A lurch to port and a starboard list;
 Steady, there, steady; keep her straight!
 'Tis a terrible sea to navigate.
 A stagger, a plunge, and a sudden twist;
 She is going aground as sure as fate!
 And Mamma's Lap Harbor and Papa's Knee
 Pull the good ship "Little Tot" out of the sea!

How the Rose Came...Charlotte Lay Dewey...Kindergarten Review

A little brown seed in the garden
 Asleep underneath the white snow,
 A sunbeam that came in the springtime,
 Some raindrops that helped it to grow,
 A rosebush, and then a wee rosebud
 With petals that softly unclosed,
 A perfume that's sweeter than honey,
 And there in the sunshine,—a rose!

Sayings of the Children*

—Katie and Willie are twins, aged five. During a recent visit to their grandparents, who live in the country and keep chickens, the twins were cautioned in their strife to see which could find the most eggs, never to take away the nest eggs. One morning Katie reached in a nest first, and, seizing the forbidden egg, started for the house. Willie hurried after her shouting: "Grandma! Grandma! Katie's got the egg the old hen measures by."

—Blanche is the little five-year-old daughter of a Cleveland newspaper man. She has lately been meditating on the problems of existence. Recently she got something in her throat which caused her to cough. When she got through she said: "I guess I will cough my head off some day." Then she went on: "If I should cough my head off, papa, would God make me a new one?" Her papa answered: "I am afraid not. I never heard of such a case." She pursued her thought a step further and said: "I suppose it would be just as cheap for him to make a whole baby as to make just a head." Her father answered that he thought it would.

—Clarence, aged five, had been severely chastised by his parents for disobedience, and the next day, without saying a word to anyone, he called at the office of the family legal adviser, who happened to be a particular friend of the little fellow's. "Well, Clarence," said the man of the law, after shaking hands, "what can I do for you?" "Please, Mr. Brown," replied Clarence gravely, "I want to get a divorce from our family."

—"Stop that noise, Jimmie, or we will send you to bed." "Pa, you don't act like I wuz your real child at all; you act like I wuz jes' somebody else's ol' orphan."

—"Remember, now, Dollie, to move your spoon from you, and be careful to sip without making any noise." Dollie—Why, papa, I'm eating my soup all right. Uncle Rufus is the one you ought to talk to.

—Boy—Grandpa, I wish you'd buy me a pony. Grandpa (a philanthropist)—My son, think of the poor boys who can't even get bread to eat. Boy—I was thinking of them—the poor little boys whose papas have ponies to sell that nobody will buy.

—The Crown Prince of Germany, when younger, did not at all like the idea of everybody being sinners. When his tutor told him that

all men were sinners, he said: "Is my papa, then, a sinner?" On being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, with warmth, "But I am sure my mamma is not!"

—There are organists and organists. The organist of the church was a guest of little Margie's father, and at dinner she said to him: "Do you play an organ?" "Yes, my dear," was the reply. "Then," gravely inquired the little miss, "where's your monkey?"

—In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went." The teacher kept him in one night and said: "Now, while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times." When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was "have gone fifty times." On the other side was written: "I have went home."

—Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny." The terrified boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed; "send for the minister." "The minister!" exclaimed the mother. "Yes, because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."

—Auntie—Whom do you love best? Dolly—Mamma. Auntie—Who next? Dolly—You. Auntie—Who next? Dolly—Baby. Father (from the background)—And when does daddy come in? Dolly—About two in the morning.

—A physician tells a story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of nine after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks. His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said: "I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me." "Don't you do it," said the boy. The teacher thought she had made an impression. "Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father." "You better not," said the boy. "Why not?" inquired the teacher. "'Cause he charges two dollars a visit," said the scamp.

—Some Sunday-school children were asked if they knew what prophet fell off a wall and died. One little hand went up and "Was it Humpty Dumpty?" its owner asked.†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

A Page of Literary Grace

It is enough to lie on the sward in the shadow of green boughs, to listen to the songs of summer, to drink in the sunlight, the air, the flowers, the sky, the beauty of all; or upon the hilltops, to watch the white clouds rising over the curved hill-lines, their shadows descending the slope; or, on the beach to listen to the sweet sigh as the smooth sea runs up and recedes. It is lying beside the immortals, indrawing the life of the ocean, the earth and the sun. I want to be always in company with these—with earth and sun and sea, and stars by night.—From Richard Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*.

The Foucher family were the intimate friends of Madame Hugo, and, accompanied by her two younger sons, she often went to visit them at the Hotel de Toulouse. This is how Victor Hugo found his way into M. Foucher's garden, with Adèle, M. Foucher's daughter.

If there were no gardens, we should have fewer lovers. But once in the primitive home of love, the revelation is sure to come, as it came in due season to Victor and Adèle. One day she perceived for the first time how the sun shone across rims of violet mist into the garden, and he saw April scattering stars in the grass. These are the signs given to two people when God is about to renew their earth and start his creation over again—love always manifests itself first through the telepathy of nature's smiles. After this they remained conscientiously in the house away from the contagion of happiness among the roses and lilies outside. But not even the prosaic walls of Madame Foucher's drawing-room could shut out the vision of their garden. From the windows they could still behold the birds building nests there. At length, no longer contented with his silent admiration, Adèle whispered one evening: "Come, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine." "My great secret is that I love you," he replied. "And my great secret is that I love you," she confessed.

Hugo rested from his literary labors in the evening when he wrote these letters to Adèle. He ceased to be secular. They were his personal scriptures, his chapters of revelations, written only for the "elect." Their inspiration is the chief thing to consider, as it is the important question concerning all scriptures. And whoever has looked into the shining face of love cannot doubt their inspiration. He had the lover's power to make his mountains skip like young unicorns

when they arose between him and his beloved. He tossed up his world and his seas for her sake, and set stars to shining in their darkest night with the magic of his love. He never lost patience, never despaired. Love made him omnipotent; and he learned once for all how to accomplish the impossible. He maintained throughout his courtship the dignity of a serious man. Humor is a squint at life which the gravity of love does not permit. The sparrow never grows frivolous with his singing till the nest is finished and his mate broods within. The truth in such passion is elemental. It antedates science, philosophy, everything. The lover is always primitive. He is son of the morning, and has dew upon his head. He comes like a new Adam into his garden; and invariably makes his first prayer to Eve—a sweet blasphemy as old as the first pair of lovers. And as yet Hugo could not bring himself to consider God except as the Maker of Adèle.—*The Independent*.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his unfinished novel, *Weir of Hermiston*, describes Glencorse Church in the Pentlands; but in speaking of Mr. Torrance, the minister of the parish, he forgets to mention what was Mr. Torrance's chief characteristic: that he used to pray with his eyes open. In summer the door of the church was left open, and we could see the white, worn gravestones and the waving branches of the trees. Now and again a collie dog would come late, and saunter in and lie down beside his master's seat. The shepherds' wives delighted to give their children sweets in the form of peppermint lozenges to eat during the sermon; and toward the end of the service the church became perfumed with the smell of peppermint as some Roman Catholic church becomes perfumed with the smell of incense.—W. A. Somerville in *Chambers's Journal*.

As God's sun runs its course from morning until evening, so no eye sees the mother's steps, no ear hears her movements; but when the sun sinks man knows that it will rise again, and move forward to warm all the earth until it ripens into fruitage.

This picture of the sun brooding like a mother over the world, is the prototype of Gertrude, and of every woman who knows the power of transforming a humble living room into a holy abode, making it a consecrated home for father and children.—Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi.

Living English Poets: William Butler Yeats

Mr. William Butler Yeats was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 13, 1865. He spent the greater part of his childhood at Sligo and began his apprenticeship to literature when a mere boy. His *Island of Statues* and other brief lyrics and poems included in his first volume, *The Wanderings of Oisín*, 1887, were written before he was twenty years of age. These early poems pleased William Morris and other London litterateurs and through their encouragement the young poet left Ireland for the English capital. He began his literary adventures with Irish Folk and Fairy Tales in the Camelot Series. Three other volumes of Irish selections—*Stories from Carleton*, *Irish Tales*, and *Irish Fairy Stories*—followed. Celtic Twilight, and Countess Cathleen appeared in 1893 and were composed largely of contributions to the *Scots Observer*, then under the editorship of Mr. William E. Henley. In 1893, too, Mr. Yeats' "faery interlude," *The Land of Hearts' Desire*, was produced at the Avenue Theatre and published simultaneously. It reappears with Countess Cathleen in the collection of Poems, 1895, which contains all Mr. Yeats now cares to preserve of his earlier work. About this time he edited, in collaboration with Mr. E. J. Ellis, the monumental edition of Blake, published by Quaritch. An anthology of Blake and John Sherman, and Dhoya, the latter in the Pseudonym Library, appeared in 1894. *The Wind Among the Reeds*, a collection of poems, appeared in 1898, and may be said to have thoroughly established Yeats' poetical reputation. His last book, *The Solitary Reaper*, a dramatic poem, has just been published by Dodd, Mead and Company in this country.

The folk lore and folk life of Aran and Sligo color freely all Mr. Yeats writes. Very naturally his greatest popularity is in Ireland, where he is best understood. The sympathy, fine philosophy, and rare lyrical quality of his shorter poems, however, appeal to all lovers of true poetry.

THE WHITE BIRDS.

I would like that we were, my beloved, white birds
on the foam of the sea;
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can
pass by and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low
on the rim of the sky,
Has awakened in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness
that may never die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-
dabbled, the lily and rose,

Oh, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of
the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low
in the fall of the dew:
For I would that we were changed to white birds
on the wandering foam—I and you.

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a
Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and sorrow
come near us no more:
Soon far from the rose and the lily, the fret of the
flames, would be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed
out on the foam of the sea.

SONG.

(From the Land of Heart's Desire.)
The wind blows out of the gates of the day.
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and
sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away."

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did
meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-
white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on
the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-
white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the
weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of
tears.

"THE ROSE OF THE WORLD."

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
Amid men's sails that day by day gives place
More fleeting than the sea's foam-fickle face,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in yon dim abode:
Before ye were or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one stood beside his seat;
He made the world, to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

AN INDIAN SONG.

O wanderer in the southern weather,
Our isle awaits us; on each lea
The pea-hens dance; in crimson feather
A parrot swaying on a tree
Rages at his own image in the enamelled sea.

There dreamy Time lets fall his sickle
And Life the sandals of her fleetness,
And sleek young joy is no more fickle,
And love is kindly and deceitless,
And all is over save the murmur and the sweetness.

There we will moor our lonely ship
And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly, lip to lip,
Along the grass, along the sands—
Murmuring how far away are all earth's feverish lands:

How we alone of mortals are
Hid in the earth's most hidden part,
While grows our love an Indian star,
A meteor of the burning heart,
One with the waves that softly around us laugh and dart;

One with the leaves; one with the dove
That moans and sighs a hundred days;
How when we die our shades will rove,
Dropping at even in coral bays
A vapory footfall on the ocean's sleepy blaze.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folks dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabinee.

I passed by brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo Fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile at the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folks there spy me,
They will all come up to me
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

THE FOLK OF THE AIR.

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted weeds
Of the drear Heart Lake.

And he saw how the weeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And he dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the folk of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll got up from the grass
And scattered the cards with a cry;
But the old men and dancers were gone
As a cloud faded into the sky.

He knew not the folk of the air,
And his heart was blackened by dread,
And he ran to the door of his house;
Old women were keening the dead;

And he heard high up in the air.
A piper piping away;
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

INTO THE TWILIGHT.

Out-worn heart, in time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh heart again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Erie is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

The Subtle American Joke.—An American once said to a German who claimed that he had the real New England sense of humor, "Did you ever hear the joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy, and the other as a man?" "No," said the German, beginning to anticipate a good story. "Tell me at once, mein friend, dat joke."

A Candid Criticism.—The late Simon Hassler, the popular Philadelphia musician, was not averse to telling a good story or joke against himself. On one occasion a few years ago, he related with much gusto, he was seated at the piano improvising. At first only the piano was called into requisition, but finally he raised his voice in his growing interest in the improvisation. His youngest nephew, who had been in the room listening quietly, now burst forth impetuously and with conviction: "Say, uncle, if you could hear yourself sing, you'd leave the room!"

A Clerical Wit.—After a church conference held a few days ago, two brother ministers had a friendly tilt, regarding the meaning of a certain passage in one of Shakespeare's plays. They could not come to an understanding, and one of them remarked jokingly: "Oh, well, brother, I will ask Shakespeare when I meet him in heaven!" "But supposing Shakespeare did not get to heaven?" retorted the other. "Then you can ask him about it," was the quick reply.

The Courageous Travelers.—A gentleman who had traveled in Africa told his friends that he and his servant once made fifty Arabs run. All who heard the story were amazed. "How did you manage it?" asked one. "Oh, it was nothing very wonderful," replied the traveler. "We ran, and they ran after us."

Losses.—A German band, which had been engaged to play at Coney Island one afternoon, was given the privilege of roaming at will through the place after they had played a certain stipulated time. Accordingly when their duty for the afternoon had been performed, the leader of the band gave each of the musicians a ticket back to New York, thinking it would be best to allow his men to return any time they wished, and not to try to come back in a body. The

bass drum artist, a corpulent old Teuton, wandered off by himself and proceeded to patronize all the various purveyors of cooling drinks he could find. Some blind instinct within led him down to the pier about sunset, and aboard the ferry. He curled himself up on a convenient pile of rope and was preparing to lose what little consciousness he still possessed, when the purser hit him on the back and asked for his ticket. The bass drum artist looked up into the purser's face and smiled, but made no reply. "Come, come," said the purser, "where's your ticket?" The German looked confused, and muttered something about not having any ticket. "You must have a ticket somewhere about your clothes," said the blue-coated official, impatiently. The German insisted that he had not. "Look here, Dutchy, you couldn't have come aboard without a ticket. Look again." "Vull, I don't got him now. I guess I lose him." "Lose it? You couldn't lose it." "Not lose dot leedle ticket? Vy, mein Gott, I lose mein bass drum."

A Brilliant Woman.—The following anecdote is related of Professor Bunsen. One night he and his wife returned from a visit, and were about entering their house. "My dear," said the Professor, "it is too early for me to go to bed. I think I'll go over to the Rathskeller to drink a Schoppen with my friends. You can go to bed awhile if you like." "But," said his wife, "I must have the front door locked, or I will be afraid to be alone in the house." The Professor, who had solved the most intricate problems of science, stood helpless before the difficulties now presented. At length his wife had a brilliant idea. "I'll go in," she said, "and lock the door from the inside. Then I'll throw you the key out of the window, and you can go to your friends." "A brilliant woman," said the Professor as his wife disappeared through the door. Quite a time elapsed before his wife had groped her way upstairs, made a light, and found a piece of white paper in which she enveloped the key. She threw it into the gutter, from whence it was fished by her admiring husband. Arriving at the Rathskeller, the Professor told his cronies of his wife's brilliant idea. A shout of laughter greeted the conclusion of his story. "What is there to laugh at?" asked Professor Bunsen. "You idiot!" replied one of his friends, "why didn't you simply admit your wife into the house, lock the door from the outside, and come away?" "By Jove! I hadn't

*Compiled from Anecdote Department Short Stories Magazine.

thought of that," said the Professor. When he reached home and tried to let himself in, he discovered that his wife had, in her excitement, thrown him the wrong key.

The Wrong End.—An aged, gray-headed negro, mounted bareback upon an equally ancient-looking mule, whose ears flopped abjectly at every step, was laboriously steering his weatherbeaten steed through the streets of an Arkansas town, when, coming opposite the post office, he decided to stop and enquire for mail. After some maneuvers resembling those of a sidewheel steamer, the old negro got the mule turned around and headed for a telephone post, but at this juncture progress was abruptly terminated by a dead balk on the part of the mule; with ears rigidly pointed forward at the telephone post, he tilted farther and farther back at each dig of the negro's bare heels in his sides, until his legs stood at a perilous angle, and finally began to back. A group of men standing in the doorway of a store opposite saw the difficulty, and one of them, a prominent lawyer, called out: "Say, old man, you'll get there quicker if you head him the other way." "Dat's all right, boss," was the ready answer, spoken in all sincerity and gravity; "but dis is de end what I wants to hitch." And the old negro resumed his argument with the mule.

An Art Criticism.—One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture, *Chill October*, among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in broad Scotch dialect: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place!"

The Gallant Chief Justice.—When Chief Justice Chase made his celebrated trip to the South, after the Civil War, he spent several days in Charleston, where his well-known good feeling toward the southern people insured him a cordial reception. One evening, while dining at the house of one of the leading gentlemen of the city, a lady was presented to him whose beautiful, Juno-like figure made her conspicuous even in the gathering of the fair women of the South. The Chief Justice was a great admirer of "la belle sexe," and the sight of a beautiful woman always caused him to unbend. On this occasion, when the superb Mrs. Pinckney was presented to him, she said, with an enchanting smile: "Mr.

Chief Justice, I am a southern woman who has not been reconstructed." With an admiring glance, and a bow, the Chief Justice answered: "A lady so perfectly constructed as Mrs. Pinckney, does not need to be reconstructed."

An Unfortunate Inquiry.—A New York man, who has written a book, was telling about it the other day to a friend who had once done him a service. "By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work if you care for it." "I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply; "especially if you will write your name in it." "All right. There is a bookstore around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go get it." In the bookstore the author, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written. "Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."

Equal to the Occasion.—An English gentleman, visiting Dublin for the first time, engaged a "cabby" to drive him about the city. Noticing a large building surmounted by three sculptured figures he inquired: "What is that building?" "That's the city hall, sur." "And what are those three figures?" "They be the twelve apostles, your honor." "But there are only three," exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Sure, an' would ye hav' the whole twelve of 'em out on the mutherin' wet day as this!"

A Black Sheep.—One of the stories that the late Senator Palmer was fondest of telling had to do with an aged gentlewoman, bearing the same name as himself, who lives somewhere down on the eastern shore of Virginia, in the county where Senator Palmer's grandfather was born. One of his Washington friends happened to meet the old lady down there and asked her if she were not a kinswoman of his. She did not know, but thought perhaps she might be. The gentleman was of Virginian descent, was he not? And in the United States Senate? Yes, she was quite sure he was a kinsman. "Was he in the army?" she asked. "Yes," answered the Senator's friend, "he was in the army and a general." The old lady was positive he was a relation. "But," went on the friend, "he was a general in the Union Army." The old lady's face fell, but she rallied bravely. "Well," she said, "you know there's a black sheep in every family."

Among the August Magazines

As the bird-songs fail, the insect harpers and fiddlers begin. August is the heyday of these musicians. The katydid begins to "work her chromatic reed" early in the month, and with her comes that pulsing, purring monotone of the little pale tree-cricket. These last fill the August twilight with a soft rhythmic undertone of sound, which forms a sort of background for the loud, strident notes of the katydids.

August, too, is the month of the screaming, high-sailing hawks. The young are now fully fledged, and they love to circle and scream far above the mountain's crest all the tranquil afternoon. Sometimes one sees them against the slow, changing, and swelling thunder-heads that so often burden the horizon at this season.

It is in the dewy August mornings that one notices the webs of the little spiders in the newly mown meadows. They look like gossamer napkins spread out upon the grass—thousands of napkins far and near. The farmer looks upon it as a sign of rain; but the napkins are there every day; only a heavier dew makes them more pronounced one morning than another.

August days are for the most part tranquil days; the fret and hurry of the season are over. We are on the threshold of autumn.

Nature dreams and meditates; her veins no longer thrill with the eager, frenzied sap; she ripens and hardens her growths; she concentrates; she begins to make ready for winter. The buds for next year are formed during this month, and her nuts and seeds and bulbs finish storing up food for the future plant.

The Editor of Harper's Magazine has been wont of late to talk confidentially with his readers about the making of a magazine. He does so in the August number—meditating out loud upon the operations which month by month bring out, seasonably, like the operations of nature, a new manifestation, a new expression of the magazine's life.

Every one nowadays may be presumed aware of the complexity of magazine making, informed as to the great labor, the extreme care, the wide co-operation necessary to produce a book like the August Harper's. But what is noteworthy in Mr. Alden's meditation is that therein the Editor reveals how clearly his magazine appears to him as a living, breathing personality. "It is not made out of hand; it is born and it grows. There is a certain inevitability about it from the outset." That is to say: a great magazine has a genius which invests it with almost personal being. It comes to possess an institutional importance; it manifests a character, a continuity of function, an integrity, which, while they reveal themselves variously in various moments of national history, may yet be traced, true as the features of a human

character, developing and more definitely exhibiting themselves as the years go on. The Editor speaks of his "sensitivity to intimations from the genius and spirit of the magazine itself—a feeling of its very mold and pressure."

We presume the sponsors of an issue of Harper's Magazine of even ten years ago could not have prophesied this, its last number. And yet this is in true continuity with that—has emerged from it naturally, almost inevitably; a delight to the hand that holds, to the eye that passes over, to the mind that follows it.

Maurice Hewlett contributes a characteristic mediaeval story, strongly illustrated by Sterner. Miss Daskam, Mr. Ollivant, Robert W. Chambers and a new writer apparently, Miss Mary Applewhite Bacon, appear with interesting tales. Mr. John Burroughs with a sweet essay on August Days (from which the quotation at the head of this article is taken), Mr. Le Gallienne talks about an imaginary country house, Moncure D. Conway investigates the Whittington legend, while Miss Wilkins' Portion of Labor and Gilbert Parker's The Right of Way go on, dramatically, the latter to its end.

Perhaps the chief attraction of the Metropolitan Magazine is the short-story from the pen of Paul Laurence Dunbar, besides whom seven other writers contribute short fictions. Julia Marlowe writes a charming paper under the head, Some Fancies and a Little Philosophy. Captain Henry Hoffman of the America, first cup-winner in the series of international yacht races, contributes a very timely article on the subject upon which he is an authority.

The literary article in the International Monthly is written by William P. Trent, who discusses Brander Matthews as a dramatic critic. The Economic Development of Western Europe Under the Influence of the Crusades is investigated by Hans Prutz, while Ch. Seignobos writes of the present-day politics in France.

Fritz Cunliffe-Owen writes most entertainingly in Munsey's on the Court of King Edward—of the duties, perquisites and ways of the dignitaries and officers attendant upon English Royalty. Other articles in the number are of timely interest. The serial by Stanley J. Weyman grows in power.

The important address delivered by Professor Gunton at the National Educational Association in July is printed in the August Gunton's Magazine and adds great interest to that number. Leon

Mead's article on American Invention of a Century is a striking resumé of progress.

The opening article of the *Arena* is by the Hon. Frank S. Monnett, whose activity against the Standard Oil Trust when he was Attorney-General of Ohio brought him prominently before the public as a defender of popular rights. By the decision of a recent political convention in his State, Mr. Monnett remains in private life, but he may well give his time to the discussion in the public press of the great question upon which he has such decided opinions. As for the present article, the author put his proposition into the title: *Transportation Franchises Always the Property of Sovereignty*.

Some interesting letters, hitherto unpublished, from Cardinal Newman, Aubrey de Vere, Lord Charles Russell and others appear in an article by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, in *Donohoe's* for August.

Frank Leslie's is unusually good. With such names for contributors as E. W. Hornung, Ralph Connor, Mary Cholmondeley and Mrs. Steel, it could not well help being. These as well as others contribute interesting fiction. More serious matter is an article on the expense of yachting, and a biography of Tom L. Johnson.

Pictures in the Critic of Mr. Thomas Hardy and of the scenes of his novels, are delightful to view. The letter-press, which is by Clive Holland, is said to have been read and approved by Mr. Hardy himself, under whose instruction a map of the Wessex country, which also appears, was made. It would be difficult to write an uninteresting article on Wessex; Mr. Holland's is as empty of information and as devoid of the imaginative sympathy which a true appreciator of Hardy would have, as possible. Mr. Beer, who recently wrote a notable essay for the Critic, appears in it again, writing upon the death of John Fiske. Mrs. Mapes contributes an exhaustive article on the work of Balzac. The number is unusually rich in illustration.

Those who heard the Phi Beta Kappa address given by Mr. Bliss Perry at Columbia College last month went out to tell others how scholarly and how altogether delightful a performance they had attended. It reads in the current number of the *Atlantic* nearly as well as it sounded from the rostrum of Columbia. Mr. Perry contrasts the amateur with the professional spirit. He quotes a criticism made at home concerning England in the darkness of failure in South Africa: that the British army is an amateur force. He half humorously points out how the spirit of the amateur has flourished in our own country. Take

a New Englander of 1840—Emerson would advise him to teach school a while, farm a while, drive a tin peddler's cart for a season, go to Congress, preach a year, keep store, live the "experimental life." Hawthorne's hero, Holgrave, was twenty-two when he lived in the House of the Seven Gables, but he had already been a schoolmaster, storekeeper, editor, peddler, daguerreotypist and dentist, had traveled in Europe, lectured on mesmerism, lived in community. Mr. Perry would have us admire the vivacity, the resourcefulness, the inventiveness, the readiness, the mobility of that type of man. He generally got on; he paid the mortgage, he invented machines and wrote books. He had a knack for getting things done somehow and learning the rule afterward. Shrewdness, energy, practical capacity, boundless enthusiasm—these qualities of the amateur carry men far.

They have frequently been attended by such good fortune as to make it easy for us to think that they are the only qualities needed for success. Some of the most substantial gains of American diplomacy, for instance, have been made by men without diplomatic training. We have seen within a very few years an almost unknown lawyer, from an insignificant city, called to be the head of the Department of State, where his achievements, indeed, promptly justified his appointment. The conduct of the War Department and the Navy has frequently been intrusted to civilians whose frank ignorance of their new duties has been equaled only by their skill in performing them. The history of American cabinets is, in spite of many exceptions, on the whole, an apotheosis of the amateur. It is the readiest justification of the tin peddler theory—the theory, namely, that you should first get your man, and then let him learn his new trade by practicing it. "By dint of hammering one gets to be a blacksmith," say the French; and if a blacksmith, why not a postmaster, or a postmaster-general, or an ambassador?

The difficulty with this theory lies in the temptation to exaggerate it. Because we have been lucky thus far, we are tempted to proceed upon the comfortable conviction that if we once find our man, the question of his previous apprenticeship to his calling, or even that of his training in some related field of activity, may safely be ignored.

Thereupon the Editor of the *Atlantic* gives due credit to the opposite, the professional, spirit. Its accomplishments have been far more serious.

Many of our best inheritances, such as our body of law, represent the steady achievements of professional skill, professional self-sacrifice. The mechanical conveniences and equipments in which the age abounds, all this apparatus for communication and transportation, have been wrought out for us by the most patient, the most concentrated activity of professionals. The young man who is entering medicine, the law, business, the army, the church, finds himself ranked at once by his power to assimilate the professional experience of older men. Some day, let us trust, the young man who desires to serve his country in her civil service, her consular and diplomatic service, will find himself, not as now, blocked by an amateurish system of rewards for

partisan fealty, but upon the road to a genuine professional career. The hope of society, no doubt, depends largely upon those men who are seriously devoting their energies to some form of expert activity. They are the torch-bearers, the trained runners who bear the light from stage to stage of the heaven-beholden course.

Ours must be, not "a nation of amateurs," but a nation of professionals, if it is to hold its own in the coming struggles—struggles not merely for commercial dominance, but for the supremacy of political and moral ideals. Our period of national isolation, with all it brought of good or evil, has been outlived. The new epoch will place a heavy handicap upon ignorance of the actual world, upon indifference to international usages and undertakings, upon contempt for the foreigner. What is needed is, indeed, knowledge, and the skill that knowledge makes possible. The spirit with which we confront the national tasks of the future should have the sobriety, the firmness, the steady effectiveness, which we associate with the professional.

Mr. Perry's plea is, then, for a merging of the serious, specializing, painstaking, patient industry of the professional with the spontaneity and enthusiasm of the amateur.

Is it an impossible ideal, this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional? In the new world of disciplined national endeavor upon which we are entering, why may not the old American characteristics of versatility, spontaneity, adventurousness, still persist? These are the traits that fit one to adjust himself readily to unforeseen conditions, to meet new emergencies. They will be even more valuable in the future than in the past, if they are employed to supplement, rather than to be substituted for, the solid achievements of professional industry. If we are really to lead the world's commerce—though that is far from being the only kind of leadership to which American history should teach us to aspire—it will be the Yankee characteristics, plus the scientific training of the modern man, that will enable us to do it. The personal enthusiasm, the individual initiative, the boundless zest of the American amateur, must penetrate, illuminate, idealize, the brute force, the irresistibly on-sweeping mass, of our vast industrial democracy.

Brooks Adams opens the August number of the Atlantic with a discussion of the position of America in the World's Trade. Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Tory Lover* comes to an end.

Frederick A. Talbot writing in the *Cosmopolitan* draws an impressive picture of the rejuvenation of Egypt. His specific subject is the widening of the area of fertility in the Nile Valley, toward which end tremendous engineering works are being constructed across the Nile at Assouan—where one billion tons of water forming a lake 140 miles long will be stored behind a dam—and at Assiout, three hundred miles further down, where is being constructed a smaller reservoir, but one from the engineering point of view more remarkable still than that at Assouan.

These new dams will add two thousand five hun-

dred miles to the cultivable area of Egypt, the value of which will amount to about four hundred million dollars. By this it will be seen that Egypt is on the eve of a new era of prosperity. Properly controlled, the land of the Nile should be the richest country in the world. The construction of the Nile dams constitutes the greatest engineering achievement the world has ever seen, and will remain as permanent a monument of the British occupation of the country as the Pyramids are of the greatness and prosperity of the land of the Nile under the Pharaohs.

Julien Gordon gives her impressions of the provincial woman of France, Richard Le Gallienne continues his old French romances with a paraphrase of the story of King Floris and the fair Jehane, Professor Ely analyzes the significance of the Steel Trust in an unusually serious article which reaches but tentative conclusions. Ella Wheeler Wilcox offers an autobiography—for whose delectation it cannot possibly be imagined, and the stage interest is represented in at least three articles. The fiction, all of which is good, is from the hands of Francis Willing Wharton, Irving Bacheller, the Castles and Grant Allen.

The World's Work is a Pan-American Exposition number. The Editor himself visited Buffalo and spent some time there, and his impressions of the great show furnish the feature for August. Charles H. Caffin discusses the art on exhibition, Orrin Dunlap makes a wonderful story of the gathering of power from Niagara, and Arthur Goodrich reports many interesting particular exhibits. One of the most entertaining papers in the number is Miss Mary B. Hartt's on the play side of the show.

The same subject has prominence in the *Criterion*. F. Maurice Newton writes the article here and finds his subject a gay one. The *Criterion* this time has a reminiscent paper by Murat Halstead, and an account by Joanna E. Wood of a presentation at the English court, among much other good matter.

McClure's is a strong fiction number. Norman Duncan, who wrote *The Soul of the Street*, opens the number with a piteous Newfoundland tale, but the remaining fiction is light and pleasant. McClure's has printed some good Wall street stories, but none better than *The Man Who Won*, by Edwin Lefevre. Henry Van Dyke and Josephine Dodge Daskam are among the other contributors of fiction.

The Century has an exquisitely written, illustrated, and decorated, article on Venetian Gardens by Lee Bacon. The reappearance of George W. Cable with his most pleasing story *Père Raphaël* is welcome. No August magazine appears to be complete without a fiction by Miss Daskam and the Century is complete. Bishop Potter contributes some impressions of India.

Magazine Reference for August, 1901

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

American Women-Musicians: H. H. Burr. Cosmop.
 Art Colony at Darmstadt: Adams. Am. R. of R.
 Art of Make-Up: David. Cosmop.
 Ben Austrian, Painter: G. Kobbé. Chaut.
 Church Music in Colonial Days: Keith. M. Culture.
 Early Venetian Painting, An: Fry. Monthly R.
 Is the Actor Illiterate?: S. Robson. Forum.
 Literary Men Who Knew Music. Criterion.
 March of the Brass Band: M. West. Munsey.
 Moral Power of Music: A. S. Driscoll. Donahoe.
 Music in the Church: L. C. Elson. Internat. M.
 On the Making of an Actress: V. Allen. Cosmop.
 Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic: Clapp. Atlan.
 Some Minor Painters: N. H. Moore. M. Culture.
 †Strange Origin of the "Marseillaise". Nine. Cent.

Biographical and Reminiscent.

†Catherine II. and Comte De Ségur. Gentleman.
 †Count Blumenthal: S. Whitman. Contemp. R.
 Death of John Fiske. World's W.
 Economist with Ideals, An: B. O. Flower. Arena.
 Homes of Carlyle: J. MacNeil. Munsey.
 John Fiske. Atlan.
 John Fiske: J. G. Brooks. Am. R. of R.
 †John Marshall: W. Goddard. N. Church R.
 Judge William H. Taft: R. Patterson. Am. R. of R.
 †Late Bishop of London: H. Paul. Nine. Cent.
 Moses Coit Tyler: W. P. Trent. Forum.
 †Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. Nine. Cent.
 My Autobiography: E. W. Wilcox. Cosmop.
 †Napoleon's English Translator. Westm. R.
 †Notes of an Octogenarian. Cornhill.
 Passing of Li Hung Chang: E. Wildman. Munsey.
 Personal Reminiscence, A: M. Halstead. Criterion.
 Poets I Have Known: M. Russell. Donahoe.
 †Politics of Bolingbroke: T. Bateson. Gentleman.
 Prince of Biographers, The: P. A. Sillard. Atlan.
 Richard Croker: L. Siebold. Munsey.
 Some Genuine Lincoln Anecdotes. F. Leslie.
 Some Kentucky Literators: O'Malley. Donahoe.
 †Sussex Pepys, A: C. Cooper. Gentleman.
 Tom L. Johnson: W. R. Merrick. F. Leslie.

Educational Topics.

†Cause of the Children: F. E. Warwick. Nine. Cent.
 †English and German Schools. Contemp. R.
 Expansion of Our Universities: Warfield. Munsey.
 Luxury Among College Students: Harper. Cent.
 Pioneer Educators: A. C. Minogue. Donahoe.
 Soul of the Child: C. R. Benson. Metrop.
 Women Deans of Women's Colleges. Chaut.

Essays and Miscellanies.

About Mosquitoes: W. S. Harwood. Outing.
 Aim of Balzac's Comédie Humaine: Mapes. Critic.
 "And Others". Atlan.
 August Days: J. Burroughs. Harp.
 B. Matthews as Dramatic Critic: Trent. Internat. M.
 †Bored of Jane Austen: R. Grey. Fortn. R.
 †Bourget's "Le Fantôme": W. S. Lilly. Fortn. R.
 Caliph and His Court: A. Ruhl. McClure.

†Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly, and foreign magazines.

†Cheapening of Useful Books: Clowes. Fortn. R.
 †Coleridge Country, The: Almy. Gentleman.
 Concerning Fads and Fakirs. Cent.
 Coöperative Housekeeping: Richards. Delineator.
 †Depression: W. J. Baylis. Westm. R.
 †Dilettantism in French Literature. Contemp. R.
 †Disappearance of the Plants: Vaughan. Longman.
 Does Democracy Cheapen Literature? World's W.
 Few Fancies and Some Philosophy. Metrop.
 Flowers of the Field: F. French. Outing.
 Government Exhibit at Buffalo: Clarke. Forum.
 How to Write a Historical Romance. Metrop.
 Ideal Husband, The: L. Hart. Cosmop.
 King Floris and the Fair Jehane. Cosmop.
 Letters from "Lilliput". Chaut.
 Literature and Patronage. Atlan.
 Mothers and Daughters: F. Bell. Monthly R.
 Mutinies on American Ships: J. R. Spears. Munsey.
 †My Only Ghost: W. H. Pollock. Longman.
 New Provincialism: A. R. Kimball. Atlan.
 Nine Acres of Eden: W. F. Barton. New Eng.
 Nude in Museums, The. Atlan.
 Old Country House, An: R. Le Gallienne. Harp.
 Old London Folk Tale, An: M. D. Conway. Harp.
 On Brief Biographies. Atlan.
 Our Brother the Mountain: F. Converse. Atlan.
 Pan-American Exposition, The: Page. World's W.
 Presentation at Court of Great Britain. Criterion.
 Rambles Out of Doors: Stevenson. M. Culture.
 Robert Bridges: A. Symonds. Monthly R.
 Simplification of English Spelling: Matthews. Cent.
 †Sinhalese Literature: R. G. Corbet. Asiatic Q. R.
 †Social Tyranny of Bridge: M. Jeune. Fortn. R.
 †Some Vulgar Errors: P. Kent. Gentleman.
 Sonnet and Sonneteer: G. A. Pierce. Chaut.
 Trials of a Guest: M. M. McLeod. Jr. Munsey.
 †Vanishing Landmarks: L. S. M. Contemp. R.
 Vanity Fair at the Pan-American. Criterion.
 Venice Gardens: L. Bacon. Cent.
 Weaving Spiders: N. H. Moore. Chaut.
 †West-Pyrenean Law: A. R. Whiteway. Gentleman.
 Word Coinage by American Authors: Mead. Chaut.

Historical, National and Political.

Abandoned Thrones: E. Saltus. Cosmop.
 Boer at Home, The. Monthly R.
 †By-Way of the Boer War, A. Temple B.
 †Corsair of St. Malo, A. Blackwood.
 †Congo Free State: H. R. F. Bourne. Asiatic Q. R.
 Court of King Edward: F. C. Owen. Munsey.
 Defects in Our Pension System: Leupp. Forum.
 †"Durham" Road to Peace: T. Shaw. Nine. Cent.
 Failure of Two-Party System: A. Watkins. Forum.
 †Famine Facts and Fallacies: Rees. Asiatic Q. R.
 †Foreign Policy of Lord Rosebery. Contemp. R.
 †Gentleman of Scotland, A: A. Lang. Blackwood.
 Great New Nation, A: W. Jeffery. Munsey.
 Hundred Years' War, A: R. D. Blumenfeld. Harp.
 †Ireland and the Liberal Party. Contemp. R.
 †Ireland Militant: Timon. Westm. R.
 Isolation of Canada: Whelpley. Atlan.
 †Liquor Question in the Transvaal. Contemp. R.
 Lost Empire in America: E. E. Sparks. Chaut.
 Lucknow and Havelock: W. H. Fitchett. Cornhill.
 Maine: C. S. S. Miller. Pearson.
 Metric System and International Commerce. Forum.

†Missionaries and the Empire.....Nine. Cent.
 †Mississippi During Civil War: Garner..Pol. Sci. Q.
 Old Meeting Houses in Maine.....New Eng.
 †Our Methods in South Africa.....Contemp. R.
 Our Relations with "Lower Races".....Int. J. Ethics.
 Paris Commune, The: W. Trant.....Cent.
 Political Parties of France: Seignobos..Internat. M.
 President's Tour, The: H. L. West.....Forum.
 Reciprocity or the Alternative: B. Adams..Atlan.
 Rejuvenation of Egypt: F. A. Talbot.....Cosmop.
 †Republic of San Marino: W. Miller..Am. Hist. R.
 Revenge of Decatur: G. Gibbs.....Cosmop.
 †Seljuks Before the Crusades, The.....Westm. R.
 †Situation in Ireland, The: G. Langtoft..Fortn. R.
 Spanish Treaty Claims: J. J. Rodriguez.....Forum.
 Subordinate Territory: A. B. Hart....M. Culture.

Religious and Philosophical.

†Basis of a National Church: Bray..Int. J. Ethics.
 †Christianity and Public Life: Cairns..Contemp. R.
 Development of the God Idea: Thompson...Mind.
 †Dissent in the Victorian Era: Rogers...Nine. Cent.
 †Doctrine of the Trinity: Harvey....N. Church R.
 †Ethics and the Weather: Dexter....Int. J. Ethics.
 Hearing and Doing: C. B. Patterson.....Mind.
 †History of Trinitarianism: Wright..N. Church R.
 †Imagination and Judgment: Ker....Int. J. Ethics.
 †Is Religion Declining?: Whitehead..N. Church R.
 Is This the Ideal Religion?: A. May.....Metrop.
 Life Thoughts: A. A. Haines.....Mind.
 †Norse Mythology, The: H. Wunsch..N. Church R.
 Paradoxes of Life: C. B. Pennock.....Mind.
 †Propaganda of Civilization.....Int. J. Ethics.
 †Romanization of Ireland: Mahaffy...Nine. Cent.
 †Supernatural in India, The: Wilmot....Temple B.
 †Three Essentials of the New Church..N. Church R.

Scientific and Industrial.

American Agriculture in Russia: A. H. Ford..Harp.
 American Iron and Steel Production...Internat. M.
 †Anticipated Scarcity of Timber.....Gentleman.
 Birth and Death of the Moon: Holden.....Harp.
 †Bovine Tuberculosis: J. A. Gibson....Westm. R.
 Building of American Highways: Walsh..Gunton.
 Century of American Invention: L. Mead..Gunton.
 †Century of Sea Commerce: B. Taylor..Monthly R.
 Chaining of Niagara: O. E. Dunlap...World's W.
 Chimney-Doctors and Steeple-Jacks.....Metrop.
 Civilization and Eyesight: T. R. Pooley..Metrop.
 †Commercial Rivalry with America.....Fortn. R.
 Echoes: J. M. Bacon.....Pearson.
 Engineering as a Profession: G. H. Paine..Munsey.
 Evolution of the Camera: W. I. L. Adams..Munsey.
 Fighting Nile Sudd: C. Herbert.....Pearson.
 Fishermen of Gloucester: S. Bristol....Jr. Munsey.
 Geology of Chautauqua Lake: L. E. Allen..Chaut.
 Gold Miners, The: C. Michelson.....Jr. Munsey.
 Human Perfectability: A. Forel.....Internat. M.
 Industrial Changes Since 1893: Wright..World's W.
 Insects as Disease Carriers: L. E. Jelliffe..Munsey.
 Modern Taxidermy: J. Rowley.....Jr. Munsey.
 Moving Great Weights: D. A. Willey..Jr. Munsey.
 †New Star in Perseus: E. Ledger.....Nine. Cent.
 New York Ambulance Service: Nichols..Jr. Munsey.
 New York Botanical Garden: C. Childe...Metrop.
 Our Trade with Latin America: Emory..World's W.
 Photographing by Light of Venus: Brooks...Cent.
 Photographing Fishes Under Water.....Outing.
 †Plea for Posterity: H. G. Ruffe.....Westm. R.
 †"Points of a Bank": G. Grayson.....Longman.
 Science in the 19th Century: B. O. Flower..Arena.

Search for the Missing Link: Baker.....McClure.
 Story of Petroleum: E. O. Hovey....Jr. Munsey.
 †Toilers of the Sea: M. Dunn.....Contemp. R.
 Trade in Wild Animals: H. Davis.....Jr. Munsey.
 What a Train Despatcher Does: Hine.....Cent.
 †When London Lights the Sky: Bacon..Gentleman.
 Wreck Raising: R. E. Montrose.....Pearson.

Sociological and Economic.

American in America, The.....Cent.
 American Workman's "Golden Age".....Forum.
 Analysis of the Steel Trust: R. T. Ely...Cosmop.
 †Back to the Land: Nelson.....Nine. Cent.
 Bribery as a Foible.....Cent.
 Coffee House Plan, The: A. L. Sweetser..Gunton.
 †Criminal Reform: L. Ashburner.....Westm. R.
 Curse of Inebriety: R. O. Mason.....Arena.
 †Danger of Philanthropy, The.....Blackwood.
 †Economic Ages, The: F. H. Giddings..Pol. Sci. Q.
 Economics in Public Schools: G. Gunton..Gunton.
 Great Conflict, The: F. Parsons.....Arena.
 Influence of Corporations on Government..Gunton.
 †Investment and Speculation: G. Yard...Cornhill.
 †Labor Questions and Empire.....Westm. R.
 †Municipal Activity in England.....Pol. Sci. Q.
 New Era of Philanthropy.....World's W.
 Plunder of the People, The.....Arena.
 Private Issue of Token Coins: Falkner..Pol. Sci. Q.
 Promise of 20th Century: S. W. Foss.....Arena.
 Prosperity and Bank Failures.....World's W.
 †Punishment of Crime: R. Anderson...Nine. Cent.
 Recent Railway Consolidations.....Am. R. of R.
 Statistical Blunders: W. Gannett.....Forum.
 Steel Workers' and Machinists' Strikes..World's W.
 Transportation Franchises: F. S. Monett..Arena.
 Trust Companies, The: A. T. Noyes....Pol. Sci. Q.
 Uses of Speculation: C. A. Conant.....Forum.
 †Wealth: G. D. Seal.....Westm. R.
 Women and Wage System: Bonney.....Arena.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

†Amateur Poacher, The: Hutchinson...Longman.
 Amateur Spirit, The.....Atlan.
 Angling for Black Bass: J. A. Henshall...Outing.
 Angling in the Middle West: E. Hough...Outing.
 Art of Starting: C. B. Fry.....Pearson.
 Athletic Girl, The: A. O'Hagan.....Munsey.
 Bicentennial City, The: W. Sterling....M. Culture.
 Bicycling in Cathay: T. P. Terry.....Outing.
 Camera Girl on Midway: M. Olmstead..M. Culture.
 Dismal Swamp: H. E. Freeman.....Chaut.
 Dutch Fisher Folk: W. E. Carlin.....Outing.
 English Polo of To-day: T. F. Dale.....Outing.
 Expense of Yachting: L. Perry.....F. Leslie.
 Falconry an American Sport: De Montaign..Metrop.
 Great American Game: J. Vila.....Jr. Munsey.
 Home of the Windigo: C. A. Bramble...Chaut.
 Hottest Places on Earth: L. Day.....Metrop.
 Houseboats and Houseboaters: Snead...Outing.
 Hunting the Blue Whale: C. Brown....Pearson.
 Impressions in France: J. Gordon.....Cosmop.
 Impressions of India: Potter.....Cent.
 Influence of the Cup on Designing.....Outing.
 Inland Yachting: W. P. Stephens.....Outing.
 Kindergarten for Trotters: Tompkins..Jr. Munsey.
 †Labyrinths in Crete: Galloway.....Nine. Cent.
 Lake Memphremagog: I. C. Barrows...New Eng.
 Midsummer in New York: Van Rensselaer...Cent.
 New Aquatic Pastime: C. Norman.....Metrop.
 Pilgrimage to Wessex: C. Holland.....Critic.
 †Sportsman on Cruelty to Animals, A...Fortn. R.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographical and Reminiscent.

- Character of Queen Victoria, The: N. Y., Leonard Scott Pub. Co.\$ 50
- Edgar Allan Poe: Col. John A. Joyce, Jr.: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co. 1 00
- Francis Letters, The: Ed. by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 v. 7 50
- George Eliot: Clara Thomson: (Westminster Biographies): Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 75
- Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff and Her Correspondence with Guy de Maupassant: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co. 1 17
- Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne: R. H. White: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 v. 10 00
- Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century: George Paston: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 25
- Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon: William A. Mowry: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co. 1 50
- Military Life of George, First Marquess Townshend, 1724-1897: C. V. E. Townshend: London, John Murray.
- Nietzsche—As Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet: Thomas Common: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 00
- Ralph Waldo Emerson: Frank B. Sanborn: (Beacon Biographies): Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 75
- Savonarola: George McHardy: (World's Epoch Makers): N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 25
- Seven Great American Poets: Beatrice Hart: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co. 90
- Ten New England Leaders: Williston Walker: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co. 2 00
- Tribulations of a Princess: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 2 25

Educational Topics.

- Education of Teachers, The: W. H. Payne: Richmond, B. F. Johnson Pub. Co. 1 50
- El Capitan Veneno: D. Pedro A. De Alarcon: N. Y., American Book Co. 50
- How to Teach Reading and Composition: J. J. Burns: N. Y., American Book Co. 50
- Oral Lesson Book in Hygiene: Henrietta A. Mirick: N. Y., American Book Co. 1 00
- Ten Singing Lessons: Mathilde Marchesi: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
- What is a Kindergarten?: George Hansen: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard. 1 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Bibliography of Municipal Problems and City Conditions: R. C. Brooks: N. Y., Municipal Affairs 1 50
- Bridge Manual: John Doe: London, Frederic Warne & Co. 1 25
- Every-Day Thoughts in Prose and Verse: Ella Wheeler Wilcox: Chic., W. B. Conkey Co.
- Fable and Song in Italy: E. M. Clerke: N. Y., M. F. Mansfield. 2 00

- Familiar Trees and Their Leaves: F. Schuyler Matthews: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Highways and Byways of Music: Hugh A. Clarke: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co.\$ 75
- How Sailors Fight: John Blake: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 1 75
- International Vest-pocket Library to Knowledge, The: Chic., Laird & Lee. 6 v. 2 50
- Jewish Encyclopedia, The: In twelve volumes: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. v. i. 7 00
- Our Near Neighbor the Mosquito: A. B. Rich: N. Y., Abbey Press. 50
- Poker Manual: Templar: London, Frederic Warne & Co. 1 25
- Staffordshire Potter, The: Harold Owen: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 1 75
- Substitutes for the Saloon: Raymond Calkins: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 30
- Travels of a Water Drop, The: Mrs. James E. Morris: N. Y., Abbey Press.
- Who Lies?: Emil Blum and Sigmund B. Alexander. Chic., Nancy B. Irving. 75

Fiction of the Month.

- Abandoned: Louis B. Zelcoe: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co. 1 25
- Adventures of Uncle Jeremiah at the Pan-American: Paul Fry, Jr.: Chic., Laird & Lee. 1 00
- Aldea: Asa P. Brooks: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co. 1 00
- Anting-Anting Stories: Sargent Kayne: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 1 25
- At the Temple Gates: Stewart Doubleday: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 00
- Cinderella: S. R. Crockett: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50
- Conchita's Angels: Agnes C. Pritchard: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 00
- Conspiracy of Yesterday, A: Mical ui Niall: N. Y., Abbey Press. 50
- Corsair King, The: Maurus Jókai: Tr. by Mary J. Safford: Bost., L. C. Page & Co. 1 25
- Crystal Sceptre, The: Philip Verrill Mighels: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 50
- Daughter of the Prophets, A: Curtis Van Dyke: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 00
- Did She Fail?: Anna Fielding: N. Y., Abbey Press. 50
- Dolinda and the Twins: Dora Harvey Munyon: N. Y., Abbey Press. 75
- Feather's Weight, A: Amarala Martin: N. Y., Abbey Press. 50
- Fighting Against Fate: Moses D. Morris: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 00
- From the Unsounded Sea: Nellie K. Blissett: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 50
- Great Bread Trust, The: W. H. Wright: N. Y., Abbey Press.
- Half Hour Stories: Dora Harvey Munyon: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 00
- Heart and Soul: Henrietta Dana Skinner: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
- Her Royal Highness—Woman and His Majesty—Cupid: Max O'Rell: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 50

- Heroine of Santiago de Cuba, The: Antoinette Sheppard: N. Y., Abbey Press.....\$1 00
 Ides of March: Florie Willingham Pickard: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....
 Kidnapped Millionaires, The: Frederick U. Adams: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
 Land of Cockayne, The: Matilde Serao: N. Y., Harper & Bros.....1 50
 Lord of the Sea, The: M. P. Shiel: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co.....1 50
 Mills of God: Elinor Macartney Lane: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....1 50
 Musical Reformation, A: John A. Cone: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Octavia: J. F. Lee: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Odd Jewel, An: Warren M. Macleod: N. Y., Abbey Press.....1 00
 Our Friend the Charlatan: George Gissing: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co.....1 50
 Pacific Coast Vacation, A: Mrs. James E. Morris: N. Y., Abbey Press.....1 50
 Perilous Path, A: Kate Davis: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Prairie Flower, A: Alice Pierson: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Prince of the East, A: James W. Harkins, Jr.: N. Y., Abbey Press.....1 00
 Princess of the Hills, A: Mrs. Burton Harrison: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
 Queen of Appalachia, The: Joe H. Borders: N. Y., Abbey Press.....1 00
 Road to Ridgeby's, The: Frank Burlingame Harris: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.....1 50
 She Stands Alone: Mark Ashton: Bost., L. C. Page & Co.....1 50
 Sir John and the American Girl: Lilian Bell: N. Y., Harper & Bros.....1 15
 Summer Hymnal, A: John Trotwood Moore: Phil., H. T. Coates.....1 25
 Tales of Bowdoin: J. C. Minot and Donald F. Snow: Brunswick, Me., D. F. Snow.....1 50
 Tom Huston's Transformation: Margaret B. Love: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Viola Livingstone, or What's in a Name?: Mary E. Payne: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 Way of the Gods, The: Aquila Kempster: N. Y., Quail & Warner.....1 00
 Westerfelt: Will N. Harben: N. Y., Harper & Bros.....1 50
 When a Witch is Young: 4-19-96: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co.....1 50
 When We Were Twenty-One: Founded on play by H. V. Esmond: N. Y., J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co.....25
 Woman's Revenge, A: Law Muir: N. Y., Abbey Press.....50
 £19,000: Burford Delannoy: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co.....1 25
- Historical, National and Political.**
 American Diplomatic Questions: John B. Henderson, Jr.: N. Y., Macmillan Co....3 50
 China and the Allies: Henry Savage Landor: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 v.....7 50
 Confederate States of America. 1861-65: John C. Schwab: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..2 50
 Discovery of the Old Northwest, The: James Baldwin: N. Y., American Book Co.....60
 Great War Trek, The: James Barnes: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....1 50
 Latin America: Hubert W. Brown: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co.....\$1 20
 Liberty Documents: Ed. by Albert Bushnell Hart: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co.....2 00
 Primary History of the United States, A: John Bach McMaster: N. Y., American Book Co.....60
 Reconstruction in Mississippi: James Gilford Garner: N. Y., Macmillan Co.....3 00
 Spanish Settlements Within the Present Limits of the United States. 1513-61: Woodbury Lowery: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..2 50
 Stories of Ancient Peoples: Emma J. Arnold: N. Y., American Book Co.....50
- Poetry of the Month.**
 Candle-Light and Other Poems, A: Louis Smirnow: N. Y., Abbey Press.....1 00
 Flight of Helen, The: Warren Cheney: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard.....
 John Gildart: M. C. Henry-Ruffin: N. Y., W. H. Young & Co.....1 50
 Legendary Lore of Mackinac: Lorena M. Page: Cleveland, O., L. M. Page.....1 00
 Little Book of Tribune Verse: Eugene Field: Ed. by J. G. Brown: Denver, Tandy, Wheeler & Co.....1 50
 Poetical Works: Louis M. Elshemus: N. Y., Abbey Press.....
 Sonnets to a Wife: Ernest McGaffey: St. Louis: William Marion Reedy.....1 25
- Religious and Philosophical.**
 Adversaries of the Sceptic, The: Alfred Hodder: N. Y., Macmillan Co.....1 50
 Christian Science and Kindred Superstitions: Charles F. Winbigler: N. Y., Abbey Press..1 00
 Church of the Reconstruction, The: Rev. Edward S. Skagen: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker..50
 Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, etc., The: Orello Cone: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..2 00
 Faith of Centuries, The: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker.....1 00
 Francis and Dominic and the Mendicant Orders: John Herkless: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation: Ed. by Charles Gore: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker.....1 40
 Search for an Infidel, The: Bits of Wayside Gospel: Second Series: Jenkin Lloyd Jones: N. Y., Macmillan Co.....1 50
- Travel and Out of Doors.**
 Australasia, Old and New: J. Grattan Grey: London: Hodder & Stoughton.....
 Content in a Garden: Candace Wheeler: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....1 25
 British Thoroughbred Horse, The: William Allison: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co.....12 50
 Hereford Cathedral: James Wentworth Leigh: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker.....50
 Nature Biographies: Clarence Moores Weed: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co.....1 50
 Second Book of Birds—Bird Families: Olive Thorne Miller: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....1 00
 Small Boat Sailing: E. F. Knight: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co.....
 Where and How to Dine in Paris: Rowland Strong, N. Y., M. F. Mansfield & Co.....1 25

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

741. *The Drummer's Dream*: I have one or two requests for copy of the verses, *Drummer's Dream*. I sent my only copy to you to be held for C. E. Walter, Newton, Ia. Will it be asking too much for you to publish the poem for the benefit of those wishing it and who read *Current Literature*?—Miss Agnes M. Robertson, Selma, Ala.

[We append the verses with pleasure and again thanks to you.

THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.

A little room in a little hotel,
In a little country town,
On a little bed with a musty smell,
A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore—
For he lay on his back you see,
And a peaceful look on his face he wore,
For sound asleep was he.

In his dream what marvelous trips he made!
What tremendous bills he sold!
And nobody failed and everyone paid
And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled and smothered a scornful laugh,
When his fellow drummer blowed;
For he knew no other had sold the half
Of what his order-book showed.

He got this letter from home one day;
"Dear Sir: We've no fitter term
To use in your case than simply to say
'Henceforth you are one of the firm.'"

And a glorious change this made in his life
He now from the road withdrew:
And really, soon got to know his wife,
His son and his daughter too.

And then he moved from his obscure flat
To a house on the avenue;
Lived swell, was happy, got healthy and fat,
Respected and wealthy too.

But with a thump, bang, whang! thump, bang, again,
The landlord stood at the door;
"Its purty high time for the 6:10 train."
And the Drummer's dream was o'er.]

742. Would you kindly tell me the name of the German philosopher who compared the Moral Law to the heavens for sublimity and where I can find it?—Margaret J. Colgan, Salem, Mass.

[Does any one recognize this gentleman?]

743. Will you kindly tell me, through the Open Question Department, the name of the ballad from

which the following quotation is taken, and also where it may be found:

I'm the midshipmite and the bosun tight,
And the crew of the Captain's (or Nancy's) Brig.

The words are part of the song of an old sailor, who sits by the sea and sings it continually, relating the wreck or loss of his vessel, and the fate of his comrades aboard ship, who had been, one by one, eaten as food by the survivors, until this old man alone remained, and escaped to bemoan the fate of the others. I should appreciate it if you would print the poem in *Current Literature*.—F. B. Bomberger, College Park, Maryland.

[Your quotation is from *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*, one of W. S. Gilbert's famous *Bab Ballads*. The name of the English publisher of the book—*Bab Ballads*—escapes us, and of the editions on this side, as well; but it can be had at any large library or ordered through any good bookseller. We shall be glad to use the poem in *Treasure Trove* in a future number of *Current Literature*.]

644. Who wrote

God makes the world, but soon or late
Man pours the metal—and this is fate.

And is this part of a longer poem? (For I suppose we may call a couplet a poem.)—Chas. P. Nettleton, Haywards, Cal.

645. Will you please print Kipling's *Truce of the Bear*. I can find it in no collection of his writings and very much desire to read the poem again.—Pauli M. Herzog, New York City.

[This poem was published in *Literature* (the English magazine) about three years ago, and so is hardly suitable for *Treasure Trove*, and it is too long to be printed here. In the magazine-room of the Astor Library, or any large library where files of magazines are kept, you should be able to find the poem with little trouble.]

646. Some fifty years since, a poem, in relation to a custom of the Yemasee tribe of Indians, was written, of much interest and beauty. Can some of your elderly readers produce it? I think it began

'Twas where Savannah's waters rolled
O'er Carolina's plains of gold,—
A band of forest children came
To view an erring brother's shame,—
To hear the cry
Of more than mortal agony,—
And learn how dark a doom it is,
To lose the hope of future bliss.

I think a Miss Whiting wrote it. I am told it is fine, and would much like a copy of it.—A Philadelphia Subscriber.

647. *Lochaber No More*: Will you please inform me through your Answer to Correspondents department, who was the author of *Lochaber No More*, or Farewell to Lochaber? Print the poem if possible. The Gordon Highlanders and The Black Watch pipers play it at the burial of their comrades, I notice, in South Africa. I have searched all my reference books and poetical encyclopedias, but to no effect.—W. Paul Moore, Jackson, N. C.

[Allan Ramsay, author of *Lochaber No More*, was a bookseller of Edinburgh, contemporary and friend of the poet Gay. He established the first circulating library in Scotland, and was the author of several poems and songs, popular in their day, but only two of which, *Lochaber No More* and *The Yellow-haired Laddie*, seem to have survived in fame. We shall be glad to make use of the one for which you inquire in our Treasure Trove department in an early number of this magazine.]

648. I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine and would appreciate an answer to the following: Who wrote a little poem entitled *Retrospection*, published, I think, in the *Smart Set* recently. I think it ran:

There is more joy in loving when
The loving has gone by—&c.

—Geo. T. Elsie, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

719. The question (719) asked by me in your May number *Current Literature*—"Where will I find a poem entitled *He Went With Me Afore He Went With Her*," is answered by Mr. Will M. Shields, of Columbia, Tennessee. He has kindly sent me, direct, a typewritten copy of the verses. He says: "The poem you ask for is *Public Opinion*, by Eva Wilder McGlasson, and first appeared in *Judge*. It was copied in the dialect department of *Current Literature* for July, 1891." Thanks are due the Open Questions Department of your magazine for my success in gaining possession of the verses and especially are they tendered Mr. Shields for his interest in the matter of forwarding them to my address.—Elizabeth M. Stone, Warren, Pa.

721. The quotation, beginning:

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,

asked for in query No. 721, is from the poem entitled *The Red River Voyageur*, by John G. Whittier, and may be found in any edition of his poems.—E. G. Thomas, New Haven, Conn.

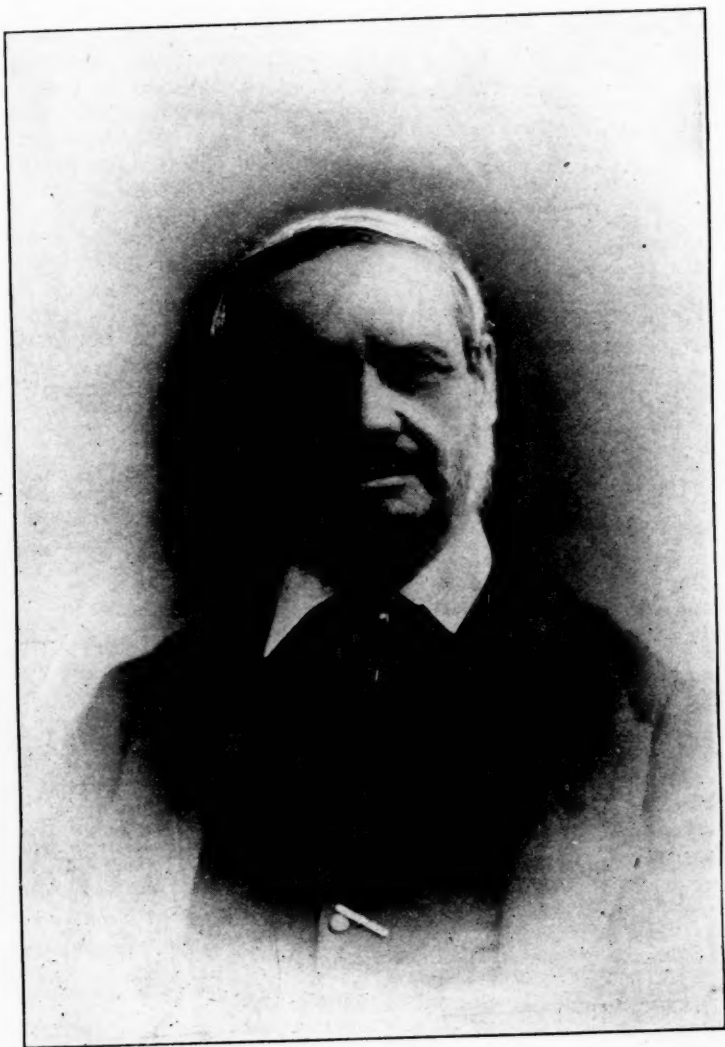
[J. W. Scott, Victoria, B. C., and Frank S. Townsend, Buckhannon, W. Va., send similar information, and Flora O. Patterson, Toronto, Canada, also answers this question, enclosing a copy of the poem, which we hold subject to the pleasure of Querist 721. Thanks to all who have answered her.]

724. *The Rainbow Again*: I noticed in the last number of your magazine the question raised in regard to the authorship of *The Rainbow*. I have a copy of *Poems* by Amelia and have copied from it the poem referred to by one of your correspondents. The two poems are identical only in title and in meter; on putting them together it is impossible to confuse them, there being very little similarity in style or treatment. The *Poems* by Amelia were published by D. Appleton & Company in 1846.—Miss E. L. Gwynne, Springdale, N. C.

I fail to see how any one can perceive any resemblance between Mrs. Amelia B. Welby's *Pulpit Eloquence*, and the poem *The Rainbow*, which appears to have been written by an Englishman, J. Holland, and published first in Baldwin's *London Magazine* more than seventy years ago. The only likeness is in the measure. There is no evidence that Mrs. Welby ever called her poem *The Rainbow*. It was published under the title of *Pulpit Eloquence*, a most discouraging title for a poem. There is no evidence, either, that she ever claimed Holland's poem, and if she did, there is ample proof that it was not hers. Your correspondent gives the date of her birth as 1819, while Harper's *Encyclopedia of Poetry*, compiled by an excellent authority, Epes Sargent, says she was born in 1823. Now I have at my elbow an old compilation, copyrighted in 1823, which contains *The Rainbow*, fourteen four-line stanzas, credited to Baldwin's *London Magazine*. So whether Mrs. Welby was born in 1819 or 1823, she could not possibly have been the author of the poem, and I do not believe she ever claimed it.—E. A., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[The title of Mrs. Welby's poem was changed to *The Rainbow* in later editions. These two letters, of course, settle the question in dispute. Other communications containing the same conclusive information and copies of Mrs. Welby's poem are received from S. H. Wright, Tate, Ga.; Mrs. M. W. Kingman, Topeka, Kas. (who, in 1843 or 1844, clipped the original of her copy from the *Louisville Journal*, to which paper Mrs. Welby contributed the poem); Mrs. C. F. Kimball, Reference Librarian Withers Library, Bloomington, Ill. George P. Ross, Honesdale, Pa., and E. K. Goldsborough, Washington, D. C., who send letters in answer to this query, confounding the two Rainbows, as they will no longer do when we print Mrs. Welby's in *Treasure Trove* next month (thanks to those who have so kindly enabled us to do this); and "D. O. C.," Oxford, O., writes, with quite another poem, the *To the Rainbow* of Thomas Campbell, thirteen four-line stanzas, in his mind. Mrs. H. S. Philbrook, Tilton, N. H., sends a letter of thanks for the publication of Holland's *Rainbow*, which she read first sixty-six years ago in *The Analytical Reader* of her school days, which again precludes the possibility of its having been the *Rainbow* of Mrs. Welby, born in 1823, if further proof were needed. We are indebted to all of these correspondents.]

Ms. B. 1. 1. 1.



RICHARD GARNETT

(See Living English Poets, pages 360-361)